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THE saying of Lord Bacon, that "Death opens the gate of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after it," is but half true of politicians. On the evening of a statesman's funeral, Jealousy and Grudge drink their last cup of malice; and through the aisles of the cathedral Echo faintly sings, "His name liveth evermore." But is it always so? Talleyrand, Castlereagh, Metternich, Pozzo di Borgo—the men who plied the loom of Europe's diplomatic fate at Paris and Vienna, and upon whose very *bons mots* governments and nations hung—who

thinks or speaks of any of them now? "They are all gone," in the words of Carlyle, "sunk down, down, with the tumult they made; and the rolling and trampling of ever new generations passes over them, and they hear it not any more forever."

But there is a distinction solid and real to be drawn between the men who have spent their lives in diplomatic or executive work, and those who, though they have never worn the livery of office, have either as publicists or legislators, or both, wrought important changes in the condition of their country, and in the plight of their fellow-men. One may even distinguish between the tribute which popular memory pays to the longevity of good in a man's works, and to the comparative evanescence of result in those performances of his which attract more attention and win more praise at the time. Tradition tells but a confused tale of Alfred's heroic ousting of the Dane; but through the lapse of centuries it has never faltered in its thanks to

* Pamphlets on England, Ireland, and America; On Russia, etc. By RICHARD COBDEN. Ridgway. 1836.

Speeches of Mr. Cobden on Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform. 1849.

History of the Anti-Corn Law League. By H. PRENTICE. Manchester. 1847.

Biography of the late R. Cobden, Esq., M.P. By JOHN MCGILCHRIST. 1865.

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the founder of popular order and popular right, of free-school learning and of jury-made law. Of the subtle statecraft of King Cromwell, how little is remembered now? but who forgets his agitator life in contraband conventicle at Yarmouth or the Fens, and the part he bore in the great strife of words at Westminster? For what is Napoleon remembered gratefully by Western Europe? Not for Marengo, Austerlitz, or Wagram, but for that imperishable code of just and equal laws which he had the wisdom to devise, the industry to elaborate, and the humanity to impose wherever ruined feudalism had left society an unsheltered wreck. And when we look down the roll of public men since the Revolution, we are constrained to ask ourselves again and again, how little trace has been left upon the sands of time by the great majority of those who have held power, as it is called, in their day! Even of Walpole and Pitt, how much is practically remembered? — less by the educated many than of Burke, Adam Smith, Wilberforce, or Mackintosh. The year gone by has seen the last of two of our foremost men, each in his way without compeer, but in their ways so entirely different that, save for the sake of contrast, they can hardly be spoken of together. This is not the place or the fitting opportunity to speak of the illustrious minister whose mortal career has lately closed. Nor would it be a gracious or a grateful task on our part, to inquire what the probable effect of time may be upon his reputation. At present we have to perform another duty — that of endeavoring to recall the features of a man who, without any of the adventitious aids of birth or fortune, raised himself in the most aristocratic and money-worshipping country in the world, to a position of influence and power, the like of which no man without rank or office has of late years exercised among us. If Richard Cobden be forgotten, it will be because the good that men do does *not* live after them; and this we are bound to disbelieve. Whatever he accomplished in public life was not only professedly but on all hands was confessedly for the uplifting of the people, and for the rendering permanently better their condition, and that of their neighbors. Purer and nobler and wider aims no man ever

cherished. That he sometimes mistook the best way to their accomplishment, and sometimes miscalculated the odds and chances of the political game, is only to say that he was fallible, and at the same time enthusiastic. But his errors, now that he is gone, his severest critics cheerfully acknowledge to have been mistakes of intellect, not of heart, and of but passing moment, not of enduring evil.

The family of Copden is traceable in the territorial records of Sussex for several centuries. With other yeomen of substance we find one of them offered as surety for the payment by Sir Roger de Covert, Lord of the Manor, for whose charges or fines by tenure of chivalry distress had been levied by the Crown. In 1313, Thomas Copden was sent to Westminster to serve in Parliament for the episcopal city of Chichester; and when the fear of Spanish invasion kindled the pride and pluck of all classes in the land, five and twenty pounds, a large sum in those days, were subscribed by Thomas Copden to prepare for resisting the Armada. The like spirit warmed his illustrious descendant when, repudiating the charge of indifference to the inviolability of the realm, he said in a speech advocating naval retrenchment: "I would never consent to our fleets being reduced to less than an equality with those of any two other maritime powers. But with that, I think, we ought to be content." The orthography of the patronymic seems to have been changed early in the seventeenth century; but the characteristic self-reliance, thrift, and contempt for social affectation remained unchanged. In 1629, when Charles I. resorted to the device for raising money, of offering knighthood to many persons among the smaller and wealthier yeomanry, with the alternative of paying so much money to be excused, Thomas Cobden preferred to pay his fine rather than assume a title which would not have rendered him the happier, but which might have tended in some sort to alienate the sympathy, if not to excite the envy, of his farming neighbors. The sturdy self-respectful instinct, as we know, did not die out in his descendants. No man in our time who has been so feted and flattered showed less desire to forget the measure

of the family hearth by which in childhood he had played, or to have it forgotten. Ambition he had abundantly; and if not covetous of riches, he was not insensible to their value, or wanting in the self-denying energy and perseverance calculated to secure the immunity from privation they afford to those he loved. But readily and without a sigh he abandoned the pursuit of wealth to nobler objects, and when the opportunity presented itself of choosing a permanent residence for the evening of his days, his heart naturally turned to the old family home, in whose quiet and seclusion he felt more happiness and pride than he could have done in the showiest suburban villa, with its bronze gates, flower-houses, and *rococo* finery. He used to say that he valued a man above all other things for his having a backbone; the want of almost every other member might be in some degree supplied; wig, false teeth, glass eye, stuffed arm and wooden leg—all might be had for a trifle round the corner; but if a man was born without a backbone, you could never put it into him, or get him to stand for half an hour as if he had one.

In his own demeanor, conduct, language, and life, he was the most consistently regardless man of the pretensions and of the unrealities of rank we have ever known. There was not a spark of envy or grudge in his disposition; and if ever he thought of levelling, it was in the sense only of raising up those below him, not of undermining or despoiling those above him.

At the Grammar School of Midhurst, under the mastership of Mr. Philip Knight, he had the reputation of an open-hearted, unassuming boy, steady and diligent at the tasks set him, but evincing less quickness of parts than his elder brother Frederick. At twelve he was transferred to Mr. Clarkson's Seminary at Greta, in Yorkshire, where he remained three years. He had no turn for classical acquirements, the value of which in after years he was rather disposed to depreciate. What he loved best, and what he most completely mastered, was geography, of which he probably knew more than all the rest of his classfellows put together. The value he set on this branch of study is noticeable throughout all his after life. He was the compara-

tive anatomist of modern civilization; and not only believed in the worth of international sympathy as a humanizing sentiment, but in the policy and wisdom of international knowledge as indispensable to a full reciprocity of benefits. At a public meeting a friend incidentally made use of the expression once that, as it was not in the sight of Heaven good for man to be alone, neither was it right or wise for a community to try to dwell apart. He cheered the expression vehemently, and afterwards commended in warm terms the maxim conveyed in the illustration. To use his own words, "No nation, however strong or good, can afford to play the hermit." No wonder that he continued throughout life to prize what had been, as it were, in his mind the ground-plan of his whole political system. In his last speech at Rochdale he dwelt at considerable length upon the neglect of geographical teaching in our schools, and told the tale of his search, when visiting Attica, for the stream of the storied Ilissus, and of his amusement when at last he discovered the insignificant brook hardly containing water enough to serve the purposes of some dozen laundresses: and yet, as he chidingly observed, too many of our fine young English gentlemen who, fresh from college, undertake to legislate for the wants of the Empire and its relations with the rest of the civilized world, know more of the course of this classic land-drain than they do of the Amazon or the Mississippi. For this he was soundly rated in the columns of the daily and weekly press, as if he had been guilty of inculcating some darkening heresy, or wished to discredit scholastic learning. But this was not his meaning or his aim. He thought indeed that the uniform drill of upper-class intellect in Greek prosody, Latin verse, and the religion of Olympus, was an inadequate substitute for modern knowledge, in the youth of a ruling class. No man had a greater respect for true scholarship of any and of every kind; but he knew that one half the young men who, by the right divine of territorial rank or fortune, enter Parliament at an early age, have never willingly spent an hour in the study of the classics, which at Eton and Christchurch they regard simply as the plague of their idle lives. And being a

man wholly devoid of superstition, whether social or educational, he could not help laughing aloud at that which prescribes a uniform system of mental training, so barren of flower or fruit, to the exclusion or neglect of teachings that might prove less irksome, and that might fairly be expected to serve a more practical purpose.

At sixteen he began his unindentured apprenticeship to trade under his uncle, who was an extensive warehouseman in Eastcheap. The knowledge derivable from books was regarded at that time as wholly out of place in a youth bound to follow business and nothing else. There might be nothing actually wrong in his skimming through a novel once in a way; and of course it was all right to read a chapter or a Psalm on a Sunday night before going to bed; always provided that he was not too sleepy to forget to put out the candle, a circumstance fairly presumable. But as for study of any kind, or the collecting of information, even about trade, from books, pamphlets, or newspapers, the thing was deemed an absurdity or an affectation; and when the beardless youth betrayed leanings that way, he incurred at first pity for his want of sense, and then reproof for his obdurate wilfulness in thus misusing his time. Luckily for himself and for the world, however, he still went his way, working hard and well by daylight and by dusk, and never neglecting the business of his relative till the doors of the warehouse closed. But when his companions had betaken themselves to the amusements befitting their time of life, or were glad to enjoy an early sleep, he loved to occupy himself with such books of travel, biography, and history as his limited opportunities enabled him to obtain; and very early his mind became attracted by the study of those branches of knowledge which furnish the materials of industrial philosophy. Opinions he could be hardly said to have thought of forming. Although, if we knew all, it is probable that we should be able to trace very early the seemingly haphazard shedding of seed, which in his genial mind quickly struck root and slowly but steadily grew, although unnoticed and unnoticeable for many a year to come. In the fluctuations of trade, the old merchant proved unfortunate; while his studious

nephew, having belied his forebodings and thriven as well as risen in life, had the gratification of repaying his anxious though undiscerning care by contributing to his comfort in his declining years.

On quitting his uncle's warehouse, young Cobden undertook the duties of a commercial traveller, and showed so much activity and discrimination in that capacity, that he was early enabled to obtain a junior partner's share in a house trading both in Manchester and London. He threw himself with energy into the development of the particular branch of manufacture with which his name was subsequently associated; and in a few years, the firm, mainly owing to his personal skill, perseverance, and enterprise, had acquired a high reputation. In his leisure hours he continued to enlarge his stock of general information, and from the outset felt longings he could not wholly restrain to have his say about what was publicly passing around him. He saw the children of the working classes growing up without any species of instruction, and when they drew near the verge of maturity left without any species of intellectual relaxation, or any means of qualifying themselves to enjoy it. He applied himself with zeal to the local remedy of both evils. His voice, his pen, and his purse were devoted to the encouragement of free schools in Manchester; and he was one of the founders of the Athenæum in that city, one of the first institutions of the kind established in England. For the purpose of extending the connections of his house he made several journeys abroad, by which his views were greatly expanded, and as he used himself to say, his islander vanity and pretension cut down. Love of country was with him not an exclusive, but a preferential love. He did not want to grow rich himself by overreaching others or by grinding them down, and he did not want his country to do as it would not be done by. He had a thorough faith in the doctrine that for all who will work honestly and intelligently the world is wide enough, and that there is room to spare. He gloried in the thought that England was the most successful merchant adventurer of the nations; but he reprobated the narrow and short-sighted maxims that so long bade her exult in her strength as a means

of jostling competitive industries in the race, or throwing them out of the running. He wished to see his country occupying, not the hated place of commercial tyrant or monopolist, but the noble and beloved position of chief among brethren.

He first visited America in 1835, making a rapid tour through the principal seaboard States, and the adjacent portions of Canada, during the months of June and July. His early impressions of the great commonwealth of the West were alike vivid and permanent, some of them finding their way to publicity in the course of the following year.

His first appearance as an author was in the character of a Manchester Manufacturer, under which name he published a remarkable pamphlet, entitled *England, Ireland, and America*. His aim was to advocate in foreign affairs the policy of strict non-intervention, based upon considerations of an industrial and commercial rather than of a political kind. Mr. Fox and Lord Grey had resisted armed intermeddling in the affairs of the Continent, when interference sprang from dynastic and anti-democratic motives; and Mr. Canning had, from considerations of expediency, refused to interpose in Italy and Spain, even when he felt called upon most loudly to protest against the intrusion of French and Austrian bayonets. But non-interference was defended by these statesmen on specific grounds alone, and not in assertion of any general rule. The right to apply the resources of their own country to the vindication of neighboring liberty they hardly seemed to have ever doubted; and however they might differ about the fitness of opportunities, or the adequacy of means, they generally assented to the standing maxims handed down from the Revolution, that England's duty and interest lay in maintaining the balance of power in Europe. The truth of these maxims Mr. Cobden boldly challenged. In his view the whole history of the grand alliances and continental wars in which, from the days of Marlborough to those of Wellington, we had engaged, at an infinite cost of blood and treasure, was but a record of disappointment and of labor in vain. We should have been, as he believed, far stronger and freer, and abler to render real service as leader of the nations in

the march of freedom, had we kept minding our own affairs instead of meddling with theirs, and by our example been content to show them a more excellent way. He particularly strove to arouse resistance to the struggle he saw impending on the shores of the Bosphorus, in defence of Ottoman rule. He viewed with mingled contempt and aversion the supremacy of the Moslem in Asia Minor and Roumelia, which he cited the testimonies of many travellers and publicists to show had been but one long protracted blight and burden. How different would the once crowded, opulent, and busy shores of the Levant become were they subject to Christian institutions, and reanimated by industrial enterprise! Russian ascendancy might not in itself have anything to recommend it, but neither was it, he thought, to be seriously feared in any sense as a source of danger to Great Britain. At all events, it was not our business to squander money or life in defending the Ottoman. He had failed in every sense as a ruler, in the fairest and most fertile region of the world. If he could not keep his ruffian hold, let him go; the cause of civilization, commerce, and of Christian freedom could not be in any way injured thereby. We had a tariff to reform, a press to liberate from statutable thralldom, a colonial system to reconstruct, and many other great works of domestic policy demanding our undistracted care. Let these suffice, and let us leave the political dead to bury their dead.

While extolling the frugality of the American government, and its adherence to the principle of non-intervention in the affairs of its neighbors, consequent upon the essentially popular character of its constitution, Mr. Cobden emphatically disclaimed all idea of holding up Republicanism as a model for English imitation. The worship of rank pervaded, he was convinced, every grade of the middle and working classes; there were no real elements of democracy among us; and he could see no gain in deposing from power patricians by descent, if it were only to make way for rich men of yesterday. But some things in American rule he regarded as eminently deserving the consideration of our statesmen—the reliance upon small armaments by sea and land in time of peace for the maintenance

of national dignity, and the equality assured to all forms of belief in the eye of the law. At the time he wrote, the small national debt originally contracted by the United States in their struggle for independence had been entirely paid off; and contrasting their perfect exemption from the necessity of raising taxes upon that account, with the vast sums our own people were compelled to pay every year only to keep down the interest upon our foreign war debt, he indulged in the expression of a fear lest our national industry should one day find itself overweighted in the race with its transatlantic competitor. How strangely it would have sounded in his ears had any one told him that he should live to see the odds reduced almost to nothing in this respect, not by England's abatement of wasteful expenditure, but by America's self-imposition of a public debt, amounting to three fourths of our own!

In the unreclaimed condition of Ireland, and in the unredeemed plight of the mass of her people, we had more than enough to do, if all our energies were devoted to the work of wiping out, though late, that national scandal and shame. With rapid and vigorous hand he etched the narrative of English misrule, wilfully destructive of Celtic industry, and blindly preventive of social and religious amelioration. The existence of a Church Establishment alien to the belief of the people, and maintained by the mere brute force of conquering power in defiance of their feelings, was in itself, he argued, a more than sufficient accounting cause for ceaseless discontent, agitation, and crime. Would Englishmen be found devoted to adventure and trade with the traditional steadiness which has so long characterized them, if, through any political misfortune, they were compelled to behold their cathedrals and parish churches occupied by a priesthood whose tenets they disapproved, and to see the vast wealth derivable from church lands and tithes sequestered for the maintenance of a hated faith? He hoped not; and that from sire to son they would hand down the pledge of discontent and detestation until the evil were removed. Believing moreover, as he did fervently, that Ireland would be happier and better and richer if it

were Protestant, he deprecated the continuance of that ecclesiastical imposition which, above and beyond all other causes, had contributed to render the spread of the doctrines of the Reformation in that country impossible. "So long as the Church of England possesses the whole of the religious revenue of Ireland, there cannot be—nay, judging of the case as our own, there ought not to be—peace or prosperity for its people; and what is of still more vital importance, there can be, judging by the same rule, no chance of the dissemination of religious truth in that country."

After passing in review the various palliatives and pretexts for doing nothing effectual then in vogue, he summed up his appeal for doing justice to Ireland before seeking distant objects of national interposition, in the following terms: "Our efforts have been directed towards the assistance of States for whose welfare we are not responsible; while our oppression and neglect have fallen upon a people over whom we are endowed with the power and accountable privileges of government. . . . Does not the question of Ireland in every point of view offer the strongest possible argument against the national policy of this country, for the time during which we have wasted our energies, and squandered our wealth upon all the nations of the Continent, while a part of our own empire, which more than all the rest of Europe has needed our attention, remains to this hour an appalling monument of our neglect and misgovernment?" This remarkable *brochure* quickly attracted attention, and in a few months went through several editions.

His next pamphlet, entitled *Russia, Turkey, and England*, evinced an equal diversity of information, and comprehensive breadth of view. It contains many passages of great power and eloquence, intermingled with others less careful in their style and less calculated perhaps to win general approval. His description of the attenuation of Muscovite power by the rapid and unconsolidated extension of territory, is admirably contrasted with the growth, during the same period, of the United Kingdom and the United States, in concentrated wealth and population. He argues truly, that in such concentration has ever lain the greatest

strength of nations; and he relies upon the logical converse as a sufficient reason for treating with indifference the threatening aspect of Russian aggrandizement. But while discounting the military strength of the Cossack empire, he endeavors to show in how many ways it stands superior to the stolid and stifling oppression of the Turk, against whom his bill of indictment is as terrible as true. If a choice must be made, he contends that it would be better for the Czar to reign at Constantinople than the Sultan; and that English interests, neither present nor future, would in any way be damaged by the change. Of any other alternative he takes no note. This is perhaps the weak point in his argument, which whenever it was repeated in after years struck dispassionate listeners, and checked their disposition to adopt his policy. For ourselves, we could never understand why either set of oppressors should reign forever over the most beautiful and prolific country in the world. Admitting all that can be said against the Turks—and we are far from being prepared to dispute any portion of it—we cannot see the necessity for transferring all Greece and Asia Minor to Scythian rule. "Constantinople," said Lord Palmerston, during the Crimean war, "may be truly described as very inferior to St. Petersburg; and the cause of the inferiority may be truly assigned to misrule; but that is no reason why Russia should have both." When the Manchester Manufacturer wrote, railroads were a Western luxury, of which the half-peopled plains of the Volga and the Neva did not dream. Already considerable lines have been laid down in various districts, and ten years hence all the chief places in European Russia will be connected by electricity and steam. It must be owned that this will make an essential difference in the question, whether it be safe for Europe to allow any one Power to have her fortified arsenals on the Sea of Marmora and the Baltic, with the instantaneous means of knowledge as to what is going on at either extremity, and the power of concentrating in the course of a few hours on any point of her frontier the whole avalanche of her disciplined ambition. Nevertheless, for the time in which he wrote, and having

regard to the diplomatic doctrines then in vogue respecting foreign policy, there cannot be a doubt that the vigorous utterance of opinions till then almost unheard was of infinite use, and that the good thus done has not and will not pass away.

He spent the winter of 1836-7 in Egypt, Syria, and Greece. Possessing little classical knowledge, and but a nig-gard love of antiquities, his wanderings among the monuments and ruins of by-gone times were perhaps less pleasurable than they usually are to men of a different cast of mind. On the other hand, there was for him in the gaunt remains of dead civilization, extinguished commerce, and abandoned art, a world of suggestion and teaching. He understood too thoroughly what the far-reaching commerce of Phœnicia and Greece must have been in the days of its glory not to people with a phantom crowd of busy speculators and laborers the wharves of harbors now choked with sand, and the half-ruined highways leading from city to city. Few visitors to the Levant were so capable of realizing the busy life of which it was anciently the scene, or of measuring therefore the depth of political and social degradation that has since befallen its shores. He returned to England detesting Turkish barbarism, and the infamy of forced labor and the slave-market, more intensely than he had ever done when merely reading of such things in books. He brought home with him a thousand fresh facts and new ideas; and his was a mind on which the impression of realities was never lost, and from which the photograph once imprinted never passed away.

Before entering on the course of commercial agitation in which his best energies were so soon to be absorbed, he felt a desire to freshen his earlier impressions of the comparative anatomy of neighboring industrial States. About the middle of May, 1840, he visited Havre and Rouen, proceeding thence to Paris and the southern cities of France. Subsequently he visited Savoy and Switzerland, the Rhine towns, and the chief places of commerce in Holland. He was not wanting in appreciation of the beauties of external nature, but the sight of Genoa and Geneva, Cologne and Amsterdam, stirred in him deeper thoughts,

and dwelt more vividly in his recollection than the Passes of the Alps or Schaffhausen Falls. He was by nature, habit, and feeling a man of action; not in the vulgar sense which associates energy and ambition with incessant stir and noise; he was neither talkative nor restless, greedy of excitement or afflicted with the feverish thirst of fame. The key to his life is to be found in the earnestness of his sympathy with his kind—with their sufferings and struggles, their hopes and fears, their wrongful humiliations and noble aspirations; with all, in short, that, whether for individuals or communities, goes to make up the wear and tear, the trials and the triumphs of our nature. He was called an economist, and so he was; his reason being convinced that the greatest service he could render mankind was to keep them clear of errors in the application of their industry and skill. But it was not for the sake of the theory of rule or with any mere intellectual pride in victorious casuistry that he inquired, computed, argued, and, when necessary, made costly sacrifices of time and health and fortune. With him the actuating motive was from first to last the accomplishment of the greatest possible amount of good to others in his day and generation. He thought habitually through his feelings, and no one ever succeeded in engaging his cooperation or alliance who failed to show him that his efforts, if successful, would alleviate some misery, or vindicate some questioned right, or help to give a better dinner to the working man, or strike down the uplifted arm of violence or oppression. He had the heart of a woman with the intellect of a man; and those who knew him best well knew what depths of tenderness for those he loved lay within him, unobserved by the many, and often dark and silent as unopened fountains. Of his private griefs he spoke seldom and little: his instincts recoiled from utterances that had for him something of the sense of exposure. Even when receiving the generous and gentle tribute of sympathy, he would remain mute until his fixed eye began to fill; and then, when he could bear the agony of unspoken gratitude no longer, he would quietly murmur some expression of assent and turn away, as though to break the spell.

It was not until the general election of 1841 that Mr. Cobden obtained his seat in Parliament. The agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws was then beginning to assume somewhat of the menacing proportions by which it was afterwards known, and the newly-retained member for Stockport was the life and soul of the agitation. His first speech in the House of Commons was an earnest appeal to men of both parties on behalf of the manufacturing population, then suffering acutely for the want of work. The Whigs had, on the eve of the general election, offered an 8s. fixed duty as a compromise; but their bidding came too late to appease commercial discontent, and the newly-formed Association had bound itself to be satisfied with nothing short of the total abolition of the tax on bread. Its members authorized him, moreover, to declare—as he did openly in his maiden speech—that they would give all the political support they could command to whichever party in the State should first concede the great principle at stake. A meeting of ministers of religion of all denominations had likewise confided to him the presentation to Parliament of their remonstrances and prayers on behalf of their famished flocks. A majority of the new Parliament, elate with party triumph and confiding in the pledges of Sir Robert Peel to maintain Protection, received the most touching statements of popular suffering with derisive cheers; and the outgoing Whigs were in no humor to lend support to a man who avowed his indifference to party combinations, and his readiness to sacrifice party interests for the attainment of what they were accustomed to designate as an economic crotchet. Lord Melbourne had but a few months before told the House of Lords that the man must be mad who would think of the entire repeal of the Corn Laws; and he had told the Queen that the men who proposed it would take the crown off her head: and Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister. But Cobden cared for none of these things. The agitation spread and grew as the distress deepened. Every month during the dismal winter of 1841-42 brought new recruits to its standard. Not a few of the squeamish politicians who had lisped on

the hustings their condescending assent to an 8s. duty, and got well beaten for their pains, sent in their subscriptions with an intimation that they were now ready to stand, whenever an opening offered, on thorough-going free-trade principles; and in this manner some of them actually did find their way back to Westminster.

We need not dwell upon the five years' wordy war against monopoly, which ended in the conversion of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Gladstone to the doctrines of the Anti-Corn Law League; and of the consequent disintegration and overthrow of the most powerful Conservative party which had existed in England since the death of Mr. Pitt. No such moral triumph has ever been accomplished, without the loss of a single life or the striking of a single blow, within the same brief space. Religious freedom was the slow work of generations. Parliamentary reform took nearly half a century in its partial accomplishment. The emancipation of trade had been indeed begun, and was pursued tentatively during the twenty years preceding the formation of the League; but the abolition of a tax on corn, to keep up the rent of land for the benefit of the classes who possessed nine tenths of the seats in the Legislature, was a task which to the most experienced and enlightened men of the Liberal party seemed desperate, and which nothing but the combined wisdom and enthusiasm of true political genius could have accomplished. The story has, however, so often and so well been told that it needs not to be told again. On the eve of his fall from power, the conscience-stricken opener of the gates of Protection, which he had spent his prime in endeavoring to bar, confessed in the House of Commons that no one had contributed so much to bring about that result as Mr. Cobden.

The work, indeed, was done, and the nation was not unmindful or ungrateful. For its achievement it had been necessary to neglect the profitable pursuits of business and to sacrifice leisure, gain, and mercantile opportunities of every kind. It was felt that the man who had, without ever once alluding to these things, practiced unflinchingly such self-

denial, ought not to go uncompensated; and a very large sum was accordingly subscribed, chiefly, though not altogether, in the manufacturing districts, as a tribute of acknowledgment for the immeasurable benefits conferred.

The Whigs resumed power, and could find no room in the Cabinet for the man by whose courage, energy, and eloquence, more than that of any other man, their restoration had been brought about. They offered him the subordinate post of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, which he of course declined. Before the struggle was over, Sir Robert Peel addressed to him a letter, as remarkable for its contents as for the signature and superscription, in which he reiterated the acknowledgments he had made in the House of Commons, that from Mr. Cobden he had tardily learned the wisdom and necessity of free trade in corn. He explained with his accustomed clearness and completeness the considerations by which he had been governed in breaking with his party, and renouncing power for the sake of accomplishing a great national good; and concluded by expressing a wish that he and his correspondent might in future meet as private acquaintances, if not friends. Mr. Cobden replied in befitting terms to this communication; but he went abroad before any opportunity arose of meeting the ex-minister; and on his return, from some cause unexplained, no further step, we believe, on either side was taken towards a *rap-prochement*.

On his way to Paris he had an interview with Louis Philippe at the Château d'Eu. "The king was very civil and communicative," but left on his visitor the impression that he "did not like to discuss the free-trade question." The diplomate-king, by the grace of *gold*, charter, monopoly, and corruption, was too wary to commit himself to a triumphant tribune on his travels; and whatever may have been his wishes or convictions, he was too much afraid of setting any new stone rolling in France, and too much out of humor just then with Palmerston and his colleagues, to let fall anything that might be turned into an encouragement of even economic agitation in his ignitable dominions.

On the 18th of August the Duc d'Harcourt presided at a public dinner given to Mr. Cobden, by the chiefs of the Liberal party and leading economists of France. M. Horace Say occupied the vice-chair, and among those present were Baron Billing, MM. Duperon and Renouard (peers), and MM. Garnier Pagès, Leon Faucher, G. Beaumont, M. Chevalier, and other men of distinction. He received much attention from M. Duchatel, the Minister of the Interior, and the Duc de Broglie, who impressed him as being "a man of elevated moral and religious sentiments, but wanting in the masculine qualities requisite to sway a French political party." Of the Abbé de Lamennais he speaks "as a meek little man, religious in a certain sense, and with a heart."* He was naturally struck with the want of knowledge on economical questions betrayed by many of the ablest politicians he encountered; but, on the whole, his visit to the French capital was one unceasing round of compliment and congratulation.

After a brief stay at Bordeaux, where likewise he was entertained in public by the leading merchants and bankers of the City of the Vine, he crossed into Spain. At Madrid another festival in his honor awaited him, at which several of the leading politicians of the Chamber of Representatives took part. While in the Spanish capital he witnessed a bull-fight for the first time. The spectacle pained him deeply. "So long," he wrote, "as this continues to be the popular sport of high and low, so long will the people be indifferent to human life, and have their civil contests marked with displays of cruelty which make other nations shudder."† Narvaez struck him as the man of "most practical sense and knowledge" of the politicians he met with at Madrid; for he admitted many of the evils of the prohibitive system, and owned that one fourth of the population of Andalusia were more or less engaged in contraband trade; but he argued that none but a very strong government could reform the tariff in Spain, and that, if one administration fell in the attempt, no other could be formed for many years that would touch it. The aspect of the Peninsula and its

people, in the eyes of the Manchester Manufacturer, was not encouraging: "The Spaniards of the last two centuries seem literally to have done nothing but glorify themselves for the deeds of their ancestors, or loll in the shades of their olives and vines, and leave to nature the task of feeding and clothing them." Entertainments awaited him at Cadiz and Malaga, and by the end of the year he had completed his tour in Southern Spain.

At Genoa, on the 16th January, 1847, the Marquis d'Azeglio presided at the feast wherewith the descendants of the old merchant princes of the Gulf welcomed him to their shores. A still more inspiring ovation was given in his honor at Rome, in the following month, which, considering that it took place almost under the walls of the Vatican, and apparently without provoking the slightest jealousy on the part of the newly-elected Pope or his advisers, seemed to him "the most charming proof of the wide-spread sympathy for free-trade principles which he had seen in the course of his travels."* Among other notabilities, he was introduced, during his stay in Southern Italy, to the Count of Syracuse, a younger member of the Bourbon family of Naples. He found him, "for a king's brother, a very clear-headed, well-informed man."† Pio Nono received him on the 22d February, 1847, at an audience which lasted a good while. He was habited in a simple dress of white flannel, spoke unaffectedly and with much earnestness of the good work which had lately been accomplished in England by the abolition of the Corn Laws, and dwelt with especial emphasis on the means whereby so great a change had been effected. His visitor called his attention to the desecration of hallowed memories in Spain, where bull-fights were constantly held, as the public advertisements declared, in honor of the Virgin, or the patron saint of the locality. The Pope said he was obliged for the suggestion, and promised to mention the matter to his Nuncio. On the day after this interview, Mr. Cobden dined with the ill-fated Count Rossi, then French Ambassador at Rome. At Naples he was much struck by what he saw in

* *Diary*, 1846. † *Diary*, 16th October, 1846.

* *Diary*, 1847. † *Diary*, 13th February, 1847.

the Pompeian Museum. "In a couple of hours spent in these rooms, I became better acquainted with the ancient Roman people than I could have been by reading all the histories ever written about them."*

King Ferdinand desired to see him, and tried to make him believe that he too had become a proselyte to free trade, as did most of the men of political or literary distinction at his Court. They asked many questions about the solution of the Irish difficulty; for the apprehended famine, whose coming shadow had scared Sir Robert Peel into surrendering the last outworks of monopoly, was still impending; the failure of the State trials to crush agitation was still fresh in men's minds; and though less energetic and threatening than in former days, O'Connell still lived. Everywhere interrogatories were put to Mr. Cobden about the condition of Ireland and its future. Twenty years are come and gone since then, and English statesmanship during that time, to its shame be it spoken, has never dared to look that question in the face. The month of April was spent in Florence, where he was received with open arms by the men of letters, and many of the foreign residents of that delightful city. The first public dinner said to have been ever given there, was that in his honor, under the presidency of M. Peruzzi; La Farina, the historian, Prince Poniatowski, and many other individuals of distinction, being present. The report of the proceedings was delayed for some days, and was not permitted to appear until the consent of the Grand Duke had been formally signified, in consequence of his name having been mentioned in some of the speeches; yet his was considered, and in point of fact actually was, the best beloved and respected of the old governments of Italy. Leghorn was not wanting in hospitality to the traveller, and there he found once more, for the first time since he had quitted England, the greeting of fellow-countrymen of his own class and calling, who could appreciate more vividly than many of his Southern entertainers the amazing difficulties he had had to encounter in his long struggle for the emancipation of commerce, and the specific

worth of what he had done. At Turin he spent many pleasant and instructive days. Among the first who called on him were Scialoja, and Charles Cavour, "a young man," as he observed, "with a sound, practical head." The incipient statesman clutched eagerly at the opportunity of learning all he could from lips so ready to impart information. He had recently visited England, and studied her industrial and political institutions; and although as yet he did not pretend any more than the rest of his class to see his way to national independence, he already believed in the possibility of working up to constitutionalism and to agricultural and commercial freedom in Piedmont. The administration was still indeed in the hands of the ultra partisans of resistance; and the king, who had never recovered his early disenchantment with popular efforts, was too weak and wavering to originate any measure of importance in the direction of progress. Cavour spent most of his time with Mr. Cobden or his family during their stay, and with his uncle, the Marquis Cavour, with whom he then lived, and MM. Balbo, Collobiano, Polloni, Battista, Bignon, the future minister attended the banquet on the 24th May, to do honor to the Apostle of Free Trade. A like celebration followed in the ensuing week at Milan, and also at Venice. At Vienna he was treated with every mark of distinction by Prince Metternich, as at St. Petersburg by Count Nesselrode. At Berlin, Humboldt, Ranke, Eichhorn, Bodelschwing, and most of the eminent men engaged in the administration, were prompt in paying their respects: and he was entertained at dinner by the king. His long tour ended with a visit to Hamburg; and by the middle of October, 1847, he found himself once more at home. It was a moment of extreme depression and anxiety. The deferred famine had more than decimated the population of Ireland; and gold had been sent out of the country to buy corn in such quantities, that the Bank of England was, under the Act of 1844, compelled to raise the rate of discount to ten per cent., and was only enabled to reduce it to eight per cent. by a Treasury minute suspending the operation of the statute.

In Parliament he never took any part

* *Diary*, 4th March, 1847.

in debates respecting the currency; and in private he used sometimes to say playfully, "When a man begins by telling me that we can do nothing right until the Bank Charter is annulled, I always suspect that he is a little mad, at least on one point; and so I try to turn the conversation." He had voted for Peel's Bank Act in 1844, hoping that it would be an improvement on previous legislation; but after twenty years' experience he inclined to regard it as a failure, and to anticipate that, whenever pressure or panic should cause its suspension a third time, it must be virtually abandoned.

In the new Parliament which met in November, 1847, Mr. Cobden took his seat as member for the West Riding of Yorkshire, for which, in his absence, he had been chosen, and for which he continued to sit for the ten following years. It was not in human nature that he should be unconscious of the comparative neglect and disparagement wherewith he was treated by the privileged politicians of his own country, and which contrasted so strongly and so strangely with what he had experienced abroad. That he never condescended to notice it outside the inner circle of friendship and intimacy, does not touch the question how such folly and such injustice came to pass. No proposal was made to him to join the administration; and though he gave it his general support, his remonstrances against certain measures which he disapproved, were on more than one occasion repelled in a tone and in terms little short of insulting. In the discussions on the Alien Act, and on the Bill which for the first time constituted open and advised speaking on political subjects sufficient proof of "treason-felony;" on many items of domestic expenditure, and on many important points of colonial policy; on the memorable affair of compensation to M. Pacífico; on the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill, and generally on the question of Parliamentary Reform, he differed from the Whigs; and the estrangement thus engendered continued to the end, without bitterness or resentment on his part, but not without consequences which it would lead us too far to enter into here.

By many, whose prejudices he offended in the earnest pursuit of objects he deemed politically just, he was called a

demagogue. They saw the proofs of his popularity, and they measured his self-love by their own; they felt that the self-made man was able to wield a power which, with all the adventitious aids of birth and wealth and station, they could not gain; and they could not persuade themselves that the exercise of this power had not created an appetite which must ever yearn and crave. They felt the keen edge of his argumentative eloquence in debate: and they would not believe that the man who could thus overthrow opponents did not love the encounter and exult in victory. They knew not the man, or the spirit that animated him. There never was any one who had in him less of the love of ambition, or the lust of triumph. He neither feared nor shunned the fight; and he rejoiced with child-like glee in the success of his cause. But it was the triumph of the cause, not of Cobden, that he fought for; and far from relishing the opportunity of giving battle, or exulting in the humiliation of adversaries, he would readily, at any moment, have secured success by the timely conversion of opponents to sound views, rather than have hazarded the result of public contention. To say that he did not value personal influence, founded as his was, on personal ability and worth alone, would indeed be untrue; and to say that he was insensible to the tribute of popular sympathy and admiration, would be idle. But the gratification these were capable of affording him were essentially transitory and subordinate to that which other and more enduring instincts craved. He delighted in quiet, and he loved love. In the happy faces of the children who never feared him, and the genial talk of friends with whom he never differed sharply, it was his delight to pass his time. Society, so called, rather bored him; and public display was to him a matter of penance, not of pride. The proceedings he originated in the House of Commons were not numerous; and the total number of his speeches there, considering the length of time he sat in that assembly, will be found to have been, by comparison with other notabilities, but few. In some degree this may perhaps be accounted for by his extreme aversion to taking part in debate, without having fully

matured what he had to say, "and the best way of putting it," as he was wont to phrase it. But a good deal must likewise be set down to the account of his reluctance to provoke angry dispute with men towards whom he could never bring himself to feel anything like hostility. He might laugh at their follies and make merry with their inconsistencies, in his own limited circle of intimate friends; but when urged to expose their errors publicly, and to resist the impolicy they recommended, he was rarely known to indulge in sarcasm or scoff; for he thought that a legislator's words, like those of a judge, should, as Bacon says, be "wise, and not taunting." At heart he disliked conflict; and there was for him no pleasure in inflicting pain. His blows were heavy when they fell, and, roused by a sense of indignation at oppression or injustice, he dealt them with a will. Yet he oftentimes—oftener than the world at large could easily have been persuaded—generously forbore. He not only could make great allowance for educational and social habits of expression, thought, and action not in accordance with his own, but he practically did so; and while no man was less swayed by the influence of society around him, he was content with the enjoyment of his own simple-minded liberty, without cavilling at the fopperies, affectations, or antipathies of those whom he knew disliked him.

One evening, as he drove to the House of Commons, to take part in a debate which it was expected would be of the sharpest, his companion, who probably looked forward to the coming struggle with somewhat of bellicose enthusiasm, rallied him gently on being what he called dull; and strove to rekindle his spirit, by anticipating the weakness and waywardness in blundering which their adversaries were certain to betray, and by holding forth the promise of inevitable triumph. He was not to be roused from his dejection, however, and he said calmly: "I know you can enjoy it all, and perhaps it is so best; but I hate having to beard in this way hundreds of well-meaning, wrong-headed people, and to face the look of rage and loathing with which they regard me. I had a thousand times rather not have to do it; but it must be done."

It was in this spirit that in 1854 he took a course that for the time undoubtedly lessened his general popularity, by opposing the Russian war. From his first entrance into public life he had questioned the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston, primarily and especially with reference to the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire; and when at length that long-slumbering question came to issue, the complete antagonism between them was more than ever revealed.

In the spring of 1856, there befell him a calamity whose lingering shadow overcast all his remaining years:

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws

Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;

To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,

For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting."

His only son, a youth of singular promise, and endeared to him by every tie of pride and affection, was suddenly struck down by illness at Weinheim, where he was at school; and the same letter that brought intelligence of the fact, conveyed also the tidings of his death. It was long before the bereaved father recovered from this heavy blow. By degrees indeed he learned resignation; and, consoled by the sympathy of a numerous and attached circle of friends, he manfully strove to battle with his grief, and to soothe that of those loved ones who needed his example and his care.

In the autumn of the same year, a congress was summoned to meet at Brussels, of the friends of international interchange and amity, at which his recent bereavement rendered it impossible for him to appear. In declining, about the same period, a kind invitation from friends at Paris, he alluded with his usual unselfishness to the weight that hung upon his own spirits and those of his domestic circle: "We must throw upon our friends as little as possible of the burden of our grief; for who has not his own share of sorrow at some period of his life to endure? The same circumstance will prevent me from going to Brussels, as I should have otherwise liked to do." His interest in the progress of opinion was not, however, quenched even in affliction. In the same

letter he seemed to revive, as he thought of the efforts then making in Belgium by the mercantile community there to promote the great cause with which his name was identified: "We cannot help admiring the noble attitude of that little kingdom, in thus offering its capital and its public halls as the place of rendezvous for kindred minds from all parts of the world. . . . I have been a good deal struck with the energy and talent displayed by the iron traders of Belgium in their agitation. It seems a *bonâ fide* movement, in which the manufacturers and merchants are taking a leading part. The best thing they can do for the cause of Free Trade is to carry out the principle in their own country; and thus set a good example to their neighbors."

The culminating point of his opposition to Lord Palmerston, as a minister, was not reached until the famous controversy regarding the *lorcha*, called the *Arrow*, the seizure of whose crew, while bearing the British flag, in the Canton river, led to the bombardment of the town by Admiral Seymour's fleet, and to a great destruction of property and life. Lord Clarendon, with the sanction of Lord Palmerston, praised and thanked the English authorities, civil and military, in China, for their promptitude and vigor. A vote of censure, on the ground of inhumanity and needless violence, was carried in the House of Lords; and on the motion for the member for the West Riding, supported by Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sydney Herbert, a similar condemnation was carried in the Commons, by a majority of sixteen. Parliament was dissolved. The West Riding, it was believed, would not again return the man who had conferred on its industry so many benefits, and he was asked to stand for Huddersfield, where, to the surprise and mortification of his friends, he was defeated by a ministerialist whose local influence was great. The current of popular feeling ran so strong that Messrs. Bright and Gibson were unseated at Manchester; Messrs. Layard, Miall, W. J. Fox, and others lost their seats; and but for Mr. Cobden's timely interposition, Sir James Graham would have given way at Carlisle. The wrong thus inflicted would, it was supposed, be soon repaired by some other

constituency; but months rolled by, and the national reproach of his exclusion from the legislature was not effaced. He felt that exclusion deeply. In a letter addressed to the writer in the following year, who had inquired after his health and pursuits at Dunford, he wrote, in bitterness of heart, that "He was learning to promote the happiness of pigs, and to give them better food than they had had before; and he had this encouragement—that *they* could not make him feel that they were ungrateful." It was not until the general election of 1859 that he was restored to his place in Parliament, being chosen, during his absence in America, member for Rochdale.

Before his return to England the new Parliament had met; and by the combination of parties inaugurated at a meeting held at Willis's Rooms, Lord Derby and his friends were driven from power, and Lord Palmerston was again placed at the head of affairs. Seats in the Cabinet were conceded to Lord Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. M. Gibson, who, in 1858, had aided in the overthrow of the noble Viscount's former administration by their votes of censure on the Conspiracy Bill; and it was announced that the presidency of the Board of Trade was reserved for Mr. Cobden. On his arrival at Liverpool he learned for the first time the administrative changes that had taken place, and received the Premier's invitation to join his government. In an interview with Lord Palmerston a few days afterwards, while acknowledging in frank and courteous terms the value of the compliment, he stated fully the reasons why he felt it would be incompatible with his sense of self-respect, and his character for consistency, to take confidential office under the man whose policy he had always opposed as wasteful and dangerous. Lord Palmerston would have had him reconsider the matter; but he declined, saying that his resolution was fixed, and that he thought any other course could only involve them both in embarrassment and ridicule. Those who never wished to see him in the Cabinet affected to take this refusal as proof that he was an impracticable man who could find fault with the work of others, but who would never himself incur the responsibilities of official life. Nothing could be more

foreign to his disposition or feeling than such an inference, and an occasion soon arose for its disinterested refutation in a way equally unexpected and remarkable.

The suggestion having been publicly made by Mr. Bright, that the first step towards a reduction of armaments, and the cultivation of more intimate ties between England and France, would probably be found in a Treaty of Commerce between the two countries, M. Michel Chevalier wrote to Mr. Cobden assuring him of the favorable disposition of the Imperial government, and encouraging him to urge upon the English administration the expediency of making the attempt. After due reflection he resolved to do so. Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone entered into his views, and authorized him to visit Paris, using his own discretion in feeling his way with those in authority there, towards the attainment of so desirable an object. Accompanied by his family, he took up his residence for the winter in the French capital, and put himself in communication with the ministers of Napoleon III. For some time little progress was made. The wall of prejudice in favor of prohibition and protection looked higher and more hard to scale when near its base than it had done at a distance. Men like M. Rouher and M. Fould appreciated the importance, moral and material, of multiplying ties of reciprocal profit between the two nations; but others, holding equal or higher political rank, dissented from them, and discountenanced as far as in them lay the project of a treaty. Weeks were consumed in preliminary discussions; and in weariness of spirit, the untitled, unsalaried, and unpretentious plenipotentiary of England oftentimes was ready to despair. He was supported, however, by the consciousness of being engaged in an endeavor to accomplish an unmixed good, and by the noble ambition of showing that, without being disciplined in diplomatic forms, a man who thoroughly understood the interests of his country might be its best diplomatist.

One evening, on his return home, he asked a friend whom he found awaiting him, whether he could guess in whose company he had spent the last hour. "You must keep it a secret," he said, laughing; "by which I mean that you

must really tell nobody. For although, as you know, I hate mysteries, it would make me very uncomfortable if the thing were talked of." His companion guessed in vain, and was at last told that the volunteer envoy had had an interview with the Emperor. Strange to say, a rumor of the fact ran through the clubs and *cafés* the same night; and his confidant being questioned on the point, could hit upon no more innocent way of throwing public curiosity off the scent, than by suggesting gravely that the blunderer who had watched the gate of St. Cloud might have mistaken Lord Brougham for Mr. Cobden. It is not, perhaps, surprising that he was not proof against the fascination of manner and of calm indomitable will that has contributed so much to the creation, and still more to the consolidation, of all but unlimited power in the present ruler of France. The interview had been desired by his Majesty; and it was valued at the moment by the ardent Free Trader, not as a compliment to the reputation he had already earned, but as the expression of a sagacious wish to be further informed by competent authority how the revenue of a country might be secured with lightened taxation, and how the wages of labor might be enhanced while invested capital, long used to the artificial shelter and forcing-beds of protection, was exposed to the all-penetrating breath of free competition. Besides the political hazard attendant on any failure of a financial experiment, Napoleon III. had, by the necessity of his position, to incur the greatest amount of personal responsibility—we had almost said peril—in the matter. No one believed, and no one could be made to believe, that the idea of revolutionizing the commercial system of France originated with any minister or any party in or out of doors. What Turgot had so memorably tried and failed to do in the days of Legitimate Absolutism, there was no man who would venture officially to recommend under the new order of things. Republicans and Constitutionals had always been divided in opinion about the theory of trade; and the traditions of the First Empire all seemed to bar the way. The compact weight of vested interests lay heavily in one scale; and there was little of any weight

in the other but a conviction of truth and right and policy in the mind of the taciturn and undemonstrative sovereign. What must have been the incisive force, unaided and self-adequate, that wrought in such a mind as that of the Emperor's such a conviction! What would we not give for a snatch of that first conversation, to be followed up in due time by others of like import, between two men so utterly and intensely opposite in their ways of thought and action! On more than one occasion invitations to the Imperial table were proffered, and a wish was intimated through the proper quarter that Mr. and Mrs. Cobden might be included among the autumnal guests at Compiègne. But the repugnance to court ceremony and state of every kind was too inveterate to be overcome. He had never been recognized as worthy of such honor in his own country, he said, and how could he accept it therefore in another? Lest his refusal should in any sense be taken amiss, he supplemented his political apology with one on the score of health, which he pleaded as disabling him from enjoying just then the excitement of so luxurious and glittering a sphere.

During his stay in Paris, he was beset with applications for his name and influence in the promotion of joint-stock companies of various kinds. Hardly a day passed without letters from sanguine projectors, offering him directorships in their promissive undertakings, with the usual guarantee against loss, and upon any terms as to shares he chose to name. His sense of what was due to himself, to his character as the representative of his country, and to the cause he had in hand, rendered it impossible that he should entertain any of these proposals. He referred them all to his friend Mr. Ellison, with whom an intimacy of many years had begotten confidence the most completely unreserved; and by him they were generally answered. Ordinary speculators were thus easily got rid of, and were heard of by him no more, his friend's position as a banker in Paris enabling him to discriminate in what terms each of the various applications ought most fitly to be declined. There were some whose imposing air and provoking tone of *bienfaisance* disturbed for the moment the negotia-

tor's equanimity. One day he received a courteous but somewhat condescending intimation, that one of the greatest financial adventurers of the day intended to call on him on the morrow, with the view of laying before him a forthcoming scheme of more than ordinary magnificence, and which, in the slang of the Bourse, would be found to present features of peculiar importance to those who might be fortunate enough to be connected with it. Mr. Cobden requested his confidential adviser to be present at the interview, which the latter declined upon the ground that his doing so would probably prove a restraint, and would consequently lead only to a second visit or a correspondence, both of which it was desirable to avoid. But he consented to be within reach should anything occur rendering reference to him necessary. At the hour appointed, the subtle weaver of golden dreams appeared, bowed benignantly to the unworldly wise diplomatist, whose single-heartedness he probably pitied, while he thought it might be turned to account as a cutwater for the gorgeous and heavily-laden barge he was about to launch; and, having seated himself and thrown open his furred pelisse, he began his revelations in the customary strain. His host listened with ill-concealed impatience, and eventually cut short the interview by unconditionally refusing to take the matter into consideration, stating his opinion that, if any public man in France or England lent his sanction to the speculation, he would be guilty of complicity in something little short of swindling. The scheme, however, was too splendid to be abandoned. It did not fail; but not very long afterwards its author did, under circumstances that gave rise to litigation in many ways remarkable. When informed of the catastrophe, Mr. Cobden only remarked that he had sometimes regretted not having kept his temper a little longer at the interview above described, for he should have liked to know the price at which the fellow had "valued his honesty."

One letter only out of a great number that now lie before us we shall give *in extenso*. Some temptations are irresistible. Is not this one? He had promised Mr. Ellison to let him know the

moment the Treaty was actually signed. There had been many delays, and to the last some misgivings. At length it was a great fact accomplished; and the haste of joy is obvious in the wording of the following note:

["Private.]

"23d January, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: The Treaty is signed, and will, I hope, in a few years change and improve the commercial relations of the two countries. I have lost no time, according to promise, in giving you this information.

"Believe me,

"M. MAURICE ELLISON."

"COBDEN.

It is hardly worth while recalling now the forebodings of failure, and the thwartings of faction and folly on our own side of the Channel, which had beset every step of the protracted negotiation. Even after the Treaty was signed, there were many in Parliament and in the press who strove to depreciate its importance, and to misrepresent it as a departure from true economic principle. The public judgment, however, was not disturbed by these cavillings, and the tangible proofs of the worth of the new international compact became month after month more and more incontestable in the returns of the Board of Trade. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in acknowledging the obligation which Mr. Cobden had conferred on the country and the Government, felicitously noted the rare fortune which, after an interval of many years, had a second time enabled the same man to render a signal and splendid service to the State. Lord Palmerston was permitted by the Queen to offer a baronetcy and the rank of Privy Councillor to Mr. Cobden, as some recompense for that service, but he would have none; and, with his accustomed gentleness and absence of wordy egotism, he begged that he might be excused. Among the many congratulations from eminent persons abroad, came one especially cordial, both on political and personal grounds, from Mr. Charles Sumner, who, when in Europe, had entered fully into Mr. Cobden's anxiety to allay international feelings of distrust, and his unbelief in the danger of French invasion. "I am happy," he wrote,* "in your true success. You are the great volunteer, with something

in your hand better than a musket. This Commercial Treaty seems like a harbinger of glad tidings. Let that get into full operation, and the war system must be discontinued."

The following winter and spring he spent at Algiers, for the benefit of his health. He had become of late years more susceptible of cold, which affected him with loss of voice, and at times with difficulty of breathing. In the charming climate of the southern shore of the Mediterranean he eluded for the time the attacks of his only enemy; and enjoyed that best of material blessings—the unconsciousness of physical weakness. He seemed, on his return to England, in May, 1861, to have grown young again.

His correspondence, like his conversation, at this period was full of solicitude about the course of events in America, and the consequences to Europe. An anti-slavery President had been elected, and the civil war had begun. From the outset he avowed his conviction that the geographical difficulties in the way of separation between North and South would prove insurmountable. The Western States, he thought, would never agree to leave the gates of their export trade, as he termed the mouths of the Mississippi, in hands that might at any time be hostile. He knew from personal acquaintance, that communities living by agriculture were less likely to be soon depressed by the financial changes incident to civil war than their brethren of the seaboard. He regarded President Lincoln as the impersonation of their indomitable will, and felt persuaded that they would persist in the prolongation of the war until the overmatched Confederates were exhausted. The proposal of the French government to ours for joint intervention he strongly disapproved, not only on general grounds of principle, but because he was satisfied that it would fail. It would be impossible, as he conceived, to transport across the ocean any force capable of coercing the United States into separation. The improvements made in the munitions of war tended greatly, in his view, to strengthen those who stood on the defensive against assault from a distant enemy. The engines of warfare had become so vast and so complicated in their appliances, that they were not easily con-

* 16th February, 1860.

veyed for a long distance from home. This was, he thought, a salutary tendency in human affairs, as it was to be presumed "that they who fought on their own soil were more likely to be in the right, than they who went far away from home to find a battle-field."

He sympathized intensely with the sufferings of Lancashire, and pleaded hard, though long in vain, that the factory hands should by timely measures be saved from sinking to the level of pauperism before receiving public aid. In this as in other instances his wise counsel was disregarded, until many of the evils it would have averted had been realized; and then the truth, officially rediscovered, was tardily confessed, and its demands conceded.

But we must bring our recollections to a close. His last speech in public was addressed to his constituents at Rochdale early in November, 1864. The weather was inclement and the place of meeting cold. He spoke at greater length than usual on the various topics of the day; and after the excitement and exertion were over he felt a chill which he was unable for many hours to shake off. He returned to Dunford, and, yielding to the advice of his physician, hardly left his house for the three ensuing months. When the proposal was made in Parliament, however, to vote large sums of money for fortifications in Canada, his desire to take part in opposing the scheme outweighed all considerations of prudence; and on one of the coldest days of the coldest March within our recollection he came to town. The consequences of that fatal journey are well known. After a few days' suffering he sunk to rest, his life-work done—such work as few in any age or country have been good and great enough to do.

The Fortnightly Review.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAVA.

If ever political, geographical, statistical, and commercial ignorance were exhibited in all its mischievousness— if ever to that ignorance national interest were sacrificed—it was by the treaties which followed the overthrow of Napo-

leon the First, as settled by the so-called Great Powers of Europe. Those indeed were the days when it was no disgrace for a great English statesman to believe that Demerara was an island; for Parliament to declare that a bank-note and a shilling were equal in value to a guinea in gold, which sold for more than thirty shillings in the public market; when rotten boroughs were proclaimed the strongholds of the British Constitution, and the whole theory of trade was to keep our neighbors poor in order to make ourselves rich. Those were the days in which our plenipotentiaries dreamed that the Dutch possessions in the West Indies were of greater value to us than those of the East, and that it was a sagacious bargain to surrender the grand archipelago of the Oriental world if we could only secure the unhealthy swamps and sands of what is now known by the name of British Guyana. The cession was made, and we may now inquire if Netherlands India, with a population of thirty millions, and under a selfish system of colonial policy, gives a gross revenue of eight millions sterling to the Dutch, what would have been the result to the natives, to our own country, and to the world at large, if a generous and enlightened free-trade policy had extended its benignant influences to regions the most fertile, to races the most teachable, and to a central geographical position without a parallel? In the progress of time, and under the irresistible evidence of the glorious results which have accompanied the emancipation of Great Britain and some of her colonies from ancient commercial thralldom, there has been some relaxation of the restrictions formerly imposed, some diminution of the distrust and jealousy with which the presence of "intrusive strangers" has been regarded by the Hollanders. Happily, the protecting is generally less potent than the invading influence; there are interests more powerful than laws, there are forces which break down all barriers, there are wants that will be supplied in spite of all prohibitions; and it is generally found that the wisest legislation is to give the earliest sanction and authority to that policy which, representing the general good; or, to use a phrase familiar to the Dutch, *To't nut van*

t'Algerneen, is, in the field of economy, as certain to prevail in the end as is philosophical truth in any of the departments of science.

There are few monarchs in the East or West who are the possessors of so much power and the objects of so much reverence as the Viceroy of the Dutch Indian archipelago. As regards the extent of territory over which he rules, the number of the population, the amount of revenue and expenditure, his sway is far more ample than that of his master at the Hague, and his field of usefulness beyond all comparison wider. For though, as in the case of British India, the supreme authority is concentrated at home, the practical government — the government which most nearly concerns the aboriginal races — is dependent on the aptitudes of the local functionary. The broad outlines of a theory of administration may be laid down in Europe, but it is their application to circumstances in Asia with which the people have most to do. A good ruler with a bad system may create more happiness, and prevent more misery, than under a good system will be brought about by a bad ruler; and it is especially in remote regions that "whatever is best administered is best," while it often fails to be true that "whatever is best is best administered." If it be difficult for England to furnish to her Oriental presidencies an adequate supply of able and trustworthy European functionaries, Holland is still less capable of doing so; and the wretched condition of many parts of her dependencies shows how very differently the same principles of legislation are dealt with in different districts, and how unlike are their results.

External marks of respect for the presence of the Governor-General are rigidly exacted, and indeed have become habitual among the people. Even the Chinese—who in their own country generally avoid showing any regard for the passage of a mandarin, except by running away from the lictors who announce his advent—the Chinese in Java join in the general salutations and prostrations. Every other carriage stops when that of the Governor goes by; equestrians descend from their horses till his Excellency has moved on; and the Hollanders extort from the Javanese an

exhibition of constant deference. The natives have, in fact, two distinct languages—one (the ceremonial) used to the aristocracy; another (the vulgar) employed among and towards the people. A traveller is struck with the perpetual recurrence of the word "*Tuan*," which implies the relationship of master to slave, in the phrases addressed by dependents to those of superior rank, and with the general disposition of the European settlers to exact, and the willingness of the Javanese to pay, those marks of submission which had their origin in ancient habits, among the subject many, of dependence, and of despotism among the privileged few.

The Dutch have generally the reputation of being harsh and severe colonial rulers, and have been in this respect unfavorably contrasted with the Spaniards and the Portuguese; but these latter have always associated missionary with commercial objects, and the zealous monk has been the invariable companion of the military conqueror and the adventurous merchant. These ecclesiastics sharing the power, and to some extent directing the policy of the invader, have been the protectors of those whom it was their object to conciliate and to convert. But the Hollander had no thought other than that of pecuniary benefit; it was a habit with him, and, indeed, almost a law, to leave the rites and the religions of the infidels unmolested. Not only were they unwilling to meddle with matters of faith themselves, but they absolutely interdicted the intrusion of Christian teaching by the missionaries of other nations. One of the ablest men with whom I came into communication in the East informed me that he had found in two Arabic words—*Kutab* (the Book), and *Kesmet* (fate)—the most potent and available instruments of authority among the Javanese, who are generally passionate professors of Mohammedanism. As in China I have seen a controversy instantly settled and a desired object accomplished by a happy quotation from the writings of their great sage, so a verse from the Koran, or a fit reference to the decrees of inevitable destiny, has often been of more avail than the force of arms or the terrors of law. The first Napoleon understood this, and his addresses to the Mussulmans in Egypt exercised a

marvellous fascination upon the fanatical population; nor has the present Emperor of France been unobservant of the mighty influence which an avowed sympathy with Arab theology would create and command, and his most remarkable Algerian proclamations are impregnated with the tone, temper, and phraseology of Islamism.

In other respects the Hollanders, as a nation, have been almost always too severely judged and condemned. They have been deemed cold, unamiable, and even inhospitable, inaccessible to strangers, and wholly absorbed in their own nationality. The sentence is not deserved, and would never have been passed by any who had an opportunity of really knowing the general character of the people. The fact is, they are eminently social, cordial, and warm-hearted. There is no country in the world more abounding in works of charity, nor in which institutions for the alleviation of misery, for the diminution of crime, for the dispersion of ignorance, and the diffusion of instruction, are so various and so numerous. But a knowledge of Dutch is an all-important introduction to the amenities and courtesies of domestic life. In the aristocratic classes French is universally understood, but never used except in cases of necessity. The wealthiest burgomaster, the most influential official, is as proud of the literature and language of Holland as is any Parisian of his French, any Spaniard of his Castilian, or any Italian of his Tuscan tongue. The man who can answer "*Ja wel!*" to the inquiry "*Gij spreekt Hollandsch?*" is, in other respects worthy, sure of the most friendly reception into Dutch society; and once admitted there, a universal welcome awaits the stranger.

And if this is true in the European Netherlands, it is still more markedly so in the Dutch colonies. In a visit of many weeks, and traversing the island from one end to the other, it scarcely ever happened to us to enter an inn or a post-house, unless for the change of horses; and the hospitalities, with few exceptions, were not only most generous, but sometimes superfluous, especially when our arrival had been anticipated by our hosts. Among the native rulers there was frequently an ostentatious display of luxury, accompanied by an

expression of regret that more could not be done, and a request that our visits should be protracted in order that preparations might be made for hunting and shooting expeditions, and for theatrical and other displays. On one occasion we were invited to be present at a marriage ceremony, performed by the Mohammedan priesthood in a family of rank, and saw for a few minutes the veil removed from the face of the richly-dressed bride, who appeared only fourteen or fifteen years old, and whose conjugal duties were explained to her in the language of the Koran. The manner of life is very varied among the Dutch residents. Some have preserved all the simplicity of ancient days, the women taking not only a directing but an active and manipulating part in the management of the kitchen and the household. The delicate china ware and the bright silver plate are not committed to the custody of servants, but carefully taken from their recesses, and restored thither again, after proper cleansing, by the delicate hands of the *Huisvrouw*. It is not uncommon for a lady to call attention to some *Lekker-spis*, prepared by her own special self in honor of her guests. But such usages are gradually abandoned. *La cuisine de Paris* invades the world, and the number of culinary *artistes* who, on their French reputations, have made their way to fame and fortune in the far East would form a curious and copious addendum to the history of the celebrities of the times.

A more important invasion, however, than that of French *maitres* and *batteries de cuisine* is that of the Chinese, of whom hundreds of thousands are scattered over the islands of Java, Borneo, Sumatra, and their less known subordinate dependencies. The governor informed me that the annual immigration into Banka was five thousand Chinamen, who replaced an equal number returning yearly to their native land. The miners engaged there in the production of tin are all Chinese, and by the labor of five years a sufficient competence is acquired. Without any interference on the part of the Dutch government, the yearly demand is supplied with the utmost regularity; and the police needful to preserve order and protect property are in the

hands of the Chinese. In the same way the number of Chinese in the island of Java amounts to nearly 150,000. They are ruled by their own laws, choose their own leaders, and seldom come under the cognizance of the Dutch tribunals. There is scarcely a Chinese female among them; but they intermarry with the native races, and their descendants are imbued with many of the better qualities of their male ancestors—especially habits of industry, perseverance, and economy. The silent, slow, but irresistible influence of a superior order of men in supplanting those of an inferior order, physically or intellectually considered, is easily traceable through all the insular regions of the East. The lower types of man are gradually disappearing; of many of them, in a few generations, not one will be left. Everywhere there is a struggle between strength and weakness; but progress is the universal law: the unteachable pass away—the improvable are improved by education or by the intermingling of a better blood; inertness and idleness are set aside by adventure and activity; and so the great plans and purposes of Providence are accomplished.

In this grand mission of perpetually advancing change, the Chinese races are now performing the most prominent part in the tropical regions of the East. All that Europe can contribute will be the ruling influences represented by a few, whose higher aptitudes for government, greater knowledge, wider experience, harder perseverance, with more distinct perception of an end in view, and better adaptation of the means for obtaining it, will originate and encourage ameliorations which will gradually descend among the many. The climate must forever exclude European competition from the field of manual toil. Settlers from temperate regions will never be the actual cultivators of tropical lands, or do more than assist cultivation by the encouragements which capital, improved machinery, organization of labor, and other facilities may bring. China, from her superfluous and suffering, sometimes starving, population, has poured forth millions to supply the demand for willing hearts and active hands. Hitherto the exodus of the Chinese to foreign countries has been mainly drawn

from two provinces, Kwantung and Fookien, seven eighths of the whole people having furnished no contingent to the local migration. Till of late years the punishment of death was attached to the crime of abandoning the fatherland; and though the law, with all its threats and terrors, was unable to resist the pressure which forced the redundant multitude towards the less peopled regions where their presence was equally valuable and welcome, the emigration of Chinese women was rendered impossible by the state of public opinion, which was quite in harmony with the prohibitory laws. But already wonderful changes are at work. The sanction and the protection of authority is now given to the departure of Chinamen who desire to leave their country, and the adjacency of the British colony of Hong Kong has afforded facilities for the outgoings of numerous families, who seek to improve their condition by settling temporarily abroad—temporarily, for no Chinese will ever abandon the central flowery land without a determination to return to it, living or dead. Hundreds of thousands have gone back after having realized competencies, and their example encourages others to follow in their footsteps. Vessels arrive from California, Australia, and other remote parts, bringing the coffined corpses of those whose names are to be associated with the birth and burial places of their ancestors, and who are to receive from their descendants those funeral rites which are denied to wandering spirits, but which are never wanting to honor the domestic resting-places of the dead. If our colonies have not received all the benefits which the surplus population of China is capable of rendering them, it is from the want of arrangements for discarding the worthless and deteriorating elements which have too frequently leavened the mass with the leaven of disorder and destruction.

The non-doings, undoings, and overdoings of supreme authority in the colonies—in other words, the errors of omission and commission—are generally traceable to our imperfect acquaintance with the ideas and feelings of the people. A mastery of the native language—not merely such as helps us to ask for meat and drink, to issue a domestic order, or to catch vaguely at the meaning of what

is addressed to us—but such a knowledge as enables us to *think* in the idiom in which we give expression to the thought, is the first needful element for successful rule; and in this the Hollanders have a great advantage over us. Translated English or translated Dutch will be very imperfect mediums of communication with Indian peoples. The Mohammedan races, especially, have their conversations thoroughly imbued with the phraseology of the Koran, and with perpetual references to the authority of the Prophet. Nothing is more marked in Jewish teaching than that the name of God should be always reverently approached, or wrapped up in a mysterious inaccessibility; and among Christians, frequent appeals to the God-head have in them a touch of profanity which shocks our religious sentiments. But among the Mussulmans the name of God is interblended with their most habitual colloquies: *Inshallah!* “If Allah will!” is the “yes,” the “so be it,” the “perhaps” of the Arabs. *Yallah!* “O Allah!” is an appeal which bursts forth on every occasion from their lips. *Wallah!* “By Allah!” is the oath constantly employed when emphasis is to be given to an asseveration. *Mashallah!* “With Allah!” the exclamation in the presence of anything wonderful or beautiful. How difficult it is to build these novel associations upon the foundation of European education will be easily perceived. If the style be the man, much more is the language the people.

The notions we form of foreign and remote countries are often very singular; we can hardly fancy they should resemble our own, and are almost always connected with ideas of inferiority. I remember being asked by a Spanish servant whether hens' eggs were as white in England as they are in Spain. Nothing appears so incredible to a native of the tropics as the tale that we have water hard as a rock, and capable of bearing a man. I was present when a cargo of ice was for the first time brought to a port not far from the equinoctial line. The people looked at it with the same wonder at first as they would have felt had they seen similar masses of crystal. They touched it: the cold was such as they had never before experienced, and the novel sensation filled them with awe

and apprehension. But when it dissolved in their hands, they fancied they had unknowingly worked a miracle, and that some demon must have been at the bottom of the mystery. Descriptions of snow, frost, ice, and winter scenery have a singular attraction to the inhabitants of hot regions. These are to them the very romance of nature. In my travels in the interior of Java, I met with a most accomplished lady, who was burning with a desire, about to be gratified, of visiting Europe. “And now tell me of all you hope to see; from what do you expect to receive the greatest pleasure?” “Oh,” she answered, “a forest without leaves!” To her, the everlasting green of the tropical woods had become intolerably monotonous; but no doubt the experience of a freezing northern winter would bring back dear remembrances of tropical trees, and fruits, and flowers, even as an Icelandic traveller in our temperate climate once said to me, “How can you live without seas, or snows, or storms?”

The Government Post-horse service is admirably conducted in Java. The horses, though small, are fleet, and the vehicles employed well adapted to their duties. The main roads are for the most part in excellent order. I am not aware of the extent of accommodation provided for ordinary travellers, but in my own case, occupying an official position, and accompanied as I was by an *aide-de-camp* of the Governor-General—who was my guide and introducer—we received an amount of courteous and sometimes even costly attentions not easily forgotten. On landing at Batavia, a light carriage was waiting at the palace, to which six little frisky ponies were attached, and which, conducted by two postillions, set off full gallop on the upward road to Beutenzorg, “Beyond care,” about forty miles from the capital. After less than six hours' journey, always on the ascent, we were deposited, after one interruption, at the delightful country abode of the ruler of Netherlands India. Tropical regions have marvellous attractions; many have witnessed the beauty and glory of the vegetable world where heavy rains, and scorching suns, and feracious soil have contributed to its development; but the Beutenzorg park stands out preëminent

in magnificence—botanical science having turned to the best account the noble raw materials which the neighboring regions afford in such superfluous abundance. The mountain torrents pour down their loud music in harmony with the general grandeur, and throw off refreshing water-drops on the trees and bushes by the sides of the streams.

The improved state of the roads in Java is greatly attributable to a strong-minded, but fierce and despotic ruler, Marshal Daandels, who was the governor-general during the Bonapartean sovereignty. Travelling once in the interior, we reached the foot of a precipitous mountain, and our horses having been detached from the carriage, six buffaloes were brought forward and harnessed, in order that the vehicle might be dragged up the steep and rugged road. That such a road should ever have been projected seemed strange: that human effort should have accomplished the work was stranger still. We were told that about eighty years ago, when on one of his ambulatory visits to this district, Daandels found his progress arrested by one of these mountain barriers, which seem peremptorily to say, "No farther!" The Governor-General called the native chiefs of the neighborhood into his presence—they were six in number—and he told them that he should return in six months, and then expected to cross the mountain in his state carriage. They answered, "the thing was impossible; anything that could be done, should be done, but a road over the mountain was out of the question." Daandels answered, "Well! what I can do is this—and this I will do—half way up the mountain I will have six gallowses erected, one for each of you; and if on this day six months, on my return hither, I do not find the road made, and so made that my carriage can pass safely over it, you six gentlemen will be suspended for disobedience of orders." The road was made; and a slow and heavy work it is even now for the buffaloes to pull a vehicle up the acclivity.

Another of Daandel's deeds was even more remarkable. He insisted on a general prostration in his presence. Every person on foot was ordered to kneel when he passed; every person on horseback or in a carriage to stop and alight,

in order to salute him. He published a proclamation declaring that no person whatever should be excused from these prostrations, and that their neglect would subject the offender to a flogging in the public market-place. The order was disobeyed by a member of his own council. He was seized and compelled to submit to the indignity which had been denounced on all offenders. The following day this exasperated functionary invited all his friends to dinner. He told the tale of his ignominy—notorious then to the whole community—and concluded by saying, "And now I have a toast to propose—Death to General Daandels!" No doubt it was the outburst of desperation. The next morning a message came from the Governor-General, commanding the presence of the offender to a dinner at the Palace. Many guests were summoned to attend. In the centre of the table was a soup tureen. When the party were seated, the Governor rose, and said: "You proposed a toast yesterday." "I did; the toast was—Death to General Daandels!" "You are a courageous fellow, at least, and have told the honest truth, for which I honor you. Now take off the cover of that soup tureen. Two pistols are there: one is loaded, the other is not. Had you tergiversated, I meant that you should draw one, and I the other, and the triggers should have been pulled while we were standing opposite one another at the table. But give me your hand. Let there be mutual forgiveness. From henceforth we are friends." Whether under the circumstances of the case the mutual stains were becomingly wiped away by the tendered and accepted reconciliation, may be a question for casuists in a court of honor. It might well be doubted whether the hope of being able to shoot your enemy, with the counter-chance of being yourself shot by him, would be a compensation for the outrage of a public flogging. The inquiry was not unfrequently made, "What would you have done?" to which it seemed an appropriate answer, "When such a contingency shall occur, and I am called to occupy either of the personal positions, I will come to a decision; meanwhile the *pros* and the *cons* may be fairly discussed." It is not the less a subject for congratulation that the rule of such gover-

nors-general as Marshal Daandels in any colony representing European civilization has passed away.

The materials for studying the power and the produce of volcanic action are found, perhaps, in greater variety, extent, and abundance in Java, than in any other part of the known world. All the mountains bear the evidence of those awful agitations which force their way from the earth's centre to its circumference, and become the safety-valves in their ordinary normal action, or record the terrible explosions when that action is insufficient to give vent to the fierce and fiery element which rests or rages under the crust of our terrestrial sphere. Not at the top of the Tenyer mountain, but along its sides, and at a fluctuating elevation of 6000 to 7000 feet, we passed, on our way from Samarang to Sourabaya, through a crater of nearly three miles in length, having on each side various rugged elevations; the floor being sometimes hard and rocky, sometimes wavy like the tidal sands, and sometimes so loose as to make progress difficult. The natives speak of the mountain with reverence, one of its volcanic peaks bearing the name of Bramah—a name which, though of Hindoo origin, is associated with feelings of terror in even the minds of the Mussulmans. In Java, as indeed throughout the oriental world, the new faiths which have been introduced by foreign invaders or settlers, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or Buddhist, are all tainted with the phraseology, and invested with the superstitions, even of pre-historic times.

The mud lakes fling up vast volumes of mingled black earth and water, and masses of smoke are seen in the distance; they rise and disappear, while sounds resembling remote thunder accompany the explosions of the filthy springs. As the borders of the lake are approached, the soil gets softer and softer, warmer and warmer, till it merges in an agitated mass of hot mud, from which boiling columns are flung up from a circular mouth in the very centre of the lake, and are scattered all around in successive bursts. The greatest height reached by the jets is about thirty feet. The neighboring ground is impregnated with the salt which is found in the saline sources of the springs. A demon—

in the shape of a water-serpent—is believed to have his abode in the regions under the lake, and its outpourings are but exhibitions of his supernatural powers. There and elsewhere, if a traveller desire to obtain any information from the natives, he will do well to respect their credulity, and not to stop their narratives by expressions of doubt or disbelief. How often have I seen a willing oriental talker suddenly and hopelessly silenced by a single word which could be construed into a contempt for his religious belief, or an impeachment of his veracity.

In many parts of Java the paths are lighted by jets of fire which burst up from the earth's surface—unextinguishable, or at least never extinguished, lamps, whose flames are fed by a perpetual supply of hydrogen, and consumed on reaching the atmosphere of the outer world. The whole character of the scenery of these tropical islands has something mysterious and sublime. Superstition and tradition have connected it with a strange mythology, and given to every uncommon exhibition of the power of the elements a wild and wondrous story of its own. The volcanoes, the fire-bursts, the cataracts, the hot springs, the mud lakes, have all their separate and special divinities; and an industrious inquirer might gather from the natives matter enough for volumes of romantic tales. What materials hitherto wholly unwrought might be found in the unwritten annals of tropical life! What pictures with the associated scenery of grand mountains; waving forest trees, eternally green in color, and grotesque in shape, among which from bough to bough the beautiful orchids are suspended, and beetles and butterflies, in colors more radiant than the rainbow, fly about like living, dazzling gems! Then the strange sounds of the tornado winds and the waters, and of the insects, the birds, and the beasts, so unfamiliar to European ears. Our painters have done something to bring home to our acquaintance the oriental world; but our poets have failed to reach the latent attractions of that portion of the earth where the productive and destructive powers of nature act with such wondrous activity, and life and death seem equally busy in the great field of change.

While travelling in the interior of Java, accompanied by one of the native chieftains and his suite, he proposed to show me his power over the crocodiles, and conducted me to the edge of a lake where they congregate in considerable numbers. On the remote side some were basking, and the great man vociferated loudly the words, *Baya! Baya!* "Alligator! alligator! come hither! come hither!" And certainly a considerable commotion took place, and we perceived several of the monsters leaving their places of rest and hastening towards us. They reached the centre of the lake, we saw their wide jaws open, and something disappeared from the surface, upon which the crocodiles returned to the haunts from whence they came. We afterwards learned it was one of the practices of the natives to fasten an unfortunate duck to a piece of bamboo, and to set it floating upon the waters, where it served as an attraction to the *baya*, and an amusement to the people, while it was an excellent joke to be exhibited to curious travellers like myself. Immense trouble is taken to provide entertainments for the guests whom the Javanese desire to honor: they adorn the roads with garlands; come forth from their villages with dance, music, and song; arrange tiger hunts for more ostentatious display; and spare no expense in the exercise of their hospitality. In their domestic receptions the guests are welcomed with baths and table luxuries, with theatrical entertainments, and comfortable couches for repose. Sometimes even a pretty young female is presented for the use of the visitor; nay, I have known more than one offered for selection.

JOHN BOWRING.

Dublin University Magazine.

LITERARY REPRESENTATIVE TYPES.

GULLIVER—CANDIDE—TEUFELSDRÖCKH.

ACTION represents but an infinitesimal part of the thoughts which are continually succeeding one another in the human mind. Who can tell what undulations of thought, what unexpressed questionings and theories have passed through the most vulgar, average mind that ever was? As latent heat prevails throughout nature, even in bodies, such as ice,

with which the notion of heat would at first sight appear utterly irreconcilable, so thought pervades the human species, giving it its *sui generis* mode of existence. But, as the latent heat scattered through bodies is not perceptible, and avails nothing, unless it be brought forth by some unusual action produced in those bodies, by friction or combustion; as the bodies in which this heat becomes manifested are comparatively few, so the thinking life of societies can only be expressed in a few individuals, whom mankind term men of genius. A man of genius expresses the thought of an epoch, while his contemporaries are forgotten; whether

"Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial currents of the soul,"

or the wild luxuriance of their thought wanted pruning, being deficient in the tact, order, and organizing power which belong to genius. But if they have passed away, if their names are forgotten, their thought, or what of it was valuable, does not perish. It lives, though not immortalized by themselves. The innumerable rills and rivulets that pour their waters into the Mississippi or Amazon are unknown; yet they contribute to form the great, world-famed rivers. In the same manner, the thoughts of a society, no longer scattered among many individuals, may become embodied into unity; like a fair human form, which, were it analyzed, would be found to be composed of elements in themselves inert, and bearing no affinity to life. When united and vivified by genius, the thoughts of the masses are made to form a being, not fleshly, but of the intellectual order; a being visible to all imaginations; the type, the intellectual embodiment of the age, which it represents to the eyes of posterity. Such ideal beings are as immortal in the memory of mankind as if they had been real heroes of real history. Real heroes are now nothing but names. We know very little of their character, which has come down to us in isolated traits. We remember Alexander, because he wept when he had no more worlds to conquer. But in the intellectual representative of an epoch, we have a whole character, not a mere fragment. We have a personification which we can know as thoroughly

as one of our friends, on which we can with equal accuracy pronounce a verdict, and which may sometimes exercise more influence on our manner of thinking. Even literary heroes in time become less palpable to us than their creations. Homer and Shakespeare are immortal; but little is known of them. From their works we may conjecture that they were humane, generous, eminently sensitive to all good inspirations. But they are not incarnations of the modes of thinking and feeling proper to their age. Hence, though they are revered and cherished, they cannot be considered as types of their time. They were concrete and imperfect; types of the abstract representatives of the spirit of their respective ages. We know much of Timon and Othello; they are among us, they move us to wonder, pity, or musing on the tangled web of human life; they thrill our hearts and stimulate our thoughts; sons of the intellectual world, they ever rise in unfaded brightness. But what do we know of Shakespeare? The immortal poet, after giving birth to his immortal offspring, has buried himself from our admiring and inquiring gaze. Why are his creations more real to us than he whose wondrous fancy gave them shape? Because they are eternal nature individualized and idealized, purified from all dross of circumstance; all their characteristics are clear to a degree which the reality never presents. Who ever saw a Falstaff in real life? Yet, doubtless, there are many Falstaffs; but their gross sensuality, their selfishness, their deep-rooted attachment to the earth are not apparent, being concealed under a thick incrustation of conventionalities, and mixed up with so many intermittent gleams of a higher nature as suffice to veil the baseness of those ignoble beings, even to the most penetrating gaze. Society contains no Miranda, no Hamlet, any more than the Australian mines contain gold in its refined state; not nature herself, these characters are above nature, purified from natural inconsistencies by the refining processes of genius.

Among those airy children of imagination there are hierarchies, principalities, and powers. Not every one of them unites in himself the universal characteristics of his age. This high mission is

reserved for some chosen creation, which becomes a beautiful and comprehensive incarnation of the tendencies of the age; it appears to posterity an intelligible symbol of its time; history illustrates it, and it illustrates history. It thus acquires a relative as well as an absolute, a historical as well as an æsthetical value. It will also modify the thought of succeeding ages—for other thoughts will crystallize around it, and the structure will increase, like a coral formation which may be the foundation of an island.

It would be a most interesting historical work to trace the manner in which literary types have arisen, the circumstances that gave them birth, and the influence they have exerted. And here a distinction must be established between principal types and secondary types. The latter are as numerous as second-rate poets and men of talent—the former as few as representative men and writers of the first order. Nay, great types are few even comparatively to the number of men of genius; for, not all these have left types behind them. Montaigne, Bacon, Milton, have not; while less exalted names have taken up the office of leaving an ideal representative of their age. Sometimes men of genius have delineated characters which belong to another age: thus Byron's "Don Juan" and his "Childe Harold" belong to the eighteenth century, and have nothing in common with the aspirations of the nineteenth.

The consideration of all characters which, in dramatic or narrative works, may claim the rank of types, would embrace the entire range of literature. In this article we purpose viewing only the three types which stand at the head of all others in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with a glance at those that arose previously. It is necessary that we should first consider representative types, as distinguished from less important and secondary personifications. If the full literary value of representative types is to be realized, if all their significance is to be apprehended, they must be viewed under two aspects—the absolute and the relative, or, in other words, the æsthetical and historical. For it is obvious that, apart from the meaning which they bear in relation to their

time, these types have an absolute individual significance, complete in itself. The latter is the more partial or obvious view—that which is taken by the hasty or superficial observer. Macbeth is an ambitious man; Hamlet a young dreamer; Don Quixote a respectable monomaniac. Merely as such, these characters powerfully excite our interest; the masterly delineation of them as individuals is sufficient to stamp them as creations of the first order. But, even before a relative or historical meaning is sought in them, their absolute character may be more fully investigated.

Of course the more intimate absolute characteristic of literary types must be common to them all; just as the bodies of men are all fashioned after the same absolute model, though presenting innumerable relative differences of conformation and feature. The common basis of the types must be an element common to all ages, since the types are produced by those ages. In order, therefore, to find it, we have but to ask, What is the great element common to all ages, whether heroic or prosaic, religious or irreligious, superstitious or enlightened? If we glance at the great productions of all countries and times, from the Book of Job to Werther, we shall find that the existence of evil is the phenomenon which has most struck the imagination of mankind, and given rise to most deep searchings and effusions of sentiment. Even the existence of God does not strike our senses with such overpowering force as the presence on earth of an element contrary to man's welfare. The problem of evil obtrudes itself, as it were, upon man, who cannot rest till he has attempted to answer the question; who feels himself irresistibly prompted to take cognizance of evil, whether to explain, affirm, or even deny it. The existence of evil has differently affected different classes of men; the illiterate, becoming superstitious, have conjured up gnomes, goblins, evil influences without number; thinking men have framed philosophical or theological systems, or have avoided an inquiry to which they felt themselves unequal; poets have reflected in their verse the bright colors of pity and hope, and the sombre hues of despair, to which the knowledge of evil gives rise in the hearts of men. Most of the superstitions into

which the people were plunged during the middle ages can be resolved into symbols of the predominance of evil; nor was it surprising that evil should have exercised so powerful a fascination over the minds of men, for those gloomy times saw desolations to which the greatest calamities of our day are but as the European storm to the tropical hurricane. In the fifteenth century, for instance, war, famine, and pestilence made frightful havoc in Europe. Some evil power seemed to have assumed the government of the world. The result was such as cannot surprise us, if it be remembered that even in the enlightened days of modern history, great events, wars, and revolutions bring about many cases of madness. Mankind seemed to have run mad. There was a general craving for wild dances, in which young and old, weak and strong, forming weird circles, went through frenzied evolutions. The fifteenth century gave expression to a grimly ironical gayety in the dance of death. Death being proclaimed king of the world, his subjects paid him loyal homage. Communion was sought with the infernal powers; witchcraft spread its black nets over the minds of the people. No doubt the votaries of that art were imbued with a firm faith in its reality, amounting to a monomaniacal delusion. The degraded African nations who worship evil spirits and fetiches are not more oppressed by the potency of evil than our ancestors were four or five centuries ago. In the poet who sums up the spirit of the middle ages, we observe the sombre resignation of a great mind to which the world has left no hope. Those mediæval times, which gave birth to our modern civilization, had thus a most vivid sense of the predominance of evil—that phenomenon which in all ages most engrosses the attention of mankind.

But when darkness and ignorance are dispelled, terror and superstition give place to ridicule. Not that there can be no ridicule during the dark period—there is, and must be, a bitter irony against evil. But ridicule, which is a protest against either real or fancied evil, may be serious or sprightly, bitter or frolicsome, according to the evil which it assails. Addison's exquisitely caustic strictures on the absurdities of fashion

belong to the slightest species of ridicule, because the evil against which they protest is but a trifling one. They resemble airy gnats attacking with their sharp stings insects scarcely more ponderous than themselves. But Swift's satire, being aimed at social shortcomings, which, as long as they exist, produce much evil, becomes a serious, bitter, pitiless satire—a sardonic laugh very different from Addison's good-humored smile. Satire in the middle ages was a bitter and almost despairing protest; wherever great woes are in existence, the popular mind strives to react, to prop itself up against them, by ridicule, however coarse and grim.

These facts are concordant with what would *a priori* be expected from the very nature of ridicule, which is an abnormality, a conscious falsification of thought, imitating, while protesting against, the too real abnormality which constitutes evil. A man assailed by misfortune would see his heart broken on the rocks of despair, did he not boldly face the evil, breast it, and ride over it in safety. Giving vent to irony under the pressure of evil relieves the soul, as giving vent to cries relieves the body when it is in acute suffering. Hence, ridicule, especially in its most refined form, is the resource of the weak; women use it better than men. Great satirists have, for the most part, been gentle and sensitive. Voltaire, that pitiless railer, spent much money in improving the condition of the agricultural laborers at Ferney. Great writers must be considered as weak in power and influence, though not in intellect, comparatively to the whole social mass; hence they make use of ridicule when protesting against the faults of the masses. It is only when satirists inveigh against individuals that they forget their mission, and misuse their weapon, like a soldier who makes use of his bayonet in a brawl with civilians. But in all other cases, irony must be considered as a mode of expression, legitimate to men who, prompted by an honest indignation against evil, oppose their individual weakness to the great public body. It is like a lever moving a ponderous mass which would not yield to clumsier efforts.

If, then, the contemplation of evil, and the weakness of man against it, give

rise to ridicule; if this disposition is common to all ages, it follows that it must constitute the primary element of literary types. From Gargantua to Don Juan, irony is their essential characteristic; the badge of their being representatives of human thought and sentiment; the talisman by which they influence the universal heart of mankind. Gargantua's ridicule is coarse, and, so to speak, physical, falling only on external things; Teufelsdröckh, in a more subtle and philosophical view, derides also sentiments and doctrines; the difference between these types is proportionate to that between their respective epochs, but their instrument is substantially the same; just as a ship is a ship, whether she appears as the Great Harry, the Victory, or the Warrior.

So essential is the element of irony to typical characters, that its presence or absence affords a ready criterion for discriminating those literary creations which are types from those which are not. Thus Romeo, who affords the most beautiful and appropriate idealization of the passionate lover, remains in the domain of Cytherea, and is no type of his age, because there is no irony in him. Wholly taken up with his own sentiments, he neglects the problem of all lives and all ages—which is not love, but evil—so that, however great his merits as a secondary character may be, he has no title to be considered as a general type.

Irony, then, constitutes the absolute character of literary types. Their relative or historical character will be identical with the historical character of their age, which they faithfully reflect; as the sea rolls gray waves under lowering clouds, and blue waters under a cloudless sky. It is this faithful reflection of their age which gives them a historical value far above that of any chronicle, however minute and detailed it may be. For the latter gives us only the skeleton of history, while they show us the muse in all her beauty of freshness and color.

In order to apprehend more fully the nature of literary types, it will be useful to glance at those which were produced in Europe, from the revival of letters to the eighteenth century. These types amply illustrate the unity and solidarity of Europe as a form of civilization.

They show us some elements of civilization developed in one country, and other elements in another, and afterwards assimilated, drawn forth into the common stream. Thus, in the sixteenth century, France first felt the reviving influence of Italy, and transmitted it to England. It is to France, therefore, as having first experienced the impulse of the wave of learning, that we must turn to find the earliest literary types of modern times—indeed the only types which the sixteenth century affords. In England we find no great literary creations before the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Shakespeare produced his "Macbeth," his "Othello," and his "Hamlet." Many of Shakespeare's characters, and chiefly the secondary ones, are certainly colored by the manners and opinions of their time; but none of them concentrate the inmost thoughts, the aspirations of their age, in such a degree as to constitute a literary type in the proper sense of the term. Thus, in an age when Europe resounded with satirical attacks against the corruptions of the clergy, Shakespeare does not afford the slightest representation of that spirit. The poet's gentleness, and his reverence for religion, may partly account for this forbearance; but it is chiefly owing to the fact that Shakespeare, being the poet of the world, undertook to paint universal human nature rather than the manner of thinking and feeling peculiar to a single age. From his very elevation it follows that we cannot look in his dramas for any literary type of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. As for the dramatists that preceded him, they present us with only secondary characters, powerfully drawn indeed, but far too limited and microscopic to be considered as representative of their time. They fall below the mark: Shakespeare soars above it.

Turning to France, we find that Rabelais gives us the literary type of the age. In his "Gargantua," the eccentric author, whose eye was not less philosophical than humorous, has embodied all the aspects and tendencies of his time. Europe was then like a huge serpent in the throes of skin mutation. The spirit of inquiry had arisen; it had been, in the same age, represented in Italy, England, and Germany, by Folengo, Skelton, and Luther, who, together with Rabe-

lais, are the heralds of the great modern reaction against the middle ages; who sound the alarm, and call upon the nations to begin the onward march. Bacon had not yet arisen to formulate these aspirations after progress into a philosophical system; Shakespeare had not as yet begun, like a morning bird, to pour forth that song which may be considered as the epic of the newly-dawning world. All as yet was confusion; all the elements of civilization were conflicting in chaos. Mankind appeared to be as intoxicated with knowledge as men who have been unused to wine, and whom the first draughts inebriate. The study of the ancients begot a fanatical imitation, frenzied attempts to transfuse the classic languages into the modern idioms; irony, innocent of all modern notions of restraint, broke out into universal guffaws of derision. Reckless of the terrors under which emperors had bowed their heads down to the dust, Luther hurled insults and anathemas on the Pope, Skelton made Wolsey tremble, Folengo had sung the kitchen-worship into which the religion of religious orders had degenerated; the tocsin of examination resounded throughout the civilized world.

These characteristics of the age are expressed in its literary type, which symbolizes a burning thirst for knowledge. Gargantua has been gifted by nature with a stature unusual among the sons of men. The consequence is a Brobdignagian appetite. Dire is the havoc wrought among geese, capons, *et hoc genus omne*, in order that Gargantua's stomach may be well lined. His insatiable maw engulfs huge piles of food; the long catalogue of dishes is the epos of the culinary art. But these voracious propensities are to Gargantua the legitimate impulses of nature. His mind is as insatiable as his body. He devours as many books as loaves; he suffers himself to be crammed with all the learning of his times; and such success crowns his studies that he becomes as ignorantly learned as any scholar in the Sorbonne. The history of his youth contains the first inquiries respecting the art of education, and gives many sagacious hints which are far in advance of the age, and were afterwards developed by Voltaire and Rousseau. In short, the character of Gargantua is like

that of the sixteenth century, inquiring, hungry and thirsty after knowledge, and addicted to assailing with relentless irony the representatives of the past.

If we now glance at the sixteenth century in England, we shall find it brightened by the dawning light of inquiry. At first all is confusion and disorder; England is convulsed by the throes of the Reformation; Skelton hurls invective against the clergy; the Church of Rome is overthrown in the strangest possible manner. But towards the end of the century the chaos begins to subside; a philosophical system, and a series of poems, which may be said to form the epic of modern civilization, are about to spring from the opinions and tendencies of the age. Bacon has been spending thirty years in meditating his *Novum Organum*, and publishes his *Essays* in 1597. Shakespeare is about to erect a landmark between two worlds, revealing them each to the other; with the best characteristics of the middle ages—faith, loyalty, reverence—he combines the tendencies of the new era—knowledge of the world, irony, spirit of analysis. But in no single type has the immortal poet embodied these aspirations. His imagination was too boundless to concentrate an age into a single character. Like the sun, which shines both on the just and unjust, Shakespeare has impartially brightened, with the rays of his genius, all the modes of human nature, leaving to inferior men the care of portraying a particular age.

In Spain, Cervantes illustrates the progress of the modern spirit. His *Don Quixote* may be considered as the type of the first part of the seventeenth century. The meaning of that immortal creation has been discussed with much variety of opinion: some accounting *Don Quixote* to be a lament over expiring knighthood; others, an allegorical representation of the soul dragging after it a gross, a sensual squire—the body. Whether such meanings were consciously expressed by Cervantes is doubtful; though, without over-refining, they may be considered as being included in his work through the intuitional power of genius. But even if they are accepted, they are secondary to the meaning which Cervantes had in view, which was to satirize the mania

for romances of chivalry. These tales were deluging Europe, to the extinction of all good taste. Pastorals were poured forth *ad nauseam*; Cervantes himself had in that respect sacrificed to the taste of the times. What he ridicules in *Don Quixote* is corrupt taste; not the age of chivalry, but the spurious imitation of that age; the mock enthusiasm that merely read of heroic deeds without performing any; the affectation and cant which must have been odious to a man like Cervantes. He showed that, when read with a paltry, canting enthusiasm, chivalric romances were useless and deteriorating; that if they happened to be taken in earnest and put into action by a virtuous enthusiast, the result would be Don Quixote's monomania; and the latter supposition being more obnoxious to ridicule, he developed it with inimitable humor—thus by implication urging his contemporaries to discard vain reveries about the past, and set their hearts on things fitting to a progressive age. This was, doubtless, the primary aim of Cervantes. But, under the hands of genius, the cultivated soil brings forth more than one kind of fruit. Other teachings than the primary one may be culled from *Don Quixote*, whether their author was, or was not, conscious of their existence in his work. Don Quixote, besides being a protest against a literary evil, was made a type of his age.

He is depicted as impulsive, but without clear-headedness on all points but that of his monomania. His aims are noble; and the fatal error which blights all his devotion has not made him utterly ridiculous. His enthusiasm, at worst harmless to all but himself, is one which appeals to our sympathy. His devotion to the past well portrays the Spain of that age. Like Don Quixote, she had wedded her affections to the past; like him, she beheld society under the aspect which it represented in an age gone by, and her wish was to make modern things conform with the things of yore. Spain was as a Quixote among nations. Closing her eyes to the present, she clung to the superstition and punctiliousness of old, thus marring her interests and drawing down upon herself the derision of the world.

If *Don Quixote* be attentively read, it will be seen that Cervantes, far from

crushing his hero under ridicule, treats him lovingly, and endows him with many noble qualities. The irony of Cervantes was not contemptuous; it was a tender emotion, neither a titter nor a laugh, but a gentle, reproving smile. If the Knight of La Mancha was outrageously behind the age, he was not on that account to be mercilessly derided. Others could be equally absurd without being equally disinterested. Was not Sancho in his own way as extravagant as Quixote? It was Sancho who was to bear the brunt of Cervantes' satire. The fat squire represents modern positivism. When reading the narrative in which he is connected with Quixote, we see that we are standing on the limit of two worlds, without having as yet decided for either. It is this double portraiture of the past and the future that makes *Don Quixote* the representative work of Europe for the seventeenth century; for, in the beginning of that age, the world, agitated as it had been, had not as yet pronounced for any decisive course. The elements of a new state of things were formed, but had not cohered into a definite mass. In England, France, and Spain, the age of chivalry was gone forever; irony was doing its work of destruction, but the new age of skepticism and industrial development had not yet dawned. Don Quixote was voted absurd, but Sancho had not yet been made king.

Cervantes dimly perceived rising Sanchism, and the ridicule with which he assailed it is softened by no tender touches. Had he foreseen the development which it was destined to attain, he would probably have heaped his most withering sarcasm upon it. As it is, however, his work is an admirable type of the state of Europe during the seventeenth century. Irony is the chief characteristic of such transition periods, the most obvious work of which is the destruction of the past. While this is being effected, the elements that shall form the future are stealthily at work, like mineral masses slowly crystallizing in the depths of the earth, while the upper strata are crumbling away under the influence of winds and rain.

Since the first Revolution, which had secured civil freedom, and prepared the

way for freedom of thought, there had been more elements of progress in England than in any other European nation. These elements were now consolidated by the second fall of the Stuarts. On the other hand, France, which had been for so many years in the ascendant, was now exhausted by wars and misgovernment. While the English were deposing James, because he had attacked the liberties of the nation, the subjects of the grand monarch were eating grass. Henceforth the office of fanning the flame of civilization has belonged to England. But as great reforms cannot be consummated in a day, it was to be expected that the eighteenth century in England should be a period of struggles, as well as of progress. The tree of freedom was planted in our midst; but it was delicate and liable to be blighted; it was necessary to dig around and dung it. The eighteenth century is a time of transition, of conflict between various elements—between order and disorder, progress and conservatism, morality and immorality. The general law of human affairs being progress, the issue of the conflict was not doubtful; but the struggle was to be protracted during a whole century. Cabals, intrigues, and party struggles made up a clamorous chaos. Political honesty had been destroyed by political vicissitudes; the Church contained many "time-serving priests all over the nation;" religion had not yet recovered from the attacks made upon it. But what great principle stood above the chaos, regulating it and working through it? It was the inheritance transmitted by the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the spirit of inquiry, which moved thinkers and writers of all schools. Both assailants and defenders of religion—Shaftesbury, Toland, Bolingbroke on one side, Clarke and Berkeley on the other—have recourse to a much more extended and serried array of reasonings than was dreamed of in the philosophy of preceding ages. The practical infidelity which followed the Revolution is drawn up into an ethical system; and the orthodox defend Christianity with still greater metaphysical acumen.

The eighteenth century being, then, the confused but sure development of the germs of progress, scattered abroad by the revival of letters, it remains to

inquire in what way that age considered the perennial phenomena of evil. Swift gives us the answer to that question. It was reserved for that great man, who was the most original genius of the eighteenth century, to cast the thought of the age into a literary type. Gulliver is the first of the three Spectators, as we may call them; offspring of the two most eventful ages in history—characters which are made to survey the whole world, and to pronounce, whether by implication or plain verdict, on the great problems of humanity. These creations stand apart even among literary types—they are more universal in their range of vision, and no less colored by the tints of that age of which they present the most complete picture. They are not made for the mere amusement of a novel-reader. They are valuable histories. Nor must this view of them be deemed far-fetched. Far more extraordinary is the theory that a man, the wisest and greatest of his time, would take up the pen to write a common nursery tale; and yet that such a tale should be accounted his master-piece. This theory has actually been mooted respecting Rabelais. If in an age when, for social as well as literary motives, allegory was universally adopted as the means of instruction and amusement, Rabelais' work is to be considered as a mere fairy tale, we do not see why a higher meaning should be attached to the *Pilgrim's Progress* than that which children in the nursery attach to it. If, however, we consider allegorical works in their true light—as embodying the thought—whether political, philosophical, or religious—of the author, we must not refuse to accept *Gulliver's Travels* as a summary of the thoughts of the eighteenth century, of tendencies which were concentrated in the presiding genius of the time—Jonathan Swift.

That great man has been censured for his "Gulliver." The starchy morals of our age have been scandalized by the Yahoos. Abuse has been heaped upon Swift because, to a superficial glance, his love of mankind is concealed under the garb of misanthropy, because his soul was filled with honest indignation at the sight of evils prevalent in his time, and because his manners were eccentric. The public at large resemble that young

curate who, being bullied by Swift, rose from table and left the room, saying that no gentleman could stand such treatment. He did not know that what he could not have borne from any other man was but the kindly humor of an eccentric man of genius. Swift was not actuated by malignity; his seeming rudeness was merely intended to bring out a man's character at once; and he invariably gave his esteem to those who had penetration enough to understand him, and bear his rough humor with blandness. But of course these were, and still are, in great minority.

Like a prophet of old, Swift raised a fearless, piercing voice of grief and rebuke in the midst of a perverse generation. Like a prophet he has been stoned. His name has been held up to the execration of mankind by men who judge of the eighteenth century by the standard of the nineteenth. It is time that we should form a more correct estimate of that great man. The majority of Englishmen should regard him as the majority of Frenchmen regard Voltaire—as not only a great wit but a great philanthropist. His wit, though coarser than that of Voltaire, was as fertile; his originality of genius was greater; his philanthropy was more practical, and was longer exercised; and his name is not associated with a struggle against the truths of Christianity.

Though an original creation, Gulliver must, as a literary type, reflect the mode of thought of his age. No wonder, then, that he babbled of Yahoos. Every one will agree that the eighteenth century was a bad age—a period of moral decadence—during which, while the great destinies of the nation were being slowly shaped beneath the surface, the surface was froth and scum. Coral islands, before they are inhabitable, are nothing but dangerous reefs. The eighteenth century, while containing great germs of good, was in itself a necessary evil. Society had not yet recovered from the pernicious effects of the Restoration. The age in which Wycherley and Congreve had pleased, had left deep traces in the heart of England. The nation had fallen from her first works; frivolity, voluptuousness, selfishness, were at a premium. Addison complains that there are many passages in the writings of

Shakespeare which, being tinctured with a religious spirit, would not be tolerated by a modern audience; he is grieved at the thought that England should distinguish herself among nations by infidelity. Nor had this infidelity anything in common with the learned and critical skepticism of our age. It was flippant and superficial. "One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions, and immediately, to become conspicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever; another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues against the immortality of the soul. I have known many a little wit, in the ostentation of his parts, rally the truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it" (*Tatler*, No. 3). After the peace with France there was an importation of French fashions and frivolity; but at the same time French refinement was left behind. Under the two influences of levity and coarseness the nation had fallen into a slough, extrication from which could not but be gradual and difficult. That consummation had not yet taken place, although Addison had given the first signal of reaction, by showing that wit, humor, and knowledge of the world could be united with a genial, refined, and reverent spirit. But as yet Addison stood isolated in a perverse and adulterous generation.

This stagnation could not last. To Swift was committed the charge of cleansing that Augean stable, the eighteenth century; but he could not do so without stirring up a rank, putrescent mass of corruption; nor could it be expected that he could keep his hands quite spotless in such offensive work. If *Gulliver* is sometimes coarse, it is because his age was so, and he had to speak the language of his contemporaries if he would reprove them. He lighted his alarm-fire with the fuel of the time.

Swift was not a solitary misanthrope who delighted from his study to rail at human kind. His genius was eminently practical. He threw himself into the strife of parties with all the ardor of a man of the world. He was continually fighting with his powerful pen in the cause of Ireland. The *Drapier's Letters*, the most important of these poetical writings, show to what extent he devoted his energies to the public welfare.

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The popularity he thus gained was immense, and, with all his cynicism, he was not so indifferent to it as he himself believed. There was no man of letters in that age who knew society so well—none more fitted to take a survey of it and paint its image in imperishable colors. It was his very range and piercingness of glance that made him so intolerant of vice; when red-hot iron comes in contact with cold water, the latter is dissolved, with much noise and hissing, into steam; and such was the effect produced by the contact of Swift's ardent soul with cant and corruption. His sensitiveness was so great that his mind writhed under the perception of evil; and these writhings at last ended in entire, permanent distortion. If poetry be considered, not as an accumulation of images and commonplaces about love and purling streams, but as the production, even in unadorned style, of a powerful character that reflects the tints of the time as well as the universal nature of men—then it must be conceded that Swift was the greatest poet of that unpoetical age. Pope was an elegant versifier without much fancy. Addison was too placid and busy about little things. Swift alone united creative power with great sensitiveness; and both these gifts with that universal genius, possessed by none but himself in his time, of viewing mankind as a whole, and attempting a synthetical delineation instead of taking a limited and microscopic sphere of observation. In the observation and description of little things he indeed equalled, if not excelled, his contemporaries; but he did not as they remain among scribblers, patches, and fardingales; he rose above "the town" and cast his eagle glance over the whole world.

Even when most imaginative, his works were eminently practical. They all bore reference to some principle he wished to inculcate, to some rule of conduct which he wished to enforce. In this respect Swift, next to the author of *The True Born Englishman*, is the most perfect literary representative of the British mind. His sturdy sense rejected all empty and frivolous theories; plain and practical truth alone could move his genius, stir it, arouse it to powerful protests against the hollow-

ness of the time. To him the end of all teaching, whether religious, literary, or philosophical, was fruit. He sneered at Berkeley's idealistic theory; at the time-serving priests and bad writers that were to be found all over the nation.

It is in vain to allege that his mode of viewing the world was tinged with misanthropy. The world, as it then was, could not otherwise be viewed by an earnest man whose feelings went beyond the cold sneer of Pope or the placid smile of Addison. Rain and wind are necessary and grateful phenomena of nature; but it is only after the thunderstorm that the air is cleared, and all nature, as it were, renovated.

It is in *Gulliver's Travels* that Swift's genius flashed more brightly, illuminating the eighteenth century horizon with a momentary, vivid, and penetrating glare. The fancy displayed in the *Tale of a Tub*, the biting sarcasm fearlessly hurled at all abuses, are concentrated in *Gulliver's Travels*; and that wondrous production besides displays a winning *naïveté*, an exquisite grace of manner, that makes it the delight at once of the most unlettered and of the most critical readers. It is no less valuable to the historian; for *Gulliver* is the first of modern cynical spectators. It is the first of that immortal series of types, offspring of the modern spirit of remorseless examination. Incarnation of satire, he roams the world, as restless as the Wandering Jew or Sinbad the Sailor; and though his adventures yield to no fairy tale in luxuriance of the marvellous, he can find in them so many points of similarity with the real world, that he rebukes its vices and shortcomings with the most stinging satire. The force of this contrast lends double smarting to the wounds he inflicts. Voltaire said of Abbé Guénée, who had written an answer to the patriarch's attacks on the Bible: "This fellow makes believe to kiss my hand, but bites it sorely the while." And the same may be said of *Gulliver's* satire. Never was contrast—that most powerful element of interest in fiction—so effectually used. It is not that *Gulliver* is an allegory: when it was written, the age of allegories was gone by. It is more than an allegory—it is a long antithesis, in which most airy freaks of fancy are continually being

opposed to the most sober reality, the effect being conducive to the infinite pleasure and surprise of the reader. It is neither a fairy tale nor a newspaper article; neither puerile like the one, nor practical like the other. It combines truth and fancy together, so as to produce a startling effect; as the air is composed of two gases, one of which alone would consume, while the other would extinguish, all life; but their harmonious union constitutes a mixture fit to be the breath of life.

To heighten the contrast, the central figure in all this farrago of wonder is the most practical, commonplace, matter-of-fact man alive. All Wapping knows him. Old sailors are ready to testify to his existence. He reports what he sees in the precise and detailed manner of the log-book. A sturdy, energetic Saxon, he is among cynical spectators what Luther was among Reformers—the most practical, and withal most moderate. He is not simply a good-natured youth like Candide; nor an aspiring dreamer like Teufelsdröckh; but a matter-of-fact plain Englishman, who surveys the strange things brought under his range with as much coolness as any human being can display; who behaves with fortitude and boldness in adversity and danger; who loves his country still, notwithstanding all its faults, and has no greater wish than to get back to it. He is emphatically the English cynical spectator; he does not, like Candide, finally yield to circumstances, and take up his abode in a foreign country; nor merge into a cosmopolitan dreamer like Teufelsdröckh; but he conquers all obstacles, and returns to his native country, to end his days among his family, where he displays no more fancifulness or eccentricity than does every bilious old Nabob, and every mahogany-faced old sailor, whose brains have boiled for twenty years in a tropical sun.

The cynicism of *Gulliver* is as pungent as his character is matter-of-fact. This was what would naturally be expected, and no more than what was found to be the case with many an old sailor, especially in those days. A man, whose every other word was an oath, and whose good-nature was, to a superficial glance, buried deep under a thick incrustation of roughness, would not

have spoken concerning evil in the world less openly and cynically than Gulliver. His misanthropy is the misanthropy, if it may so be called, of hundreds of soured old seamen. It does not, then, outpass the bounds of reality; and Gulliver must not be branded as an unnatural monster. Is his cynicism misanthropy in the proper sense of the word? The feeling of Timon—a promiscuous, inveterate hatred of mankind—is alone to be properly designated as “misanthropy.” But in its common acceptation, that term is applied to a far less virulent feeling. Gulliver is certainly misanthropical, if to be misanthropical means to be sensitive (we grant, morbidly sensitive) to the evil existing in the world; to be unsparing in the denunciation of that evil; to be so taken up by that gloomy contemplation as to lose sight of the numerous acts of devotion, disinterestedness, and magnanimity which in every age ennoble the human race. A philanthropist who has visited Whitechapel may bewail its squalor and crime, may utter a cry of agony at the sight of masses of population little better than savages, without being charged with misanthropy because he does not sufficiently remember that the divine image is not yet obliterated in the most wretched of mankind, that hope is a duty which is binding on the observer.

But an ardent, imaginative mind may go further, and generalize a one-sided view of mankind. “These men are bad—therefore all men are bad and detestable.” This is a theory that seldom or never influences the propounder of it in his dealings with men—for wicked actions proceed from wicked hearts, and not from hearts that hate evil. The wickedness of man remains for the observer a mere speculation, a dogma which his aggrieved soul has set up to satisfy his repulsion for evil; but practically he is not the less humane, and generally finds that those who come within his sphere are better than his theoretical mankind.

If this is misanthropy, Gulliver is certainly obnoxious to be charged with it; nor does he attempt to deny the imputation. Swift gives us the key to his whole life and writings in these significant words: “I hate and detest that animal called man as a general species, though I love individuals.”

This is the great cynic’s utterance—open, straightforward as the man himself. He is not afraid of being called a man-hater. He glories in what he calls his misanthropy, and intends to propagate it. He has framed a theory, and he thinks the acceptance of that theory necessary to all honest men. He hates the species; he dubs himself a misanthrope. Unfortunately, the species is an abstraction—a phantom, like Alnaschar’s despised lady. Individuals are the realities, and those he loves. We knew it without his telling us so. Good cynic! Well might he say his misanthropy was not quite of the same kind as Timon’s.

We think his cynicism and roughness are simply those of Goldsmith’s “Man in Black.” As long as the world exists there will be honest eccentric men, whose heads are sterner than their hearts, who vent in a seeming indignation against men what is indignation against vice alone; whom, accordingly, those who are not familiar with the eccentricities and inconsistencies of human nature, mistake for Timons; although their satirical but benevolent nature has nothing in common with those men who, blinded by the wrongs they have undergone, labor under a moral hallucination, see nothing but evil in the world, and make individuals accountable for the faults of the species. Timon does not love the species any more than the individual. There is the greatest possible difference between his wild, indiscriminating, mind-clouding passion, and the cool, observing, thoughtful misanthropy of Swift. Let it be granted that he hates all men; he lays down that proposition with the calmness of a mathematician enunciating a theorem; such is the conviction he has been led to by experience; like any other theory, it may be erroneous; but whether correct or not, it is the fruit of observation and thought, not the offspring of passion. The hypochondriac who affirms that he is made of glass, and liable at any moment to fall to pieces, affirms nothing more improbable, more absurdly fantastical, than Berkeley’s theory that all matter—the earth, the air, the sea, and all things contained therein—are nothing but unsubstantial shadows. Yet this theory is deemed worthy of consideration and refutation, simply because it was arrived at by thought, and by

thought not diseased in itself, however extraordinary its fruit might be; while the hypochondriac's delusion, being a mere freak of fancy, excites in the beholder nothing more than pitying derision.

Swift's misanthropy is an intellectual error, Timon's a moral aberration; and the latter's disposition alone properly deserves the name of misanthropy. The former error may be termed misanthropical judgment. It is based on a narrowness of vision, or rather on a certain concentration of vision, upon one point, from which some of the greatest thinkers have not been exempt. Descartes saw nothing but whirlwinds in the system of the universe; some great physicians have seen all diseases in the liquids, others in the solids, of the human frame. Great philosophers have explained all physical phenomena by innate ideas, others by the senses. Great divines have been equally partial to their own side, equally averse to acknowledging any truth as existing on the other side. Narrowness and exaggeration seem, in a great measure, to be the lot of the human mind. Why should great authors be exempt from extreme views? Their pursuits certainly predispose them to wide aspects of human nature; but in proportion to the energy of their thought and fancy are they liable to see one point in stronger colors than the rest. Even in our comprehensive times, we are not so free from prejudice, partiality, obliquity of vision, as to be warranted in blaming or depreciating a great observer because he framed his theory of human nature on the facts which had most impressed his susceptible mind. If it be true, as Montaigne has it, that human fancy can conceive no stranger notion than has already been fostered by human speculation; if, therefore, as old Burton says, philosophers are mad; if, on the other hand, there is in human nature more of the fool than of the wise, and the popular mind is prone to entertaining vulgar errors, why should genius, which stands midway between philosophers and the vulgar, enlightening both, but drawing its materials from both—loftier than the common mind, more human and less pedantic than the philosophical mind—not meet with that toleration for its errors which sages claim

because of too much thought, and the multitude because of too little thought?

To look at the sun dims and jaundices the sight. Swift contemplated evil with an eagle glance; but, not withdrawing his eye in time, the result was that exaggerated sensitiveness to evil which the world has been pleased to construe into downright malice and fiendish hatred of mankind.

Concerning the manner in which Gulliver considers evil, we shall only remark at present, that he investigates social phenomena in the moral point of view rather than the physical.

Bentley's Miscellany.

FRENCH ARISTOCRACY AT THE SEA-SIDE.*

M. FAFIAUX was the last to be reconciled to the marriage of his niece, Valentine Barbot, with Gontran, Count of Mably. Married, however, they were, as, after the public scandal with which the intended marriage with Lambert, Count of Saint-Genin, had been interrupted, there was no other alternative, and no sooner married than they started whither the aspirations of both most tended—to Paris—the centre of the Frank world. Valentine wrote to the old man three days after her arrival, on paper of the Hôtel Meurice. She protested her unalterable affection and respect, and declared that Gontran was the most affectionate and delicate of husbands, who, so far from turning her from her duty, had himself conducted her to the one o'clock mass, and waited for her on the steps of the Madeleine. One thing only made an impression on Père Fafiaux on reading this precious epistle, which was, that Valentine did not get up till noon. Of what use her convent education, and the salutary habits he had enjoined of being up every day by six o'clock? He, however, vouchsafed no reply to Valentine's letters. When she apprised him that the Hôtel of Mably had been entirely newly furnished and decorated, and that an

* *La Vielle Roche. Les Vacances de la Comtesse.* Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris: L. Hachette et C^{ie}.

apartment had been set aside solely for his own use, he only shrugged his shoulders and muttered to himself, "A million gone already!" He had masses said at all the churches of Lyons — *pro anima aberrante*—for a soul gone astray. As to the husband, he was dispatched without a sigh, in the company of the whole lot of Haut-Monts and Lanroses, to the darker regions. His niece had been taken from him against his will. With a scandalous explosion that had echoed all over Lyons, he, an old man of indomitable will, and the hoarder up of millions (everything in France is reckoned by millions—it saves trouble), had been treated as if he were nobody, and he vowed a deep and implacable revenge against the whole set. He began with the Saint-Genins. The failure of Lambert's marriage brought down the creditors. M. Fafiaux was cruel enough to indirectly fan their rapacity. When no alternative remained but to sell the estate of Grande Balme, and the Hôtel Bellecour at Lyons, he came forward with an ostensible party who were to purchase both. The party in question were two monks, who dwelt in the attic of his own house. One had been a schoolmaster, the other a bankrupt wine and spirit merchant at Bordeaux. They were now founders of a new order, called Thaborites, from Mount Thabor. The one was to convert the hôtel into an academy or collegiate school, the other was to appropriate the Grand Balme as a manufactory of liqueur du Mont Thabor, not only salutary to the stomach, but, like the "Chartreuse," beneficial to the soul, being distilled by holy hands. In return for these concessions, the dowager countess and the young count, her son, were to have three hundred thousand francs, or the interest of that sum at five per cent. for ten years, and all debts were to be paid. It was not without bitter regrets, as may be imagined, that the Genins felt themselves obliged to hand over their estates to two poor monks represented by M. Fafiaux, and withdraw with a few family memorials to a modest apartment in the city of Lyons.

Gontran and his countess were in the meantime installed in a fashionable quarter of Paris, and lived in that style and after that fashion which, in that great

centre of civilization, is deemed to be essential to matrimonial felicity. M. About is at the trouble to inform us, for example, that upon the first evening of their arrival in Paris, the count "proved to his wife, by reasons redolent in exquisite delicacy, that he loved her too much, and held her in far too great a respect, to present himself to her under the brutalizing aspect of sleep." They had accordingly their separate apartments. Valentine only remembered that it was not so with her father and mother, and for the first time she wept at what her instinct justly designated to her as a cold classical etiquette which tyrannized over the natural affections. She, unfortunately for herself, held the count, her husband, in too great respect to venture upon a discussion on so delicate a topic. Next morning, too, the count was out early to retake possession of his beloved pavé of Paris. The Boulevards have a fascination for every true Parisian which is more powerful even than love. Gontran, like all other Parisians, was more at home in the streets than in his hôtel. There was only one drawback to his happiness; he remembered every now and then that he was no longer one, but two, and the reminiscence was not of the most agreeable character. But Gontran loved his young wife, and further reflections told him that it was to her that he was indebted for being able to return to Paris, reoccupy the home of his ancestors, and reassume, through her fortune, that position to which he considered himself entitled by rank, talent, and fashion. So he returned to breakfast with his young wife, happy and in good spirits.

The harmonious understanding thus established between the young couple, although not quite coming up to what the innocent and affectionate young countess had anticipated, was further diversified by the necessity both parties were in of setting themselves up in the world. Not only had the hôtel of the Mablys to be repurchased, repaired, newly decorated and furnished, but horses and equipages had to be procured, and, above all, new and proper toilets had to be made. Mably, it will be remembered, at the epoch of his marriage, had just come out of Clichy, and Valentine, in her provincial garb, was like a

Raphael without a frame. It was calculated by the count that one hundred and forty thousand francs, taken out of their capital, would meet all exigencies; but by the time that a million had been paid for the hôtel, one hundred thousand francs for the repairs, decorations, and furniture, one hundred thousand for diamonds, fifty thousand for horses and carriages, and fifty thousand for indispensable sundries, the colored papers that M. Fafiaux had been all his life accumulating represented an income of eighty-five thousand francs only.

"We pay to ourselves," observed Gontran, "a house rent of upwards of fifty thousand francs."

"We will economize in other things," Valentine replied.

The hôtel of the Mablys, repurchased and restored by Valentine, was opened with a festival, which was, however, far more brilliant than economical. During the three months that the house had been under repair, the count and countess had made their visits, and had taken their place in the best society. It was necessary that they should return the sandwiches and the trifles which they had received from others. Madame de Mably had a great success. She was declared to be pretty, genteel, and graceful. The staff of the crinoline-wearers bore her away in triumph to balls, suppers, theatres, and cavalcades; the "école de haute dévotion" and of transcendental charity initiated her in its meetings, conferences, sermons, sales, and lotteries. The abundance and variety of Parisian pleasures carried away the young lady with a kind of intoxication. It was a whirlpool in which, once involved, there is no possible means of extrication save by bankruptcy, which is social and fashionable death. The scruples which lingered—reminiscences of a conventual education—were eradicated in less than three weeks. She imbibed, in their place, the idea that the world is the infallible arbiter in matters of conduct, and all that the world approves of is permissible. With an instinct that was natural, she made everybody at home at her hôtel, where she received one day a week and gave a dinner another. So exquisite was also her natural taste, that for two consecutive seasons she led the fashion in the Fau-

bourg St. Germain. The Duchess of Haut-Mont said one evening to her brother: "That little one astonishes me; she can amuse four gentlemen by herself alone, while your wife, so brilliant and so Parisian, cannot even retain half a one!"

Valentine had declared at starting, to her husband, that an allowance of two hundred francs a month would suffice for her toilet. Gontran had smiled, and said that he would not scold her if it did not exceed two thousand. Some ingenious people compensate for external expenses by strict economy at home; but the Mablys had not this resource. When a million of money is spent upon a hôtel, it is not to eat black bread in it. A large hôtel and splendid equipages also demand a numerous attendance. At the expiration of the first year Gontran devoted a wet morning to the melancholy labors of addition. Nor were the results cheering. The expenses of the year exceeded the revenue by a considerable sum. When he communicated the fact to his wife, "What!" she exclaimed; "notwithstanding all our economies, we are thirty thousand francs in debt!"

The next time that Madame de Mably met her relative, Countess Adhémar, she unburdened herself in the simplicity of her grief, that with all her economies she and her husband were living beyond their income. The countess, instead of sympathizing with her, laughed at the revelation. "Why, little dear," she said, "all you have to do is to increase your income."

"But how can that be done?" inquired Valentine, surprised.

"Oh," replied the countess, "you must speak to Adhémar upon that point. He does nothing else ever since we have been married."

The two friends adjourned to the study of Count Adhémar de Lanrose, of whose character as a speculative financier, to the horror of his noble parent, we have given some account when treating of the modern aristocracy of France as depicted by M. About. The young count was alike flattered and pleased at being consulted upon money matters by his fair and noble relative.

"Send your husband to me," he said, in conclusion of a long conversation,

"and I will indicate to him the means of doubling his income without compromising his capital."

Mably, when he heard this from the lips of his pretty wife, did not hesitate in seeing Adhémar upon the subject. He had, like the rest of Paris, the most perfect faith in the infallibility of the count's judgment. Yet among the securities which were to be exchanged for real investments producing a modest five per cent., one of the principal was the opening to commerce and the establishment of French supremacy in the African kingdom of Humbé, situated between the 25th and 15th degrees of longitude, and the 10th and 30th of latitude. But the investment was returning fifteen per cent.

Life in Paris, from the highest to the lowest, is not without danger. Rank, fortune, and character do not save the individual from those perils which are common to all. The once young and innocent pupil of the convent of the Sacred Heart, the niece of the pious and austere Fafiaux, and the inexperienced provincial girl, now Madame de Mably, was soon destined to discover how many and what vile traps are laid in the way of the unwary, even in what is designated as the best society. Among her husband's friends was one Odoacre de Bourgalys: rich, handsome, clever, and eccentric, an admirable rider, and exceedingly popular on account of his very eccentricities. About calls him "ce grand noble gamin connu de tout Paris," and the ladies excused his delinquencies by designating him as "ce fou d'Odoacre." This Odoacre, who was a kind of Delphic oracle among men, was more than an Apollo—a Jupiter among the ladies. His mixed failures and successes had made him at once difficult and inconstant. "Lui bon garçon, ne m'dait pas son temps devant les places publiques. A quoi bon? La vie est si courte!" He used to say, laughingly, "I am not a shepherd of Arcadia; I am a man to take or leave."

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On the 20th of April, 1856, between two and three in the afternoon, Valentine ascended the staircase at her milliner's to select some summer articles. Mademoiselle Angelina conducted her into a little ornamental boudoir, where she said she had some novelties that were not yet made public. A door closed behind the countess, another opened before her, Mademoiselle Angelina disappeared, and a great specimen of human perversity, Odoacre de Bourgalys, appeared kneeling on the carpet.

Valentine, whose first impulse was to slap the young man's face, shrieked, and then fainted. Odoacre rang the bell, and bolted. When the countess came to herself, great was her indignation at the trap laid for her by Mademoiselle Angelina; and she hastened out of her polluted premises, driving first towards home, but on reflection turning off to the Bois de Boulogne to calm her feelings, and consider if she should mention the insult to which she had been subjected to Gontran. For the first time in her Paris life she felt that she had no corner in which to weep, and no bosom friend in whom to repose confidence and seek for sympathy and advice. The result of her palpitating cogitations was, that as the fault was not hers, and she had done nothing to encourage the young man to insult her, she would not put her husband's life in danger on account of another person's faults, and that she would preserve the secret of an event which it was equally the interest of the guilty parties—Odoacre and Angelina—to keep from publicity.

With this resolve she returned home, not to meet her husband, but M. Fafiaux, who had suddenly arrived and installed himself in the hôtel.

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The dear uncle coughed, opened his

hands, and delivered himself of the first words of an exordium which he had prepared :

"Is it thus, then, that I find you, after sixteen months of marriage?—my sister's daughter, so tenderly brought up and adopted child, the soul which I took so much care in imbuing with all Christian virtues, has in so short a time wandered to the borders of such a precipice!"

"But, uncle dear!"

"Of what avail the pious teachings of the holy house in which your childhood was passed?" persevered the old man, while Valentine, half terrified, still under the influence of conflicting emotions, and unprepared for additional trials, could only murmur,

"In mercy explain yourself!"

Great was her relief when, after torturing her by saying that he knew all—that she was a degraded Magdalen, a heartless coquette, and a sinner of the lowest grade—the grand accusation in reserve turned out to be that she had not kept her Lent! So great, indeed, was her relief, that she actually wept with joy. She admitted the truth of the accusation, acknowledged that her faith had been dulled by the noise and dissipation of the "world," and promised to reform. To avoid Odoacre de Bourgalys she would willingly have gone for six months to a convent; but her uncle only demanded that she should be less intimate with the Haut-Monts and the Lanroses, and that she would cultivate the friendship of certain serious persons respected for their virtues. To this effect he introduced her to a number of "bons pères," among whom were two or three really distinguished men. She learned the existence of a new world to her, and which was utterly distinct from the Church, properly so called, for M. Fafiaux did not know the name of a single curé in Paris. He spoke of the secular clergy as of an inferior element good for the people, but his esteem lay with the communities. The pretty neophyte also learned that, thanks to the institution of the "tiers ordres," she could pronounce quasi-monastic vows without ceasing to be the wife of her husband. She allowed herself to be affiliated into a congregation into which many great ladies were registered with herself. She signed papers, received brevet rank, and

was gratified with secret medals and mystic rings, which could be worn as jewelry even at a ball. The change in her life that followed upon these new avocations may be imagined. She became indifferent to frivolous amusements, neglectful of her household duties, and almost a stranger to her husband. She would have given up balls and opera, but her director, Père Gaumiche, insisted upon her not doing so. It did not suit the tactics of the fathers of St. Christopher that their neophytes should go to extremes. This would have entailed a public rebellion on the part of fathers, husbands, or brothers, and have thwarted them in their intrigues. But Valentine was among the most zealous of their disciples. Instead of going to weekly conferences, she held devotional meetings at her own hôtel. M. de Mably did not take umbrage at this conversion. He had several reasons for abstaining from so doing. He did not wish to act against M. Fafiaux's recommendations; the new life was less expensive and fatiguing than the one he had hitherto led; he thought within himself that the change had been too rapid to last long. No offspring had blessed their union, and he admitted that Valentine must have some amusement; her devotional and charitable pursuits left him more time for his club and for the pavé, and, must we admit it (but we have alluded, in the previous sketch of M. About's portraits of "French Aristocracy," to a former attachment that existed between Gontran and Eliane de Batejins, now Marchioness of Lanrose), by one of those strange perversities of human nature that appear almost unaccountable, the Count of Mably, who was wedded to a young, pretty, innocent, and loving wife, had actually got to neglect her for the society of her brilliant, haughty, at much less pure and amiable rival. Notwithstanding the recommendations of M. Fafiaux, Valentine also kept up friendly relations with Eliane. An accidental circumstance came to cement these relations. The countess had exchanged her blue scapulary for one that was pink and white; from a neophyte she had come to preside over the conferences of those affiliated to the order of St. Christopher; the Marchioness of Lanrose held the same position

among the ladies affiliated to the order of Saint Joseph. One fine day it was discovered that the parties benefited and relieved by the two societies were actually the same! After a brief time of consternation and perplexity, Father Gaumiche proposed that the societies should work together without being confounded; and thus it was that Valentine and Eliane were once more thrown intimately together—but this time engaged in works of beneficence.

Matters were in this state, when one fine day our old friend Count Lambert de Saint-Genin, the affianced of Valentine, dropped at the Hôtel Mably as if from the skies, with hunting coat, plaid trousers of a large pattern, flexible wide-awake, an alarming waistcoat, and an extensive scrubby beard. He only wanted his dog Mirza and his gun to have constituted the *beau idéal* of a French aristocratic country sportsman. His style and language were in keeping with his appearance. Monsieur and Madame de Mably were in horrors, but they could not repudiate one to whom both were so deeply indebted. There were also family ties to be considered, and, after all, Lambert was a good-hearted, generous fellow, and they soon made up their minds to take him in hand, dress him, polish him up, and make him presentable—a task in which they were ably assisted by Odoacre de Bourgalys, to whose good services Gontran especially appealed under these trying circumstances. Lambert, on his side, learned his lessons in simplicity of heart, and with rural submission. Nay, so far did his transformation proceed, that a certain Mademoiselle Angelique Cercean, better known at Lyons under the pseudonym of Florence, and whom he had brought to Paris with hopes of high artistic preferment, appeared to him in the light of something utterly unrepresentable. The friend of Bourgalys, and the cousin of Lanrose and Mably, actually asked himself if his mistress had not been transformed in the journey. Sensitive of ridicule, he hastened to reconquer his liberty by certain pecuniary sacrifices, which, paid according to the provincial tariff, were not so exorbitant as if the tie had been incurred at Paris.

Another feeling, in addition to that lively sense of the ridiculous which is

innate in every Frenchman, actuated Lambert in this proceeding, as well as in hastening his own reformation. Valentine appeared to him even more beautiful than she had done at the Balme; she was, indeed, at that epoch, in the plenitude of her charms, and although her vivacity of old was now tempered by her devotional exercises, Lambert could no more prevent or conceal the respectful admiration in which he held her, than he could divest himself of an inward conviction that Gontran did not estimate the extent of the concession he had made to him at its true value, or that he did all that he ought to do to insure her happiness.

One day Valentine went out, much against her inclination, to pay a round of visits. The Countess Adhémair, whom she had not seen for a fortnight, was included in the list. She found her in a state of great excitement, and her house in disorder, the rooms, nay, even to the passages, full of boxes and packages; she was, in fact, about to start for the sea-side. Carville—a spot which had just received the approbation of the fashionable world, as sufficiently select and exclusive—was, as she explained it to Madame de Mably, her immediate destination. Everybody was going there—that is to say, of their set. The countess had taken a “*chalet*” large enough to entertain a few friends. Adhémair was too much engrossed with his African colony to do more than run down once a week. Would Valentine go? She had plenty of room for her, and she almost exhausted herself in expatiating upon the pleasures of the sea-side, the delights of freedom from restraint and conventionalities—the baths and the picnics. Valentine smiled a negative, but she went home contrasting, somewhat painfully, in her own mind the indifference of her husband and the austerities of her sect with the tempting enjoyments held out by a brief vacation at Carville.

An overt and aggravating act of neglect on the part of Gontran, on her return home, brought on a crisis. Valentine resolved to profit by the invitation of Yolande, Countess Adhémair of Lanrose, and have her vacations. Gontran, who at that moment was more than ever involved in his intrigue with Eliane, rather encouraged than opposed the

project; as to Count Adhémar, he was intrigued in a different manner, by news of a certain M. Mouton, of Lyons, (apparently the ubiquitous M. Fafiaux through a representative), who had been purchasing property in Humbé, winning the affections of the negro monarch by abundant potations of the liquor of Mont Thabor, and, worse than all, had put himself under English protection.

Mesdames de Lanrose and de Mably were accompanied on their visit to Carville by Lambert, Count of St. Genin, and Odoacre de Bourgalys. It appears to be a peculiarity in Parisian fashionable society, that there are always some persons to appreciate those charms in other men's wives which are lost upon their husbands. The honest, simple-hearted Lambert had further satisfied himself that Valentine was not only not appreciated, but was cruelly neglected, ill treated, and abandoned, if not betrayed. His loyalty to Gontran would not have permitted an evil thought of superseding him in the affections of his wife to have entered his mind for a moment; but his old love for Valentine had never been eradicated, and he felt it a comfort to be with her, to console her, and to dance attendance upon her in her isolation and affliction. As to the boisterous Odoacre, his impertinences had been so long tolerated that it would be deviating from historical truth to say that he had ceased to hope.

The arrival of the two young countesses, their cavaliers and attendants, at a small sea-side place like Carville, excited no small sensation. It was who should be first to call upon them, make offers of services, and conciliate their intimacy. Valentine especially met with wondrous success; but as the guest of Yolande, who even provided her with her riding-horse, she could not help feeling she was looked upon as the protégée—if not the poupée—of Madame Adhémar, and this feeling was still further exasperated by the tone of amiable protection and condescending affection which the one adopted towards the other. It was a secondary position which Valentine did not feel at all suitable to her pretensions; her rank and wealth were quite equal to those of Yolande, while youth and beauty were in her favor! If she rose from the people, her family was, at all events,

better than Mademoiselle Gilot's, and the Count de Mably was unquestionably a man of better repute than the great promoter of limited liability companies—M. Adhémar de Lanrose. The result of these envious susceptibilities was to beget in Valentine a spirit of resistance to the assumed superiority of Yolande, which gradually grew up into open hostilities—hostilities declared in dress, in manners, in horsemanship, in bathing, and most especially in who should attract the greater number of admirers. Yolande swam well, or, as of the feminine world, it would be more correct to say, that she floated well; but of Valentine, who had all accomplishments, we are told that "she appeared to the eyes of the spectators on the shore like a divinity of the water. She played about after the fashion of Sirens—at one moment lying on the frothy wave as if on a pillow, at another swimming upright, half her body above the water. Her drapery modelled itself divinely, and she looked like a statue of black marble with a white head—just such as the Romans have depicted."

The rivalry was amusing, if it was not precisely of that kind which, however fashionable, can be represented as in every respect exemplary. An abyss lay between the convent of the Sacred Heart at Lyons and the "insolent shores" of Carville, but "the modesty of the sex," we are told, "humanizes itself by degrees." Trees do not flourish at Carville, but scandal, on the other hand, propagates itself there with wondrous rapidity. It is impossible, without having resided at one of these little fashionable resorts, to conceive how much idleness and crowding can embitter the feelings of three or four hundred ladies thrown together at every moment, and in the pursuit of the same "pleasures." The rivalry of Yolande and Valentine gradually developed itself to open expressions and taunts of a more or less indecisive character, but not the less pungent. The victory in these little duels remained as in other matters—riding, walking, dancing, or bathing—with Valentine.

An unexpected incident came, however, to humiliate the young Countess of Mably at the moment of her greatest triumphs. The rivalry of the two beauties had cumulated to that extent that

Yolande had sulked and pretended illness, and Valentine had taken refuge in the "châlet" of the Duchess of Haut-Mont. Thus placed apart, the rivals no longer tempered their hostilities with forbearance—the combat became open and public. Yolande gave brilliant soirées; Valentine, to revenge herself, got up cavalcades, pic-nics, and excursions at sea, in which she always managed to be accompanied by the *élite* of the society of Carville. But a change had come over Odoacre de Bourgalys. Hope deferred, it has long ago been remarked, makes the heart sick, and so it was with this arbiter of elegance and prince of the "jeunesse dorée" at Carville. Piqued with the idea that he should be perpetually dancing attendance upon the young beauty he admired so much, that every morning he should have to ask, "Where are we going to-day?" and every afternoon, "What shall we do this evening?" without making a step in advance, he resolved to try what might be accomplished by other tactics. He fancied that, as with other coquettes, something might be done by suddenly turning the back upon one whose favors he had so long and so assiduously courted. He attached himself so closely to Madame de Lanrose, as even to give origin to a new scandal. Valentine could not understand this defection. "Was she abandoned," she asked herself, "because she was virtuous? And was it because she was virtuous that she must be a silent spectator of Yolande's success?" Lambert alone stood by her, and "tore the hair from his head in her presence." "What is the matter with them?" he would exclaim. "What poisonous grass have they trodden upon? You have done nothing to them, cousin, and yet there you are, upon my word of honor, shunned like an infected sheep!"

The Countess of Mably decided upon playing high stakes. Circumstances had led her to determine upon forthwith returning home. She heard but seldom from her husband, and when she complained of his not coming to see her at the sea-side, his excuse was that a crisis in the African investment detained him. Affairs in Humbé were becoming more and more complicated. These letters had been read at the Etablissement des Bains, in the presence of all—the Duch-

ess of Haut-Mont, Yolande, Odoacre, and Lambert included. But in the mean time Adhémar had arrived on a visit to his wife, and in reply to Valentine's anxious inquiries, declared that he had scarcely ever met Gontran, that affairs could not be more prosperous and promising than in the vicinity of Senegal, and that there must be a mystification—an announcement which filled Yolande's bosom with all the bitter delights of a real triumph over her rival.

"I will go," said Valentine to Lambert, on the occasion of this signal defeat; "but before I go I will have my revenge, and it shall be a brilliant one. I am resolved that, if only for one day, all Carville, its puppies and its coquettes, M. de Bourgalys at the head of them, shall declare themselves publicly against her and for me!"

To carry out this daring project with success, it was necessary that Odoacre de Bourgalys should be won over at any cost. As to Lambert, he was willing to aid and abet, but to carry away all Carville from Madame de Lanrose by a coup-de-main was a thing altogether beyond his limited faculties of comprehension. Madame de Mably, on her side, did not hesitate. She resolved upon a pic-nic to the Abbey of Lempigny, in Bourgalys's yacht, the said pic-nic to conclude with an illumination of the ruins and a return by torchlight. All Carville should be there. The only thing wanting was the coöperation of Bourgalys. Madame Lanrose had arranged a concert for the same evening. Odoacre sent word by Lambert that his yacht was at the countess's orders, but a previous engagement prevented his being one of the party. Bourgalys not being of the pic-nic no one else would go. Driven to extremities, Valentine made an appointment to meet Odoacre the same evening. She was resolved to win him over at any cost. But the thing went further than she had calculated upon. Feigning illness, she remained away from the concert, much to Lambert's annoyance. Odoacre, on his side, went to the concert, but managed to slip away, as he thought, unobserved, briefly, afterwards. The two met, and Valentine reproached her admirer with his defection, and with abandoning her for Yolande. Her object was simply to

win him over to the pic-nic to insure the triumph of a day. But the enterprising Bourgalys mistook the countess's meaning, and sought to convert it into a triumph of the night. In the ardor awakened by Valentine's condescension, he threw himself on his knees, and seized her hand. For the first time Madame de Mably felt the full extent of her imprudence. She turned pale, and raising herself to her full height held out the palms of her hands to her assailant. At that very moment the door was impetuously thrown open, and Lambert, who had seen Odoacre leave the concert-room, entered abruptly. A fearful scene ensued. The Count de St. Genin seized Bourgalys by the throat, and hurrying him towards the balcony, ejected him into the street. Madame de Mably sank into an easy-chair, apparently lifeless. The duchess was sent for from the concert. The news spread all over Carville in less than ten minutes.

Next morning Madame de Mably, after a night of delirium, came to herself in the arms of M. Fafiaux. Her first words were:

"Oh! what vacations!"

And the second: "Ah! those Lanroses!"

M. Fafiaux bent over her with unction, and said:

"If the Lanroses have endeavored to compromise you, and sully your character, my poor child, you can console yourself! Heaven has punished them both—the father in his honor, the son in his money."

By which we suppose we are to understand—that which will no doubt be developed in a further volume—that the Count of Mably had not been losing his time with Eliane, and that some catastrophe had befallen the African kingdom of Humbé.

Temple Bar.

RECENT ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THAT Italy has arrived at an epoch fraught with consequences to her whole future life is sufficiently known and acknowledged; but it may be doubted whether those at a distance can fully appreciate the nature of the movement now agitating this country, the extent or

depth of its significance. The great exponent, literature, might be expected to reveal the secret of the desires and aims of so many minds; but it is singular how little Italy's literature conveys the true expression of her intellectual condition. Neither the Novel nor the Drama reflects her domestic life; and much that is deeply seated in public conviction finds no vent in utterances understood at a distance. The struggle between superstition and free inquiry, credulity on the one hand, and skepticism on the other, traditional reverence for the old, and impatient desire for the new, indifference to theologic discussion, coupled with an ultra-protestant spirit of railery and sarcasm against irrational observances of devotion—all these are characteristics of the present Italian temper, which, though indicated, are far from being formulated in a distinct or adequate manner. I know of nothing in the whole range of this country's recent productions to be compared with those anonymous works, *Le Maudit* and *La Religieuse*, in the incisive and definite expression of reactionary movement, the earnest requirement for renovation as an indispensable condition of the future ascendancy of Christianity; yet nothing could more faithfully correspond to the convictions that prevail among reflective Italians than the arguments of those remarkable volumes. We find a near approach to similar conclusions in one incomplete work compiled from the mss. of Gioberti, *La Riforma Cattolica*; but that posthumous publication is sketchy, comparatively incoherent, little more than the vague suggestion of a great theory in its first stage of appropriation by a great mind. The literature that may be called the offspring of the present revolutionary era in this land, and may with that era be dated, in its present phase, from the year 1848, is inconsistent, inasmuch as, while ideas in the political order find their manifestation with sufficient clearness, those which refer to higher interests in the moral and religious order remain without utterance, or are incidentally and incoherently expressed. The overstraining of theocratic pretensions is met by no well-reasoned plan of resistance in the intellectual sphere (I am not considering the political); the hierarchic hostility is not alone undefeated,

but it is opposed by no array of disciplined forces. Such facts as the refusal of sacraments to the dying save on terms of political recantation, as the virtual expulsion from the Church of those who have voted for annexation in the ex-Papal States, and other proceedings continuing to present the scandalous spectacle of holy ordinances perverted to mundane interests, to reactionary intrigue, are still possible and even frequent. The urgent question of reforming without overthrowing (a catastrophe beyond the thoughts, I believe, of the rationally reflective in this country) a Church whose ministers thus shamelessly abuse the sanctities of office, and offend against the spirit of all Christian teaching, remains unsolved, is scarcely proposed to consideration.

In what degree has Italy's literature aided her great modern movement? and in which of its walks is the character of the time best reflected? are other interesting, if less solemn questions. Activity has within late years chiefly displayed itself in the direction of historic literature, dealing with recent vicissitudes, and their results. Early in this century Botta and Colletta contributed to the disseminating of liberal ideas by their bold and original treatment of national themes; and at a later period, Balbo, as well as Uzeglio, gave an impulse to the patriotic feeling which has since animated historic writing. Cattaui, Cibrario, Ranalli, La Parina, Tosti, Zobi, Sclopis, are living writers of history all raised to classic eminence, and all of course decidedly liberal and progressist in the worthiest sense, with individual modifications.

In recent historical literature our attention is first claimed by countless narratives of recent events, in many instances supplied by actors in them, whose testimony will be more appreciated by posterity than by contemporaries. Among such works perhaps those of Farini and Gualterio referring to the Roman States, and that by Montanelli concerning Tuscany, hold the foremost place. Among compilations (not strictly histories) those of Genarelli, exhibiting the abuses and disastrous results of ecclesiastical rule, especially in the Legations, with crushing weight of evidence, are most curious; and Zobi's *History of the Year 1859*, and Ranalli's of Italian events between 1846-'53, rank

with the most entertaining and trustworthy in the language.

Respect for the republican and municipal *fasti* of the Middle Ages, for the pride of monuments and the splendid developments of art, has preserved Italian historians, in the main, from the error of concentrating attention on princes and politicians to the neglect of the people and their larger interests. But there is a wide difference between Guicciardini and Cesare Cantù; and the thoughtful attention to the aspects of popular life, the accurate study applied to movements of the intellectual world, which distinguish the works of the latter, are more or less prominent in all the recent Italian historic publications. Among the ablest is Antonio Zobi's *Civil History of Tuscany from 1737 to 1848*, which treats of the best aspects of the Lorraine government—of that dynasty which had its origin in foreign intrigue, and expired in the disgrace of treachery to its own cause, but which did much to promote the moral and material welfare of its subjects; which, having found Tuscany with a population of little more than 800,000, ruled over more than a million and a half at the time of its adopting constitutional forms in 1848, and had wisely reduced the class of ecclesiastics from 27,108 (its numerical amount under the last Medici) to 15,660, the number of secular and regular clergy when the first Tuscan Parliament began its sessions. Zobi, though no courtier, does justice to the fallen dynasty, and the philosophic calmness of his narrative is reflected in a quiet and lucid style, an example of the improvement in vigor and terseness now manifest in Italian prose, ascribable no doubt to the influence of great national trials and absorbing public interests. *The Republic of Genoa from its Origin to 1797*, by Canale, already a voluminous work, is not yet completed, though in several volumes; its author wants the easy flow of narrative we admire in Zobi, but is conscientious and diligent. He is actuated by a patriot's pride in the honors of that once-powerful State, the splendid rival of Venice in the day of her triumph, which had her succession of appointed annalists, beginning with Caffaro, who, in 1163, commenced his first Genoese Chronicle, to Egidio Boccanera, brother of the first

Doge, and admiral of the Genoese fleet in 1340.

This new historian of the Ligurian Republic adopts a system of classification which places under different headings the several aspects of his subject; and by the sterling merits of trustworthiness, careful regard to authorities, and simplicity of style, claims our respect. The majority of writers of this class are agreed upon national questions, and animated by similar views of the cause and interests of Italy at this day; the few exceptions are little entitled to regard; but one subject, very important in its claims on historic science—the origin of the temporal power of the Popes—is approached from different points of view and discussed with different conclusions. In one of the few noticeable works lately produced at Rome, the *Origin of the Temporal Sovereignty, etc.*, by Brunengo, a Jesuit, it is treated with some ability. The writer illustrates the eighth century in its Roman vicissitudes, so as to interest, if not to convince, his readers. In the same line with Brunengo, though very far above him as to literary merits, stands the learned and indefatigable Milanese Count, Tullio Dandolo, author of several volumes entitled *The Story of Thought*, and a declared advocate of the Papacy in his *Rome of the Popes*, and the *Age of Leo X.*

In no other literature, I believe, is to be found such a mass of strictly local illustration, dedicated to the honor of particular provinces or cities—even to decayed old towns among the Apennines or Calabrian mountains, scarce known to the tourist-world by name. This is often mere waste of erudition. Antiquarian taste might indeed induce readers to spend hours over the annals and monuments of Perugia, Ravenna, or Amalfi; but who cares to read about the dreary Civita Vecchia, the insignificant Crema or Bergamo? Yet I find recently-produced annals of all these on the shelves of public libraries, besides a long list of other towns and districts; in the majority unserviceable publications save to the archæologic circle whence they proceed, but in such examples as the histories of Turin and Milan by Cibrario and Verri, of Naples by Capicelatro, not to be overlooked for some higher claims. Earnest and patient study

of all that concerns *la patria*, laborious effort in illustrating the memories of local centres, in reviving things destroyed or forgotten, of which Italy has supplied the most striking examples in the exhaustless writers of the last century—Muratori, Tiraboschi, Maffei—have been reproduced by the editors of the *Archivio Storico Italiano*. This work was commenced in 1842 as a compilation of hitherto inedited or lost writings referring exclusively to Tuscan story, was brought to a close in its first series in 1845, but eventually revived in 1855 as the *nuova serie*, with more largeness of scope and treatment, admission of original matter in reviews, essays on historic or biographic themes, and notices of foreign publications bearing on Italian interests. The undertaking somewhat languished, after the death of the meritorious founder and director Vieussens, but continued to thrive with the support of such assistants as Cattaui, Villari, Sclopis, Amari, and Cibrario. The *Secret History (Storia Intima) of Tuscany from the 1st January, 1859, to the 30th April, 1860*, by Rubieri, an actor in the absolutely pacific revolution that overthrew the late government, is an accurate critical investigation of a recent period of internal conflict hitherto little known except in its final issues; a struggle gallantly maintained by an illustrious and unfriended people, often thwarted by predominant rank, and surrounded by adverse intrigues. No flatterer, but a severe critic of men and measures, is this historian, who calls the provisional administration to account for having left Tuscany with a deficit of about fourteen millions and a half of francs, and enormously involved her financial circumstances by too ambitious an undertaking of public works, etc. Dramatic, sometimes comical, details of the intrigues carried on by agents from Paris in the clubs and even the fashionable saloons of Florence during the interregnum enliven these pages. Yet the government so heavily censured led the country through a momentous crisis, and enabled her to work out a destiny in accordance with the popular idea, and the general aim of Italian patriotic effort. It was a government generous even in its errors—eager to promote public works, to record events connected with

the story of national successes and emancipation by public monuments, to remodel the higher schools of public education, and to enlarge the means of instruction for the working classes.

From the perusal of Rubieri's volume an impression is created of something higher than political parties or individual agency—the sense of a power overruling and determining the purposes of the life of nations; and the picture of a false and feeble prince, flying rather from his own conscience than from any actual danger, marks the first stage in the Florentine story, whose final result is recorded on the time-worn walls of the grand old *Palazzo della Signoria*, telling how, on the 15th March, 1860, Tuscany became, by national plebiscit, annexed to the kingdom of United Italy. The Provisional government gave commissions for a History of these States, and for a History of Lucca; the former was consigned to Signor Canestrini, a writer in repute, whose performance of his task I cannot report on—unless we are to accept as its first instalment a volume of purely statistical contents—*The Science and Art of State*—bearing on the finances and taxation of Tuscany in the last period of her republican existence.

The illustration of the remoter Past has been less the aim of recent Italian historic works than that of the critical epochs through which Italy has been struggling and advancing in late years; except such truly monumental achievements as *Canta's History of the Italians*, the Abbate Coppi's continuation of Muratori's *Annali*, and the *Memoirs of Distinguished Families*, left incomplete by Count Pompeo Litta, but subsequently prosecuted on the same plan, mainly indeed from the Count's manuscripts, by his son, and another able writer. The *Origin of Civilization in Europe*, by Gabriele Rosa, is a lately finished work of great merit, affording evidence of thought and research dedicated with genuine enthusiasm to a great object. Setting before himself the story of the world, as well as that of its inhabitants in their gradual progress to civilized life, the author treats in a masterly style the systems of geology and the theories of science respecting the origin of man, the cataclysms of our earth, and the analogies of language.

In the chapter entitled "Europe on the first appearance of Man," he concludes that the first phases of primeval story on this continent must be sought, not in the records of Greece or Rome, but in Scandinavia, Ireland, and Scotland. He treats the ethnologic in their relations to the geologic questions; and regards the antiquity of the human race as one of the problems yet to be solved; he assumes the Noachian deluge to have been a partial not a total submersion; in short, he gives such license to scientific speculation as would have exposed him to the fate of Galileo, had he written in the seventeenth century.

The History of Europe, and especially of Italy, is the title of a recent work, which affords a proof of the absorbing interest that now attaches, for the Italian mind, to all that concerns the fatherland. The *History of Charles V. in relation with the Affairs of Italy*, by Professor de Leva (Venice), is the first volume of what promises to be an exhaustive treatment of the subject. Accurate and searching, but rather too diffuse, this writer acquits himself most successfully in his investigation into the origin of the Reformation; there is true moral dignity in the impartial spirit with which he traces that movement to its first causes in the birth of new, and return to old, ideas, the revival of the primitive elements of Christianity, as well as the reaction against corruption. His pages lead us to regard the period he discusses as one of absolutely climacteric depravities, when all men were venal; nor did any one turn this evil to better account than the Emperor, who, for bribery to the archbishops and the first princes of the realm (his electors), pledged himself the annual payment of five hundred and forty-five thousand, six hundred and fifty florins in pensions, besides countless presents to placemen relied upon in the affair of the imperial election.

Sicily under the Emperor Charles V., by Isidoro la Lumia, is one of the last contributions from that island, whose literature has hitherto shared the adverse fate of her noble and unfortunate people; and the writer tells us he owes the power of publishing a volume written before the change of government to the revolution which has emancipated the press with the nation. In the mourn-

ful story of letters in Sicily, we find the record of many a reputation stifled, or strangled in the birth; many a promise of thought and learning blighted by cold neglect—and yet a brave activity in the intellectual sphere, that even Bourbon despotism could not suppress. This work contains striking pictures of the mediæval condition of Sicily, and of her social state until the end of the fifteenth century, under a crushing feudalism, whose fruits were decline, discord, and severance from the influences of advancing civilization. The Emperor Charles is not in favor among Italian writers—"half soldier, half friar," as a contributor to the *Archivio* calls him; and lately-produced memoirs, hitherto secret, from fifteenth or sixteenth century archives, confirm the tendency in the national mind to dethrone the idols of the past, to effect that rupture with the Middle Ages so fervently counselled by Michelet in his *Bible de l'Humanité*. The Sicilian literature of this period is worthily represented by Amari, La Farina, Giudici, and others.

Venice, whose nobly sustained sufferings in the siege of '49 supply perhaps the most splendid page even to her annals—Venice, left to be consoled by the memory of a martyrdom as yet unrewarded by its crown, has found only one voice of adequate eloquence to plead her claims and tell her wrongs. Among her own men of letters, Tommaseo has alone done justice to the grand and mournful realities of her recent story and her actual position; and that versatile high-minded writer is understood to be now afflicted with blindness. Another Venetian, who has done much to reveal the past history of that State, is Romanin, author of the *Venetian Inquisitor of State*; and, more recently, of a *History of Venice, with Documents*, not yet complete, though already carried as far as the ninth volume and twentieth book. His task has been undertaken *con amore*; and with amazing research he supplies elaborate pictures, minute details of private and public life—occasionally in excess, but often entertaining—among the people, high and low, governing and governed, whose existence he describes. That the morals of Venetian society have been calumniated we must own, in admitting this writer's advocacy; but much

that he himself adduces contributes to the picture of a nationality, regarded at its *worst* phase, in which the rule was a habitual violation of every precept of morality and the observance of every ceremonial of religion. Brilliant and amusing descriptions are given of the sumptuous fêtes and dramatic pageant-tries, sacred and profane, in which the Venice of the past far surpassed the Rome of to-day; and by which appeal to national vanity the once-potent Republic acted upon the popular mind, stimulated the emotions of patriotism, and rivetted the attachment to her rule among a spirited, gay, impulsive, lovable, and honest-hearted race.

Two other classes of recent Italian literature may also be regarded as the offspring of political life, if not first brought into existence by national events, elevated through their influence into a position of importance and sustained power. These are the "Popular Novel, or Romance of Modern Story," and the "Political Biography," or rather monograph, presenting an individual as the centre of some impressive picture, the representative man of an eventful epoch. Not *new*, indeed, is the employment of the biographic sketch as a weapon of attack against those in high places, or against patent abuses; for the entertaining, but not very reliable, Gregorio Leti, in his *Memoirs of Caesar Borgia*, of Sixtus V., and Donna Olimpia, exerted himself with some effect to throw odium on the Vatican; and Clement XIV. has been made a medium of assault upon the Jesuits by grave as well as by trivial writers. The finest of these monographs, and the one that best illustrates an epoch pregnant with solemn interests and momentous changes, is the *Savonarola* of Professor Villari; beside which we may place, not as equal, but as approximating in merit, the *Dante* of Fraticelli, a picture of Italy in the fourteenth century that surpasses the well-known *Storia di Dante* of Balbo. The *Countess Matilda*, of Tosti, the *St. Peter Damian*, of Capicelatro, are also recent productions of this class which acquaint us with the moral features of an epoch, as well as with those of an individual.

We are promised a work from the pen of a Florentine *savant* on a well-chosen subject, *Scipione Ricci*, Bishop of Pis-

toia — that prelate who anticipated, but failed to effect, the actual religious movement of Italy, who attempted Catholic reform, with enlightened energies appreciated by few, vehemently opposed by many, and finally crushed by Rome; a high-aimed effort, which at the present day would undoubtedly succeed. Bianca Cappello has lately been shown in the light of calumniated innocence* by a young writer—Saltini—who has diligently ransacked the Medici documents in the vast collection of the *Archivio*, classified and laid open to the student at Florence. Carlo Dalbano has reproduced *Beatrice Cenci and her Times*, actuated, it seems, by the desire to set the facts in a true light, opposed to their fictitious treatment by Guerrazzi in his revolting romance. Dalbano has taken pains to sift all attainable evidence, and the ghastly tale stands out with sickening reality in his pages, set off by various episodes; the most curious portions of his work, taken from the domestic records of Roman aristocracy, show how profound was the corruption at the core of society, under Roman and Neapolitan governments, in the sixteenth century.

"Before the time of Sixtus V.," he observes, "it may be said that the crimes of the Roman aristocracy were never otherwise punished than by mulets, so that capital sentences were annulled by pecuniary penalties;" and he proceeds to indicate the results of such administration—miscalled justice—in numerous records of terrible tragedies. From so brilliant a romancist as Guerrazzi we might have expected a vivid and entertaining work on such a subject as the *Life of Andria Doria*; but his two volumes are heavy and tediously rhetorical; the complicated events in which the Genoese admiral played a part are wearisome to the reader, lacking the light of noble aims and patriotic purpose. In the hands of Guerrazzi this hero loses in the claim to that moral lustre with which tradition has invested him: an able soldier of fortune, a sagacious speculator in the game of life, but animated by no spark of the high-souled patriotism for

which he has been given credit, he makes a sorry figure in these pages, where we are reminded only by an occasional episode—such as those of the Borgias, the sack of Rome, the dramatic pageants got up at Genoa to compliment Charles V.—of the talent of this versatile writer. But, if he has served the cause of truth, at the cost of a disillusionment, in his life of the Doria, by all means let him be thanked for an achievement only too rare amid the exaggerating hero-worship and pseudo-patriotic complacency of most Italian works on national subjects.

The philosophic Benedictine, Tosti, has contributed admirable examples of biographical composition, which rather records phases in the human mind than merely portrays an individual—formerly in his *Boniface VIII.* and *Countess Matilda*; again in his *Life and Times of Abelard*, whom he considers the great representative of the mediæval intellect; "that unfortunate but mighty spirit" (I quote his words)—"a man marvellous in qualities of mind and heart, terrible in power of reason, who not only excited others to disputation, but descended into the arena to combat against all—who arose between Nominalists and Realists like one of Homer's warriors, protected by an invisible deity—the true image of his epoch, because the true knight-champion of philosophy." It is a descent from high to low to turn from such claimants as Tosti, Capicelatro, and others who may be grouped together, to the biographic sketches of living celebrities, statesmen, *literati*, even crowned heads, which have from time to time appeared, during several years, in the *Contemporanei Italiani*, an entertaining miniature series that has not scrupled to introduce sovereigns so little likely to meet favor as Pius IX., Leopold II., Francis of Naples, as well as the soldier-king of Italy; together with a long list of the public men who have played conspicuous parts on the historic stage in the recent vicissitudes of Italy. Many of these sketches are above the average of occasional writing or journalism; some are well-drawn pictures of different periods; and the name of Dell' Ongaro among contributors is calculated to prepossess the readers of the series in its favor.

The Italian novel, raised to a rank

* Saltini's treatise on this subject, in the eighteenth volume of the *Archivio Storico*, is the first instalment of a promised work on the lives of the Grand Duke Francis and Bianca Cappello.

among classics so early as the fourteenth century, has not kept pace with the rapid developments and successes of competition in other countries; and no doubt the absence of the domestic element in social life, the difference of habits and ideas associated with that sacred centre, whose name of *home* can only be expressed by circumlocution in this language, to a great degree accounts for this inferiority. Where, as I know from experience to be the case, many families are accustomed to meet only at the dinner-table, and winter evenings are spent by ladies in their bedrooms, while gentlemen are at the *café*, it is natural that the interior of family life should seldom be chosen as a subject for imaginative composition. Italian literature never has, perhaps never could possess, a Miss Austin or a Miss Edgeworth; and the measure of the immense difference between its novels and those of France, England, and Germany, is found in the fact that women have scarcely in any instance become celebrated among writers in the sphere of fiction. It would be unjust, however, to deny that naturalness and truth in tone and sentiment have appeared among other unmistakable signs of improvement; and I speak here in reference not to the high-aimed and deservedly classic school, of which the *Promessi Sposi* is the most illustrious example, but to the more familiar *novelle*, the tales of modern life or quiet every-day incident. Tommaseo's *Faith and Beauty*, Balbo's tales generally (for example, the *Two Spaniards* and the *Marchesina*), may be cited as examples of simplicity of style and healthfulness of morals. But no living writer in this language has succeeded so admirably, or touched these home pictures with such affecting truthfulness as Carcano. Wordsworth's words,

"Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie,"

occur to us in reading the tales of private and usually humble life by this poet-novelist. The Alpine valley, the solitary cottage, the picturesque scenes of majestic nature, attract in his pages; but less constitute their peculiar charm than the tender light of religious resignation and hope, the all-embracing and artless sympathies which illumine his creations. The Catholic Church, here

introduced in its maternal character amid mountain villages or other scenes of quiet beauty, as teacher of the poor, consoler of neglected sorrow, shines more resplendently than amid the pomps of the Vatican or in the person of the Pontiff king. Carcano's testimony, unintentionally perhaps, accords with the national conviction. In no walk has Italy's modern genius more completely turned aside from her own classic models than in the romance. Boccaccio, Sacchetti, Bandello, Giralaldi, Firenzuola have no imitator, at the present day, either in their graces or licentiousness; and the shameless indelicacy chargeable against old writers—several of whom were ecclesiastics—is not less opposed to all features now conspicuous than the aimless character, the absence alike of patriotic and social purpose, which is observable in Italian novels anterior to the last century. Gasparo Gozzi, called the Addison of Italy, and deemed the first prose-writer of his day, gave an example only of the lighter sort of composition, reserving his higher powers for essays, letters, and satiric poetry. Verri by his *Notti Romane*, Ugo Foscolo by his *Jacopo Ortis*, obtained signal success, but did not found a school. The strong impulse supplied by Manzoni brought into existence a school which promised, but did not maintain permanence, represented with much ability by Grossi, Azeglio, Rosini, also by Guerrazzi, taking its subjects from mediæval Italian story, or from the disastrous period of the Spanish dominion in Lombardy and Naples. At last arrived the stirring events of 1848-9, which gave birth to new energies, and determined a new bias, the fruit being that class of romances which naturally keeps within the compass of modern interests, and becomes the index of existing ideas on vital questions—moral or political—preferring themes which bear upon recent vicissitudes, or advocate a cause at the heart of public life.

It is curious that the first example of romance presenting the idealized story of a late revolutionary period was given by a Jesuit and produced from a convent at Rome—the *Jew of Verona*—in which Padre Bresciani aimed at branding with eternal infamy the revolt against the papal government in '48, followed in

rapid succession by several other political novels—at the rate of about one per annum—till the decease of that talented *padre*, whose life-studies had ranged far beyond the cloister, about three years ago. Another contributor to the Jesuits' well-known periodical at Rome, since Bresciani's death, has not scrupled to claim sympathy for the Neapolitan political brigandage through a similar medium of partisan romance. At the head of the now popular school, first in imaginative power and fertility, Guerrazzi again stands, and claims generally accorded honor. Versatile enough to succeed more or less in all branches of literature—even sermon-writing—for I have read a sermon of his inditing, intended as a token of gratitude for the chance hospitality of a country curate, who would have added to his reputation by preaching it—his capacities have full play in the romance; and beyond question the author of the *Siege of Florence* and *Battle of Benevento* is entitled to rank high among those who have dressed up history in attractive garb. Grave charges are justly brought against this prolific genius for want of reverence and love, for the vehement bitterness of the disappointed demagogue, the gloom of the moody skeptic, which throw a shade over his creations. His heroes are forever at war with the world. In his eagerness to convince us that kings and popes are fallible mortals he forgets that the lesson is no longer needed; that it is not by attacks on the false, but by exposition of the true that the interests of truth are efficiently served. As to Guerrazzi's last, *Paolo Pellicione*, styled a historic narrative, I can only say that if such a person ever lived—so revolting is this tale of a brigand and assassin, the betrayer and executioner of his comrades, the seducer and murderer of the woman who loves him—better he should be forgotten as soon as possible. Some well-wrought scenes, in which Sixtus V., cardinals, and Roman magnates play a part, offer attraction to the reader; some touches of the picturesque in episodes of adventure; but the hideous catastrophe, where the mangled body of the victim wife is exposed to view in a cabinet instead of the bridal dowry of a patrician lady just saved from the misery of wedlock with the hero, so far from pos-

sessing anything like tragic grandeur, reminds us of a vulgar *denouement* in a third-rate melodrama. *A Hero of Rome* (*Un Prode di Roma*, 1849-1862), by Sebreghondi, is not (as its title seems to promise) a picture of political events in that city between those dates, though it begins with a spirited scene at the close of the siege in July '49; its author's object being to espouse the cause of the suffering and laborious class, to vindicate the dignity of the poor as well as of the rich, and the essential equality of all men. The only episode of historic character, besides the opening, is a striking description of the ill-starred attempt at insurrection urged on by Mazzini, which broke out—to be soon quenched in blood—on the 6th February, '53, at Milan; otherwise the sole noticeable feature of Sebreghondi's romance is its testimony to the democratic philanthropy prevalent in the Italian mind, announcing itself in many ways not tending to excess, but conveying much promise for the future.

Italian critics have ascribed to a successful novelist—Ranieri—the merit of founding the school of social romance in this language, by his pathetic story of *Ginevra, or Orphan of The Nunziata*, a revelation of sufferings and abuses within a great institution at Naples destined to be the asylum of the bereaved and necessitous. It has been even asserted, that from this source Eugène Sue imbibed the inspiration that eventually raised him high among the advocates of the *prolétaipe* class. A more healthful morality, a purer tone of feeling, however, than prevails in the pages of the French novelist, are characteristic of the present Italian school; and there is reason to rejoice at the abandonment of the glare and tumult revived with mediæval memories, for the lowlier and more affecting themes, or for the realities of our own eventful epoch now preferred.

Never, perhaps, was philosophic imagining more felicitously introduced in form of fiction than that in which Mamiani—the illustrious philosopher, poet, statesman, and reformer—has embodied his ideal of a regenerate Catholic Church in the Rome of the future; picturing the seven-hilled city as the capital at once of Italy's constitutional king, and of a

pontificate too enlightened, too evangelically-minded to desire or regret mundane royalty; surviving after having "shuffled off the mortal coil" of its baser nature, to return to its native element of apostolic simplicity, the exemplification of its own doctrines, reconciled and full of blessings for the generous nation that has suffered so much in the struggle to emancipate, to exalt itself. But, alas! where else than in the world of fiction can this *summum bonum* be sought with hope?

The *Mysteries of the Neapolitan Cloister*—a publication that has given no little scandal, but, if true, need not be condemned or regretted—is exceeded, in respect to mortal hostility against priests and monks, by the *Daughter of a Profligate* (*Figliuola d'un Dissoluto*), a picture of manners in the ex-kingdom of Naples during the last years of Bourbon government, by Rappolla, who writes with spirit, supplying many curious and some revolting details of private life, and making such an *exposé* of the immorality of the clergy in those southern provinces as may prove the punishment of the offences here charged against them. "The nobles of the wealthier class" (this is the sketch he gives of Neapolitan society under the last Bourbon) "formed a circle of grandees around the king, resembling the barons of the Middle Ages in the enjoyment of the amplest feudal privileges, and enabled to trample on the people precisely according to their pleasure; while in the provinces feudalism was in full force; nor was it even necessary to be noble for the exercise of its rights, the mere fact of superior wealth sufficing, in any small town or village, to authorize the practice of every possible tyranny." One consequence of the earnestness imparted through the lessons of experience—in this instance perhaps also through the quickening of a passionate patriotism—is the severe morality, the hostility against vice, though evil be often represented, and a certain careless tone of gay indifference, forming the prominent features in this novel literature of the day. It is singular, though not inexplicable, that this ethical character allies itself almost invariably with that species of religious freedom which finds vent, not in assault against the

fortress of dogma, but in unsparing attacks upon the clergy, the monastic orders, and, above all, against the position of the Papacy—the *delenda est* being perpetually reiterated, in direct or indirect terms, wherever that power is referred to. I find this tone in a novel not otherwise political or revolutionary, and almost the sole recent example of Italian adherence to a French school by no means the highest or healthiest: *The Heart of a Beguine* (*Cuore di una Beguina*—a term taken simply in the sense of "hypocrite"), by Michele Uda, whose pictures of vice and folly in the high life of Milan are worked up with skill, and with a rapid succession of effectively-contrasted scenes. There is a stifling atmosphere in this work, a withering predominance of evil, wearying us before we reach the end, and exciting regret at this direction given to talent; for in the power of vividly-sustained dialogue this writer surpasses most novelists in his language.

The future Macaulay, who shall undertake to ransack the stores of occasional Italian publications, the literature of the million, in pamphlets, caricature journals, satiric sketches, pasquinades, broadsides, etc., will find an immense mass of testimony bearing on the drama of events, and on their actors, from 1848 to 1861. In the caricature department perhaps no country or period ever produced such exuberance of witty malice and *aplonib* inventiveness allied with artistic skill; and if we reprobate the choice of subjects, the introduction of persons and allusions far too sacred, in many pictorial satires daily appearing at Turin and Florence, it is to be observed that the doctrines of Christianity, or the claims of that religion to divine origin, are not attacked—only the political situation of the Church in Italy, the individualities of the Court of Rome and Cardinals' College, and especially, at the present period, the monastic orders. From the legion of pamphlets relating to these questions and institutions much may be culled that deserves rescue; and amid the usual amount of useless declamation and rhetoric display, we are constrained to admit the evidence of deep and earnest feeling, a prevalent moderation of spirit, and a desire for progress in the worthiest, the most rational sense. On

the Roman question, especially, all the assaults of eloquence and sarcasm, all the weight of well-grounded testimony are brought to bear. Among noticeable contributions of this class, I may mention *The Afflictions of the Roman States and the Future of the Court of Rome*, the *Letters of His Holiness and of the Tuscan Bishops, with Notes and Observations by one of their Brethren*, the *Court of Rome and the Gospel, Napoleon III. and the Clergy*, etc. *The Clergy and their Morality in relation to the Civil Power*, by the Abbate Fiorenza, is a pamphlet of graver character, directed to the establishment of the writer's proposition that the teaching of the Catholic clergy, as expressed by their best-accredited representatives has always been in accordance with true political liberalism. The first-named in the above list, by Gennarelli, consists of contributions by that writer founded upon documents that fell into the hands of the new government after the downfall of the old in the Legations: an appreciation of ecclesiastical rule fully justified by official evidence, logical in severity, and backed by proofs that whatever else its characteristics, *inhumanity* was a distinguishing feature of its procedure in that unfortunate country.

Contemporaneously with the great revolution in Italy, her Literature has been evolving into vitality, and has responded to the great realities of the present in a spirit of earnestness that deserves thoughtful attention. It has kept pace with the rapid march of events, by discussing, commenting upon, or recording them in all their aspects and tendencies. It may fall short of expectation in respect of some high requirements; it has not yet conveyed in universally intelligible accents the announcement of fixed purpose, or nationally adopted conviction in the sphere of some of the grandest interests. But what should we expect from any literature more than the reflex of existing temper, impulse, or belief? The deficiency observable in Italian literature may be explained by the very fact that its heart and conscience have been stirred so profoundly, that the questions at issue are of such vast bearings, that the fruits must be waited for, the produce left to mature itself for years yet to come. A certain vagueness and hesitation is perhaps the

truest testimony to a state of mind consequent upon such transitional, such momentous conditions of the nation's life. The enthusiastic patriotism that used to find vent in Italian sonnets or canzoni has now its positive and more rational utterance. Next among prominent features of this literary movement is the absolutely startling impetus of the hostility against an ecclesiastical system which, still potent and sincerely accepted as it is by millions on this side of the Alps, no longer corresponds to the developments of civil life or intelligence among the reflective or active-minded. And yet this literature, considered as a whole, cannot be called irreligious; rather indeed is it imbued with an undercurrent of reverence, in the spirit of indignant protestation for the honor of Divine Truth. In imaginative literature we perceive a purer moral than ever announced itself in the *novelle* or *romanzi* of earlier time; in the historic, a wider sympathy for the human; in the aggregate we find sufficient in its attributes to claim a heartfelt welcome for Italian Literature as preëminently that of Hope.

C. T. H.

The Leisure Hour.

AMERICAN FURS:

HOW TRAPPED AND TRADED.

BY J. K. LORD, F.R.S.

It would be difficult to name any branch of commerce that has tended more to develop man's energy, courage, and patient endurance of every hardship and privation than has the fur trade. To the explorations of sturdy trappers, pioneers, and adventurers of all classes, and from all countries, in pursuit of fur, we may trace the sources from which the knowledge of three fourths of the continent of North America has been derived.

The use of furs, as of other skins, may be said to have existed since the days when man first wore garments; but not until the early part of the sixth century was there any direct trade in furs brought from remote districts. At this early period we find the wealthier Romans used sables from the shores of the Arctic Ocean. In the twelfth century wearing furs had become very general

in England, and we learn that Edward III., in 1337, made an order that none of his subjects should wear fur unless able to command an income of £100 per annum. About the seventeenth century the idea of establishing a settlement for the purpose of procuring the rich furs said to abound on the shores of the frozen seas was suggested by one Grosseliez to the French government, but being coldly received he left France and came to England, and obtained an interview with Prince Rupert. This negotiation ended in the fitting out of a ship, which in 1638 reached the land which has since borne the name of Rupert's Land. The ship returned after a sojourn of three years, with a report so favorable in all its details that several noblemen and gentlemen of wealth, headed by Prince Rupert, formed themselves into a company, and subscribed a capital of £10,500.

In 1670 a charter was granted by Charles II., giving the new company, calling themselves "The Hudson's Bay Company," the entire possession "of all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts, and confines of the seas, lakes, bays, rivers, creeks, and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie between the entrance of the straits called Hudson's Straits." It would be of little interest to trace the gradual rise of this Company, or to relate the terrible jealousy, forays, and deadly feuds that for many years, to the disgrace of civilization, raged betwixt the Hudson's Bay and a rival Company, that subsequently grew into existence, known as the Northwest Company. These feuds happily ended about the year 1838, when the two companies, to use an Indian expression, "buried the hatchet," and became one, still retaining the old title, "The Hudson's Bay Company."

The territories of this Company are truly enormous, extending from the Canadian frontier to the shores of the Pacific and Arctic oceans, including lands that on the one hand own allegiance to Russia, and on the other to the United States. The area of the country under its immediate influence is about 4,500,000 square miles in extent, divided into four departments, fifty-three districts, and one hundred and fifty-two trading posts. This

vast extent of hunting country is everywhere sprinkled over with lakes, and in all directions intersected by rivers and lesser streams, abounding with edible fish. East of the Rocky Mountains are vast prairies over which roams the bison, lord of the plains; while west of these mountains the land is densely timbered. The most northerly station, east of the Rocky Mountains, is on the Mackenzie river, within the Arctic circle; so terribly intense is the cold at this post that axes tempered specially can alone be used for splitting and cutting wood, ordinary hatchets breaking as though made of glass. West of the Rockies, the most northerly station is Fort Simpson, situated near the Silka river, the boundary betwixt Russian America and British Columbia.

The system of trading at all the posts of the Company is entirely one of barter. In early days, when first I wandered over the fur countries east of the Rockies, money was unknown; but this medium of exchange has since then gradually become familiar to the Indians, and the all-potent dollar is rapidly asserting its supremacy in savagedom.

The standard of value throughout all the territories of the Company is still, however, the skin of the beaver, by which the price of all other furs is regulated. Any service rendered, or labor executed, by the Indians, is paid for in skins; the beaver skin being the unit of computation. To explain this system more clearly, let us assume that four beavers are equivalent in value to a silver-fox skin, two martins to a beaver, twenty muskrats to a martin, and so on. As an example, let us suppose an Indian wishes to purchase a blanket or a gun from the Hudson's Bay Company: he would have to give, say, three silver foxes, or twenty beaver skins, or two hundred muskrats, or other furs, in accordance with their proper relative positions of worth in the tariff. For a very evident reason, the price paid for furs is not fixed in strict accordance with their intrinsic value; if this were so, all the valuable fur-bearing animals would soon become extinct; as no Indian would bother himself to trap a cheap fur while a high-priced one remained uncaught. He may very possibly have to pay five silver-fox skins for blankets (worth about

£3), the value of the skins paid representing £40; still he can, if he chooses, buy the same article by paying for it in muskrat, yellow fox, or other furs of inferior worth. The Company very generally issue to the Indians such goods as they need up to a certain amount, when the summer supplies arrive at the posts—these advances to be paid for at the conclusion of the hunting season. In hiring Indians east of the Cascade Mountains, while occupied in marking the boundary line, our agreement was always to pay them in beaver skins, say, two or three per day, in accordance with the duty required; but this agreement did not mean actual payment in real skins—a matter that to us would have been impossible—but that we were to give the Indian an order on the nearest trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, to supply him with any goods he might select up to the value of the beaver skins specified on the order.

The trading posts of the Company are strange, quaint-looking places, built according to a general type. A trading fort is invariably a square inclosed by immense trees or pickets, one end sunk deeply in the ground, and placed close together; a platform, about the height of an ordinary man, is carried along the sides of the square, so as to enable any one to peep over without being in danger from arrow or bullet; the entrance is closed by two massive gates, an inner and an outer; and all the houses of the chief traders and *employés*, the trading house, fur room, and stores, are within the square. In many of the posts the trade room is cleverly contrived, so as to prevent a sudden rush of Indians; the approach from outside the pickets being through a long narrow passage, only of sufficient width to admit one Indian at a time, and bent at an acute angle near the window, where the trader stands. This precaution is rendered necessary, inasmuch as were the passage straight they might easily shoot him. At the four angles are bastions, octagonal in shape, pierced with embrasures, to lead the Indians to believe in the existence of cannon, and intended to strike terror in any red skinned rebel daring to dispute the supremacy of the Company.

The total worth of the furs that have been collected by this Company alone,

at a rough estimate, represents a money value equal to £20,000,000 sterling. It will be interesting to give a brief history of the various furs traded by the Hudson's Bay and other companies, how and where caught, together with a statement of the average number of each species annually imported from the Company's territories and other fur-yielding countries.

Foremost in the list is the Hudson's Bay Sable (*Mustela Americana*). The pine martin, or sable of Northwest America, is not esteemed so valuable as the sable from Russia, known to naturalists as *Mustela Zibillina*; but there is no doubt that the two species are in reality one and the same, the difference of temperature, and other local modifying causes, readily accounting for the better quality of the Russian fur. About one hundred and twenty thousand skins are brought on an average into this country every year by the Hudson's Bay Company, and to these we may add quite as many, if not more, from Russia and Tartary. The lighter-colored skins are usually dyed, and frequently sold as Russian sable. Martin trapping requires great skill and experience. The favorite haunts of the little robber are the pine forests, especially where dead or burnt timber abounds. Its food consists of anything it can catch by craft or cunning, young birds and eggs, squirrels, the lesser rodents, marmots, and rabbits. The trap most frequently used is a fall trap (although sometimes steel traps are employed; in other words, the ordinary rat gin). The fall trap is of Indian invention, and a very ingenious contrivance. A half circle is first built of large stones to the height of about three feet; then a heavy tree is laid across the entrance, one end being raised and supported on a contrivance very like the figure-of-four trap, used by boys for catching small birds; a dainty bit of rabbit, or a ruffed grouse skinned, is hung on a projecting stick, built into the back of the semicircle of stones. The little poacher can only get at the bait by creeping under the tree; then seizing it, and finding himself unable to pull it down, he backs out, tugging the string to which the bait is attached along the stick, on which rests the figure of four, supporting the tree. Just as the centre

of his back comes under the fall or tree, he looses the support by tugging the meat off the stick, when down it falls on him, killing him instantly, but doing no injury to the fur. The winter fur is by far the most valuable, and the Indians say the first shower of rain after the snow disappears spoils the martin. The animal is skinned somewhat like a rabbit, the skin being inverted as it is removed, then placed on a flat board, and so dried in the sun. A good martin skin is worth in the trade from two and a half to three dollars; about ten or twelve shillings. Very fine martins come from the western slopes of the Cascade and coast ranges of mountains; the further north, the darker and better are the skins.

The Russian Sable inhabits the forest-clad mountains of Siberia, a desolate, cold, inhospitable region. The animal is hunted during winter, and generally by exiles. There are various methods of taking the sable. Great numbers are shot with small-bore rifles; others are trapped in steel and fall traps, and many taken in nets placed over their places of retreat, into which they are tracked on the snow. Who can picture to himself, without shuddering, the case of the condemned sable-hunter? He leaves, with heavy heart, the last thinly-scattered habitations which border the pathless wilds; a sky of clouds and darkness is above, bleak mountains and gloomy forests before him; the recesses of the forests, the defiles of the mountains must be traversed: these are the haunts of the sable. The cold is below zero, but the fur will prove the finer! Nerved by necessity, and stimulated by the hope of sharing the gains, on he presses. Fatigue and cold exhaust him, a snow storm overtakes him, the bearings or way-marks are lost or forgotten. Provisions fail, and too often he who promised, to his expecting and anxious friends, a speedy return, is seen no more. Such is sable-hunting in Siberia, and such the hapless fate of many an exile, who perishes in the pursuit of what only adds to the luxuries and superfluities of the great.

The Fisher (*Mustela Penantii*) is very similar to the pine martin in all his habits, but much larger. Why it was named a fisher I could never imagine, as

it is not known to catch fish or go in the water, except to wash, or swim a stream. It climbs readily, and lives on birds and rodents. A very fine pair are in the Regent's Park Zoölogical Gardens. It is trapped much in the same way as the martin. The tail is very long and bushy, tapering to a fine brush-like point, and quite black. At one time a large trade was carried on with tails, only the tail being worn by Jewish merchants as an ornament in Poland. About twelve thousand fisher skins are annually imported. I obtained some remarkably fine specimens of the fisher in the pine woods of the Na-hoi-le-pit-ke valley, on the Columbia river. The value, or trade price, in British Columbia, is from two dollars fifty cents to three dollars per skin. The fisher in full winter fur makes a far handsomer muff than the sable.

The fur of the Mink (*Mustela vison*) is vastly inferior to either the fisher or martin, being harsh, short, and glossy. The habits of the animal, too, are entirely different. The mink closely resembles the otter in its mode of life, frequenting streams inland, and rocks, small islands, and sheltered bays on the sea-coast. It swims with great ease and swiftness, captures fish, eats mollusks, crabs, and any marine animal that falls in its way. Should a wounded duck or sea-bird happen to be discovered by this animal, it is at once pounced upon and greedily devoured. On the inland rivers it dives for and catches great numbers of crayfish, that abound in almost every stream east and west of the Cascades. Along the river banks, the little heaps of crayfish shells direct the Indian to the whereabouts of the mink, which is generally caught with a steel trap baited with fish. The trade price is about fifty cents, or two shillings, per skin. Very little of the fur is used in England, the greater part being again exported to the Continent. About two hundred and fifty thousand skins are annually imported. I procured some very fine specimens of the mink at Vancouver Island, that are now stuffed and set up in the British Museum.

The Ermine (*Mustela longicauda*) of Northwest America is hardly worth importing. The fur never grows long, or becomes white enough in winter. The Indians use it for ornamental purposes,

and often wear the skin as a charm, or *medicine*, as they term it. In summer the ermine-weasel is reddish brown. The best ermine comes from Siberia, Norway, and Russia. The black of the tail was, in the time of Edward III., forbidden to be worn by any but members of the royal family.

The Raccoon (*Procyon lotor*) is widely distributed throughout North and Northwest America. Crafty and artful, to an American proverb, his life is entirely one of brigandage; plundering on every available opportunity, and waging destructive war on any bird, beast, or reptile inferior to himself in strength, courage, or cunning. The fur is not very valuable, being principally used in making carriage rugs, and lining inferior cloaks and coats on the Continent. About five hundred and twenty thousand skins are sent annually from the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. They are generally shot; those that are trapped are taken in steel traps.

The three species of foxes traded by the Hudson's Bay Company are the Red Fox (*Vulpes macrourus*), the Cross Fox (*Var decussatus*), and the Silver Fox (*Var argentatus*). I quite concur with Professor Baird in making the red fox of British Columbia and Oregon a distinct species, and in considering the cross and silver foxes as varieties of the red. I have again and again carefully examined large numbers of fox skins at the different trading posts of the Company, and have invariably found every intermediate tint of color, merging by regular gradations, from the red into the cross, and from the cross into the silver and black, rendering it often a difficult question even for the trader himself to decide which of the varieties a skin really belonged to. The Indians also positively assert that *cubs* of the three varieties are constantly seen in the same litter. The black and silver fox skins are very valuable, a good skin fetching readily from forty to fifty dollars, £10 to £12; the red fox is only worth about as many shillings. About fifty thousand red foxes, forty-five hundred cross, and one thousand silver, are annually imported.

The Silver Fox fur is almost entirely purchased by the Chinese and Russian dealers. The animals are nearly all trap-

ped in fall traps, very similar in construction to those used for the martin.

The famed Beaver (*Castor fiber*), in both structure and habits, is by far the most interesting animal killed and hunted for the sake of its skin. So much was its fur in demand, prior to the introduction of silk and rabbits' fur, in the manufacture of hats, that the poor little rodent had in some districts become nearly exterminated. Descriptions of their *houses* and *dams* have been so frequently given by various writers that it would be waste of space to repeat them here. On the streams in Southern Oregon the beaver is most abundant, and one shallow lake I accidentally came upon was literally filled with beaver-houses; there must have been many hundred habitations, as the lake was quite a mile in width, and round it the trees were felled in all directions, as if the land was being cleared for farming. I do not believe the curiously flattened scaly *tail* is ever used, save as a powerful *oar*, or rather *rudder*, aiding the animal to dive and swim, but particularly in towing heavy sticks in rapid streams or across pools to its dams and houses. Quite as many trees are cut by the beaver's sharp teeth to procure food as to construct dams; the bark of the topmost branches of the *Populus tremuloides*, or aspen, being its favorite diet.

The beaver trapper, be he white man or Indian, must, of necessity, lead a solitary, desolate, and dangerous life. To be alone in the wildest solitudes of unknown wastes demands a courage and endurance of no ordinary kind. The lone trapper knows not the emulation, the wild hurrah and crash of music that cheers the soldier as he marches steadily up to the deadly breach; he cannot feel that powerful incentive to be brave arising from the knowledge that a gallant deed will be handed down with his name in the pages of history; he has no opportunity for display before his fellow-man; alone with nature and his Creator, he is self-dependent, and his indomitable courage can only spring from a firm reliance on his own strength, ever supported by an unseen hand. A beaver is a very difficult animal to trap. The trapper knows at a glance the various marks of the animal, called *signs*; these discovered, the next operation is to find

out how the beaver gets to his house, which is generally in shallow water. Then a steel trap is sunk in the water, care being taken to regulate the depth, so that it may not be more than twelve or fourteen inches below the surface; this is accomplished by either rolling in a log, or building in large stones. Immediately over the trap is the bait, made from the *castor*, or medicine-gland of the beaver, suspended from a stick, so as just to clear the water; with a long cord and log of cedar wood as a buoy (to mark the position of the trap when the beaver swims away with it), the trap is complete. The poor little builder, perhaps returning to his home and family, scents the tempting *castor* purposely placed in his road; he cannot reach it as he swims, so he feels about with his hind-legs for something to stand on; this, too, has been craftily placed for him. Putting down his feet to stretch up for the coveted morsel, he finds them suddenly clasped in an iron embrace: there is no hope of escape. The log, revealing his hiding place, is seized by the trapper, and the imprisoned beaver dispatched by a single blow on the head, and the trap set again. A trapper will sometimes spend many weeks camped near a good beaver village. About sixty thousand skins are now brought from the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, but a great many skins are also procured from various places in Europe and the north of Asia. Just to illustrate the difference between the trade in beaver now as compared with what it was, we may mention that in 1743 the Hudson's Bay Company alone sold twenty-six thousand seven hundred and fifty skins, and over one hundred and twenty-seven thousand were imported into Rochelle. In 1788 Canada supplied one hundred and seventy thousand, and in 1808 one hundred and twenty-six thousand, nine hundred and twenty-seven skins.

The principal use made of the fur now is in the manufacture of bonnets in France, and in making cloaks. The long hair is pulled out, and the under fur shaved down close and even by a machine; some of it is still felted into a kind of cloth. The *castor*, too, is, or rather used to be, an article of considerable trade for medicinal purposes; but

in these days of progress it has become nearly obsolete, although it is still purchased from the Indians.

The Musk Rat (*Fiber Zibeticus*) is very like the beaver in many of its habits. A species that I brought from the Osoyoos lakes, east of the Cascades, which proved to be new, now called *Fiber Osoyoosensis*, makes a house precisely like a beaver; others live in holes in muddy banks. The Indians generally spear them through the walls and roofs of their dwellings. Their fur is of very little value, although many hundred thousand skins are annually imported. Large bundles of the tails of the muskrat are constantly exposed for sale in the bazars at Stamboul as articles for perfuming clothes.

The Lynx, or wild cat (*Lynx canadensis*), is common east and west of the Rocky Mountains. The fur, though soft and prettily marked, is not of much value. It is either trapped in a steel trap or shot in the trees. I need only mention casually (as the systems of taking the animals are pretty much the same) the Otter (*Lutra canadensis*), of which about seventeen thousand skins are often procured, and the wolf (*Lupus griseus*), which supplies fifteen thousand.

The Wolverine, or Glutton (*Gulo luscus*), is a curious beast, like a tiny bear, but the most dire and untiring enemy to the martin trapper, following his steps, and eating the martins after they are caught. It is almost impossible to *cache* (hide) anything that these robbers do not find and destroy; their strength is prodigious, and they do not hesitate to attack a wounded deer. The fur is coarse, but used for muffs and linings. Those from Siberia are deemed the best. About twelve hundred are generally imported. In size the wolverine is rather larger than our English badger; in color dark brown; tails, legs, and under parts black; a light yellowish band extends over the flanks, reaching to the tail. A grizzly patch, almost white in old animals, covers the temples. The head is much like that of the bear; the eyes are remarkably small, as are the ears, which are nearly concealed in the fur. The feet, large and powerful, are armed with sharp, curved claws. The hair is quite as long as that of the black bear, but of coarser staple. In North

America it is almost entirely confined to boreal regions; its farthest southern range being the valley of the Salt Lake in Utah territory. The glutton is voracious and bloodthirsty, but fortunately its size by no means equals its ferocity; there hardly lives a more cunning, crafty animal, preying on beavers, muskrats, and squirrels. By tracking them or lurking hid among the lichen and moss-covered branches of the pine-trees, it pounces upon its prey and speedily kills it. The sharp incisor teeth, six in each jaw, together with the formidable claws, enable it to overcome animals even superior to itself in size and strength. It appears a connecting link betwixt the bears and weasels.

The Skunk (*Mephitis Americanus*), so renowned for the terrible stench it emits when interfered with, is very much more handsome than useful. So potent is the smell of the secretion it has the power of squirting many yards, that I have frequently buried articles of clothing and steel traps for weeks, and then the stench has been as bad as ever. The Indians generally shoot the skunk, and always skin it under water. About a thousand skins are usually collected.

Bears, black, brown, and grizzly, are always in demand, and used for innumerable purposes. The number killed annually is not easily obtained, but, at a rough average, may be estimated at about nine thousand. The greater number are killed in the winter, during their period of hibernation.

The fur of the Sea Otter (*Enhydra Marina*) is by far the most valuable traded, and is very difficult to obtain. The animal is generally caught in nets, or spear-ed by the coast Indians in the sea; a good skin is worth £40, trade price. The sea otter ranges from Alaska to the Californian coast in the North Pacific. It appears to be an intermediate link between the true seal and the otter; but very little is known about its habits, or mode of reproduction. Nearly all the sea-otter fur goes to China.

There is also an immense trade in Rabbit fur. Added to the many thousand skins that annually come from the Hudson's Bay territories, 1,300,000 are sold every year in the markets of London, the skins of which are used in the fur trade.

In South America, living in the valleys along the slopes of the Andes, is a curious little animal (*Chinchilla Lanigera*) half hare, half rat, the fur of which is known as Chinchilla. This fur was much valued and extensively used by the older inhabitants of Peru and Chili, being manufactured into a fine kind of cloth, and then made into articles of clothing. Many thousand skins annually find their way into our markets, and are consumed in the manufacture of muffs, tippets, and lining for cloaks. The animal is entirely a vegetable feeder, and of most harmless and inoffensive habits. A pair may be seen in the Regent's Park Gardens.

Another South American fur in great request is that of the Coypu (*Myopotamus Bonariensis*), also called Metrid, from the Spanish for "otter," a name derived from the similitude the fur bears to that animal. Nearly all the skins are obtained from Rio de la Plata. About 1,125,212 skins were imported in one year; latterly the supply has been less, although it is still very considerable. The long hair is plucked out, as in the treatment of beaver, and, when dressed, the skin much resembles that of the beaver both in color and texture, and is used for similar purposes.

All the fur skins previously mentioned are collected during the fall and winter months at the different trading posts; and, as the system adopted at the various posts is pretty much the same, a brief sketch of the routine at Fort Colville, on the Columbia river, will suffice for all.

As the furs are brought by the Indians they are traded by the person in charge of the trade-shop. If an Indian were to bring a hundred skins of different sorts, or all alike, he would trade off every skin separately, and insist on payment for each skin as he sold it; hence it often occupies several days to barter a batch of skins; and it is a curious and interesting sight to watch a party of Indians selecting from the stores articles they require, as they dispose of skin after skin. An Indian trader needs to possess more than average patience. The skins, as purchased, are thrown behind, and then carried to the fur room, and piled in heaps, that are constantly turned and aired. In the spring, as soon as the snow is gone, generally in April, the

whole force, about four whites, the permanent staff (the rest composed of hired Indians), begin to pack all the skins in bales of from eighty pounds to one hundred pounds in weight. The outer covering is buffalo skin; loops are made to each package, so as to sling them over the pack-saddles; the pack-saddles are repaired, and raw-hide strips cut to fasten the bales on to the horses. The Company's horses, about one hundred in number, that have been wintered in some sheltered valley, under the care of the Indians, are now brought to the Fort. This is called fitting out the brigade. Their destination is Fort Hope, situated at the head of navigation on the Fraser, there to meet the steamer bringing the yearly supplies. This is the annual grand event in the chief traders' and *employés'* lives, and is looked forward to as a schoolboy anticipates his holidays. All being ready, the bales of fur are crossed over the Columbia in *bat-eaux* (flat-bottomed boats), and the horses swim a distance of four hundred yards. Safely across, they are packed and started. The trip to and from Fort Hope occupies from two and a half to three months. On arriving at the Fort the furs are handed over to the steamer, and the various goods to supply the trade at Fort Colville, until a similar exchange next year, are handed over to the chief trader, who generally goes in charge of the brigade. I was present at Fort Hope in early days, at a meeting of the brigades from Thompson's river, Camiloops, Fort Colville, and elsewhere, and it was truly a quaint and singular sight. The wild look, long unkempt hair, sunburnt faces, and leather costumes of the traders, were only exceeded by the still wilder appearance and absence of almost any clothing among their Indian attendants. The scene while the brigades remained was one continuous orgie; still no harm came of it, and obedience was always readily observed towards the traders when disputes, and sometimes blows, demanded their interference. When the brigades depart for their several destinations, the steamer leaves for Victoria, where the furs are all sorted and repacked, being pressed into bales by an enormous lever; and rum and tobacco are placed betwixt the layers of skins to keep out insects and

the larvæ of moths. They are shipped on board the "Princess Royal," that annually brings out the stores from England to Vancouver Island, and are eventually sold at public auction in London.

Such is a brief outline of the fur trade as carried on by the Hudson's Bay and other American companies.

Chambers's Journal.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP.

TWELVE hundred millions of dreams make a net-work of wild fancies nightly about our planet. To go, if it were possible, through this world of sleep would be a stranger process than that of exploring the whole waking world; for in sleep every living being is a poet, from the baby that clings in its dreams to the breasts of goddesses, to the centenarian who, with staff and spectacles, hobbles about paradise at the heels of seraphs. Sleeping and waking are the two great phenomena of our existence. What is done and thought in the every-day working world, where the ordinary business of life is carried on, no living creature has ever fully revealed to another. There are reticences in the confessions of the most frank, things which cannot, and therefore which never will be spoken—thoughts which transcend the limits of language—hopes which the power of no fairy could satisfy—fears which even Lucifer himself would fail to exaggerate. If this portion of our life, which is at least subjected to our own observation, cannot be faithfully and fully described, still less can that other portion which defies even our own scrutiny, converts us into mere spectators of ourselves, sets free our actions from the control of our will, and transforms us into so many passive spokes in the great wheel of destiny. Whatever may be the laws by which it is regulated, sleep presents the counterpart of the waking world—distorted, mutilated, thrown into irremediable confusion by the force of the imagination.

How sleep comes over him, every man may observe, if he will be at the pains—and it requires pains—since the drowsy state which precedes the complete ab-

sorption of our faculties is inimical to observation. If you make the experiment with your windows open on a summer night, you may notice a curious succession of emotions and sensations in your mind and frame, produced by the softly-approaching footsteps of sleep. You are lulled almost into forgetfulness, when the bark of a dog, the crowing of a cock, the grinding wheels of some passing vehicle, or the shout of a drunkard returning from his orgies, frights away for a moment the gentle influences of slumber. If you then take notice of your condition, you will become sensible that your heart, which had been soothed and rocked into a sweet tranquillity, experiences a slight but painful shock, accompanied by a transient agitation. At the same moment, the curtain, alive all over with strange imagery, which sleep had begun to let down before the retina of your inner sight, is sharply drawn up, though not so sharply but that you may discern what it represents, as it slides upwards like a film into some dark sheath concealed in the intricate mechanism of your brain. I have noticed this process several times, though not so many times as to justify me in using the word often.

The physiologist assassinated in a bath by Charlotte Corday, wrote, before the beginning of the revolution, an extremely curious book on Man, which is scarce and little read now. The copy I possess was found in a prisoner's cell during the pillaging of the Bastille in the month of July, 1789. This strange man—at least when he wrote his book—may be presumed to have enjoyed sweet sleep, since in discussing its nature and phenomena he obviously speaks from experience. "At the approach of Morpheus," he says, "the force of our activity is diminished; our fatigued limbs yield to lassitude, and sink under their own weight; the head drops gradually upon the shoulder; a sentiment of calm delight pervades the frame; and it seems as if our blood paced through our veins with a more peaceful flow. Our senses have already ceased to act, though none of them has altogether lost its power; little by little, consciousness deserts its post, the eyes are closed by the soft fingers of slumber, a delicious calm reigns through the whole frame; even the soul is steeped in an inexpressible serenity, forget-

ting everything, forgetting itself, and seems to lose itself imperceptibly in insensibility." To bring about this desirable state of things, which will not always come at our bidding, men have had recourse to various contrivances. Bacon, before retiring at night, used to indulge himself with a posset of strong ale, which helped better than wine to subdue the sprightly activity of his fancy, which would otherwise have resisted the force of sleep; Harvey, who taught his contemporaries the old Greek discovery of the circulation of the blood, used, like Franklin, to induce somnolence by getting out of bed, and walking about his chamber in his shirt, till half congealed, after which the warmth of the blankets was welcome, and soon induced slumber. Other persons afflicted with wakefulness call the bards to their aid, and compel the presence of Death's half-brother by the magic of potent verse. The best plan is, when health and the supply of animal spirits will allow, to determine not to go to sleep at all, but to draw up the blinds, and look out, if it be a clear night, at the stars, endeavoring to divine whither they and we are travelling through the infinite gulfs of space. This pious exercise gradually subdues, if anything can, the perturbations of the mind, and brings on, as if against our will, the tranquillity we covet.

Some have contended that grief and sorrow are things inimical to sleep, which cannot, they imagine, repose under the same roof with such guests. Thus, Young:

"Sleep on his downy pinions flies from woe,
To light on lids unsullied by a tear."

But this is inconsistent with experience: deep grief and protracted sorrow almost inevitably cause sleep, by exhausting the animal spirits, and producing a collapse in the nervous system. Children and women often sob themselves to sleep. Tears are, in fact, soporific; for, by deserting the well-springs where they are generated in the brain, they render flaccid the thinking apparatus, and occasion a mental weariness, which is followed at the next step by oblivion. Care, anxiety, and remorse are; on the other hand, altogether hostile to this innocent nourisher of life. To know what a hu-

man being is, and has been, you should steal upon him or her, when, by whatever preliminaries, long or short, agonizing or delightful, the total absorption of the senses has at length been brought about. It is affirmed by many, and may be true, that the course of life is left stamped indelibly upon the features after death. It is certainly so stamped in sleep. In the court of the Roman emperors men habitually wore, through fear, what was aptly termed a *jussus vultus*, or countenance at command. The same is the case, more or less, at all times and everywhere. Few would be willing to seem what they are; the majority need a mask, and are at pains to put it on every morning, to delude their fellow-creatures when they come into their presence. None but those who think themselves good enough to be contemplated by gods or men in their true lineaments and proportions, omit this precaution, and they are commonly hated for their intrepidity. But all put off the mask in sleep, though in most cases sorely against their will. Even in earliest infancy, the character, to a discerning eye, begins to loom above the horizon. In some, whether young or old, there is, during sleep, a grace, an *abandon*, a serene contentment, a placid absence of anxiety, all betokening innocence of life and purpose. Painful reserves reveal their existence in the small muscles about the corners of the mouth, which, being pinched and drawn tight, during the day, as if to keep back by physical exertion the confessions always ready to escape, fail to relax even in sleep, and give to the countenance a hard, repelling aspect. To gaze at such a face when unprotected by its habitual disguise, is in a high degree humiliating and painful; the idiosyncrasy of the consciousness concealed beneath that screen of skin, muscles, and sinews, you do not, and perhaps never can know; but you may be sure that if you did you would not be rendered happier by the discovery. On the other hand, there are faces which in sleep look like a vision of paradise—not for their beauty, not for their youth, but for something internal, far transcending both, which sleep reveals in all its powers for the delight of those who observe. Everybody knows the language of the features, which does not cease to speak because

the possessor ceases to be waking. There are innumerable minute muscles in the tissue of the lips, the slightest movement of any one of which changes the expression of the countenance; and so throughout the face. When all is serene, the meaning conveyed by the whole is merely that of sweet repose; but when the imagination is at work within, creating, arranging, painting, shifting its scenery and characters, slight evanescent indications become visible without; smiles, tremors of the lips or eyelids, blushes, tears, which roll down the cheeks like molten sorrow, raise in part the curtain from the soul, and show what it is enjoying or suffering at the moment. What ideas are, no man has explained, still less can we reveal how they affect or act upon each other. Perhaps they are strictly affiliated from birth to death in one unbroken chain, which, waking or sleeping runs through our whole being, or rather constitutes it, for, except as to the mere shell, we are nothing but a series of ideas and emotions. Like rivers which run partly above, partly under ground, our life is alternately visible and concealed when it moves through the sunshine, or through the caverns of sleep.

Few have endeavored to follow the soul in its retirement, to note what it then does, thinks, or speaks. That it is powerful, that it is eloquent, that it is poetical then, if at no other time, has been demonstrated by many examples. But the waking and the sleeping soul are identical; what the latter does when freed from all fetters, the former would do if it dared. The character cannot be put off, like a change of raiment, when we step from one condition of existence into the other; our virtues, our vices, our passions, our aspirations, cling to us sleeping or waking. The greatest writers have paid most attention to the visions of the night, "when deep sleep falleth upon man." Shakespeare is rich in descriptions of the avenues to the palace of dreams, sometimes paved with horror, and overshadowed by shapes of agony and dread. Listen to the murderer-king, as he reveals from his dreamless couch, his cravings for the solace of forgetfulness:

"How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, gentle
Sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great?"

Sleep, however, has no objections to the buzzing of night-flies, to smoky cabins, or to hard pallets, provided he can lay his head on the soft pillow of a clear conscience. The inmates of the smoky cabins might not have butchered their cousins by treachery, might not have put strangers to death without law or justice, might not have indented the peaceful plains of their country with the hoofs of hostile steeds, as the regal criminal to whom sleep refused to come had done. What frightened away the gentle god was the howl of the hell-hounds that attend on guilt, the Erinyes, as Shakespeare himself calls her, that tracks the blood-spiller to his grave. Well might he wail and lament as one with whom "nature's sweet restorer" refused to abide. To him, with more justice than to the lover maddened with jealousy, might it be said:—

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

Pallets hard or soft have not much to do with the slumbers that visit those who lie upon them. I have enjoyed the sweetest of sweet sleeps stretched on pease-haulm in a cow-house; on a stone floor in a caravansary, with five thousand armed enemies prowling about on the outside; on horseback in a dark night on the edge of precipices; and exclaimed with Sancho: "Blessed be the man that invented sleep! It wrappeth a man about like a garment!" Yet place occasionally enhances the delight of the sleeper, by aiding to paint his dreams with brilliant or delicate colors, and soothe the ear of his fancy with the sound of loving voices. Once, far up in the Nile, on a little mammillated sandbank, I tasted sleep in its sweetest, richest, most fascinating, and

gorgeous habit, down beyond the Sahara. The sun had sunk, leaving in the heavens long trails of glory—a mixture of sapphire and blood-red vapor, with saffron, amethyst, and beryl. All day the thermometer had stood at 100° in the shade, but so tempered by refreshing winds from the west, that it seemed then only to have reached pleasure-point. There was a languor in the atmosphere, filled with the dozy, drowsy hum of insects, rendered doubly slumberous by the low, rippling murmur of the great river, as it glided past towards the northern tropic. These influences subdued the mind to a pleasing melancholy, so that I passed out of the waking into the sleeping world with delicious unconsciousness. Without being too profound in the metaphysics of dreams, I yet venture to believe that the testimony of the senses enters largely into their structure; colors borrowed from the skies and landscapes around, the figures of palm-trees, the masses of rock, the lake-like breadth of waters, camels, horses, buffaloes, thrown confusedly together by the kaleidoscopic power of fancy, converted my dream on the sandy island into a reflection of paradise. Nevertheless, when the curtain first dropped between me and the outer world, I found myself, not on a tropical river, but in my mother's garden in England, over which tropical skies expanded, tropical vegetation beautified with the banana, the mimosa, and the doum-palm. Long rows of beehives, with clusters of insects entering or quitting them, stretched beside the hedges; flowers of brilliant hues sent forth from their tiny bells the hum of their plunderers; while my mother, in the attire of her bright youth, led me hither and thither by the hand as a little child. Suddenly, the sky became clouded; a deep, prolonged wail assailed the sense of hearing; the whole landscape shivered and broke up, and I woke abruptly, with the dismal howl of a troop of jackals in my ears. They were sweeping northward after some fleet prey, probably a light gazelle; and in a few minutes the sound died away in the distance. Calm and stillness then returned, and brooded over the whole scene. Never did earth appear more beautiful than at that moment, overhung by hosts of stars and constellations, large, liquid, flashing rather than twinkling in the dark-blue vault of infinite space. It

was on such a night as that I felt sure that some antique Egyptian priest, meditating, perhaps, on that very island, persuaded himself that the voice he heard on both sides of him was the voice of a god—of Osiris himself. From the whole expanded surface of the rippling waves it ascended musically and solemnly into the dusky air, where, mingling with the lispings of the breeze, it produced a delicious concert. At no great distance, in a grove of palms, sang the nightingale, not sullenly or sadly, as poets feign, but with a rich, full gush of joy. Was that also a dream? It may have been, for at no other time did I hear the nightingale in tropical Africa. About Cairo, her song is common, where, as she perches among cypresses, surrounded by mortuary cupolas, her notes undoubtedly sound like a lament for the dead.

Physiologists admit—and if they did not, it would not be the less indisputable—that the mind is not entirely separated from the senses in sleep. To demonstrate this fact, numerous experiments have at various times been made. The difficulty in such cases is to insure a report strictly conformable to truth, without additions, without abatement, without coloring—in short, an exact photograph of the dream. Shakespeare alludes to this sort of practical philosophy, and puts forth his subtle theory under show of describing the pranks of Queen Mab. His exposition is lively, and not without a dash of satire, but exquisitely true to nature. The predominant sense being out of the question, the experiment has to be made with the other four, and first with hearing. A gentle sleeper, in full health, youth, and animal spirits, has been set to sleep during summer in a chamber opening upon a garden, at the extreme end of which a skilful person has played soft music late in the night. The sleeper, describing her sensations, said she at first appeared to be plunged into a world of bright clouds, which folded her round, exciting sentiments of strong delight. Then she descended upon a bank of violets, while voices of exquisite harmony filled the air. Being watched by the light of a dim lamp, the sleeper's face at this time seemed pale with emotion, and presently, as the music became more and more sad, tears appeared between the eyelashes, and gradually trick-

led down the cheeks. Had the sounds ceased, the lady would have awaked at once; to prevent which, a transition was skilfully made to a lively air, which in a short time brought smiles upon the lips. No memory is sufficiently tenacious to record without breaks or stops the multitudinous evolutions of a dream. The sleeper, who was not a mother, said she dreamed she was shedding tears because persons were forcing away from her a baby which she had at her breast; when suddenly the scene changed, and she found herself in a vast saloon, encircled by singers and dancers, sometimes eating grapes or pomegranates, drinking wine, and laughing merrily. One or two strokes of martial music, striking violently upon the sensorium, awoke the sleeper at once.

In Shakespeare, we find a curious record of a wife's observations on the countenance of her sleeping husband. The passage may at first sight be thought too prolix and minute; but as many persons do, in exciting circumstances, talk in their sleep, the statement is not inconsistent with nature. The speaker is Lady Percy, and the time immediately before the breaking out of Northumberland's rebellion against Henry IV.

"In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talked
Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents;
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not."

This obviously is not a mere fanciful description, but a record of the accurate study of a sleeping face. Elsewhere, in a more sportive and sarcastic mood, he

suggests what would probably be the effects of touching at various points the persons of sleepers. To Queen Mab is delegated the task of awakening by the delicate pressure of her wand the imaginations of Slumber's prisoners; though she is likewise represented as driving bodily in her carriage through the halls of fancy:

"Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers;
And in this state she gallops night by
night
Through lovers' brains; and then they
dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court-
sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream
on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses
dream."

As is implied by the various portions of this speech, the passions are the great fountains of dreams—love, pride, ambition, which exert their magic power in sleep, calling up forms of beauty, placing the individual in elevated situations, or soothing him with the exercise of power. Milton's most exquisite sonnet is based on a dream of love and sorrow:

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint,
Come to me like Alcestis from the grave."

And throughout the poetry of the world, we find scattered here and there pictures or fragments from the land of dreams, more lovely than any the material world could supply.

Nevertheless, sleep is no flatterer, but gives to every man a compound of the acquisitions he has been at the pains of making, and a keen consciousness of the result of the actions which he has been in the habit of performing. But though, in the base and malignant, nature hangs out during slumber a flag to warn all whom it may concern that snakes and aspics are coiled secretly within, her revelations go no further. No one can step within the curtain which conceals the delights or the agonies that come to the happy or to the unhappy man in sleep. Byron used to say he should like to know how a man felt who had committed a murder—a point upon which some of his ancestors could have enlightened him. The feelings in that case

would greatly depend on the part of the world and the state of the society in which the murderer might live; for there are regions in which, when one has killed and eaten his victim, he rests as comfortably as if he had supped on mutton; while there are others in which he would never again find a moment's peace, but, waking or sleeping, be hunted by remorse to his grave. It is a common belief that, in sleep, fancy and imagination wake, while reason slumbers; in which case, many persons may be said to pass their whole lives in a dream.

Goethe used to discuss with the physiologist Müller the phenomena of sleep and dreams, but could come no nearer their substance and structure than the philosophers of past times; nor will discoveries be made unless through a long series of experiments on food, drink, dress, habits, air, water, and situation, in connection with sleep. Others have remarked that there are wine-dreams, spirit-dreams, and beer-dreams; and it may be mentioned with equal truth, that there are dreams of the mountains and dreams of the plains. If you sleep on the Alps, and observe the phenomena which attend it, you will find that they differ according to the scale of elevation, and are even modified by being on the north or south of the chain. If your chamber be about five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea, it is highly probable that you will experience a delicious feeling; the heart will seem light and buoyant; a gentle thrill of pleasure will pass through the whole frame; the brain seems steeped in ambrosia, and you will sink into forgetfulness through layers, as it were, of exquisite enjoyment. Even on the summit of the passes, at an elevation of eight or nine thousand feet, little difference in the state of your sensations is perceptible; but on the Andes and Himalaya, if you ascend much above the level of Mont Blanc, the lungs labor with the thin air, and small blood-vessels are apt to start. Sleep is then disturbed beyond description, haunted by dreadful phantoms, and scarcely at all refreshing. It is still worse in places like Rome, where malaria prevails. The miasma then appears to feed upon the flame of life, diminishing its force imperceptibly, sapping the energies of the frame, rendering the mind dull and spir-

itless, and descending like a nightmare on the soul in dreams, indescribably loathsome and depressing. An Italian general, talking on this subject, used a very strong expression. A night, he said, passed in the Pontine Marshes, or in the Maremma, is hell. When a fugitive, previous to escaping into life-long exile, he had tried it often, and it made so terrible an impression on his memory that it might almost be said to have haunted him like a Fury through life, towards the close of which it urged him to seek, by the fumes of ardent spirits, to subdue the enemy in his brain. It is equally true that pleasant odors refresh the sleeping brain, playing with its fancies, and shaping them into scenes of extraordinary beauty.

Edinburgh Review.

POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS OF ALEXIS
DE TOCQUEVILLE.*

THE critics, who, in common with ourselves, had occasion to review four years ago the *Memoir and the Correspondence of M. de Tocqueville* (which have since been translated into English by an able hand), ventured to remark that, in spite of the zeal and the fidelity with which M. Gustave de Beaumont had portrayed the life and edited the papers of his illustrious friend, his task was still incomplete. Indeed, he himself informed us that much still remained in the shape of unfinished fragments and unpublished letters which might one day form part of a more extended publication. We urged him to give a larger selection of these documents to the world; for although they may not have received that exquisite finish which M. de Tocqueville himself loved to impart to all he published, yet the scattered thoughts of so powerful a mind are sometimes even more forcible and impressive than his mature compositions, and the charm of his tender and meditative letters to his family and his private friends is inexhaustible. M. de Beaumont has given

ear to these observations. Encouraged by the prodigious interest which was excited in France and throughout Europe by his former volumes, he has now enlarged the plan of them. A complete edition of the works of Tocqueville has been prepared for the press, which contains, in addition to the writings already well known to all readers, a volume of the speeches and reports prepared for the Chamber of Deputies, a volume of fragments principally relating to the masterly analysis of the French Revolution on which the author was engaged at the time of his death, and an additional volume of Correspondence. These publications are entirely new, and they are of the very highest interest and value. In the selection of the volume of letters previously published, M. de Beaumont was restrained by motives of delicacy from laying before the world the confidential effusions of intimate friendship, and by motives of prudence from calling attention to the political opinions of Tocqueville, especially with reference to the present Government of France. Already time, death, and the progress of events have removed some of the obstacles to publication which existed three years ago. The result is, that the letters now produced have a deeper meaning and a more decided tone than those which had formerly appeared—indeed, it was for this reason that they were then withheld from the public; and many of them have a direct bearing on political affairs, even at the present time, to an extent which the admirers and adherents of the present Government of France will probably consider indiscreet and inconvenient. We rejoice, on the contrary, that M. de Beaumont has had the courage to produce these most remarkable papers. They contain the thoughts of a man, great as a writer, but greater still by his undaunted independence and by his undying love of freedom; and we are not sure that Tocqueville, in the full enjoyment of life and intellect, ever wrote anything more likely to rouse the slumbering spirit of his country, or to guide her back from servitude to liberty, than these posthumous leaves, penned many years ago in the solitude of his Norman home and in the confidence of private friendship. There is in these volumes the same profound

* *Œuvres Complètes d'Alexis de Tocqueville*. Tomes VII. et VIII. Correspondance, Mélanges, Fragments Historiques et Notes sur l'Ancien Régime la Révolution et l'Empire, Voyages, Poésies, entièrement inédits. Paris. 1865.

insight which pervades all the works of the author into the causes of the French Revolution, and those vices of democratic society, which, under the first and the second Empire, have twice thrown back the French nation from the ardent enjoyment of freedom into a submissive obedience to absolute power. And if it be true that, after a vigil of seventeen years, some streaks of dawning light are again visible on the horizon—if some indications are again felt that this slumber is not to be perpetual—then it is in this language that Tocqueville, and those who like him have watched through the night in despondency, but not in despair, would address the awakened sleeper. To these passages of his correspondence we shall presently direct a more particular attention.

After a long hesitation as to the choice of a subject to employ his mind on a great work, when the collapse of the Republic and the *coup d'état* of 1851 had terminated his political career, Tocqueville resolved to enter upon a philosophical investigation of the phenomena of the great Revolution, which had for sixty years swayed to and fro the destinies of his country. But with characteristic originality, he sought for the earliest indications of these phenomena in the preceding age, and he exhumed the administrative records of the old monarchy from beneath the lava of the great eruption. Probably no living Frenchman had acquired so accurate a knowledge of the state of France before the Revolution, and he said in one of his letters, "If anybody wants to found a professorship of the old administrative law of the country, I believe I could fill it." The result of these inquiries was the book on the *State of France before the Revolution*, which is in every one's hands. But this was only the prelude of his task. His intention was to approach the Revolution itself; to pass lightly over the course of events, although he had mastered them with inconceivable labor and precision; and to deduce from them certain general principles which acute reflection and enlarged experience enabled him to trace throughout this protracted convulsion. For it was one of his fixed convictions that, however perplexing, unexpected, and contradictory the course of events

may be, they are rigorously governed by laws of human nature as determinate as the laws of the physical world; and that these laws can be traced by a sufficient power of observation and analysis even into the regions of metaphysical abstraction, although the people and even its leaders and teachers may be totally unconscious of the influence by which their movements are directed. Above all, it was his design to arrive, through the Revolution, at the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, and at the institutions established by him in France, not only because these are subjects of extraordinary interest in themselves, but because the name of that remarkable man and the fabric of his power are at this moment the ruling forces of the second Empire, and the key to the last form which the Revolution has assumed. And here we are arrested by a page or two of such eloquence and insight, that although we cannot hope to render the purity of the author's style in another tongue, and we cannot afford to dwell much longer on this portion of the volumes before us, we lay it before our readers. The fragment was written at Sorrento in 1858:

"What I would seek to portray is not so much the events themselves, however surprising and however great they may be, as the spirit of those events—less the different acts of the life of Napoleon, than Napoleon himself—that singular, incomplete, but marvelous being, whom it is impossible attentively to consider, without contemplating one of the most strange and curious spectacles in the universe. I should desire to show what part in his prodigious enterprise was really derived from his own genius, and what was supplied to him by the state of the country and the spirit of the times—to explain how and why this indocile nation rushed at that moment of its own accord into servitude, and with what incomparable art he discovered in the working of a most democratical revolution all that was apt for despotism, and brought out of it those natural consequences.

"In speaking of his internal government, I shall survey the effort of that almost divine intelligence rudely employed to compress human freedom, by a scientific and ingenious organization of force such as none but the greatest genius of the most enlightened and the most civilized age could have conceived; and, beneath the weight of this masterly engine, society stifled to sterility—the movement of the intellect slackened, the human mind enervated, the soul contracted, till men

cease to be great; and around the vast and flat horizon, whithersoever you turn, nothing stands erect but the colossal figure of the Emperor.

"Turning to his foreign policy and to his conquests, I should seek to follow the furious rush of his fortune over nations and kingdoms, and to relate by what means the strange greatness of his genius was here also abetted by the strange and irregular greatness of his times. How marvellous a picture, by the hand of one who could trace it, of human power and of human weakness, would be that of this impatient and uncertain being doing and undoing his own works, tearing up and changing the boundaries of empires, and driving nations and sovereigns to despair even less by the evils he inflicted upon them than by the eternal uncertainty in which he left them as to that which they had yet to fear.

"I would, lastly, explain by what a series of excesses and errors he himself drove onwards to his fall; and in spite of these excesses and errors, I would mark the gigantic trace he has left behind him in the world, not only as a recollection but as a living and durable influence: what died with him, what remains.

"And to complete this long survey, I would show the purport of the Empire in the French Revolution—the place to be filled by this singular act in the strange drama, the close of which escapes us yet.

"These are great objects glancing before me. But how to reach them?" (Vol. viii., p. 170.)

These designs were not to be completed. But in every fragment of the materials, formed and collected by the author for the edifice he had conceived, the reader will trace with melancholy interest the stamp of originality and genius. It is certain that if M. de Tocqueville had lived to complete his *Essay on the Revolution*, he would have thrown new light on events which have for upwards of half a century engaged the attention of a host of writers of the highest class; for he would have brought us nearer to its true causes, and would have demonstrated more clearly its effects on the latest generations—effects which cut short his own public life and threw a gloom over the closing years of his existence. Of these truths traces will be found in every page of the eighth volume of M. de Beaumont's collection, and we are indebted to him for the skill with which he has re-set, in a connecting form, the precious, but imperfect, remains of his friend's labor. The task

was one of extreme difficulty, for these fragments were traced upon unconnected scraps of paper, in a handwriting not easily deciphered, and intended only to assist the memory of the author; but the zeal and intelligence of M. de Beaumont have triumphed over these obstacles and given to the scattered thoughts of his friend as much connection as they would admit of.

It is not, however, our intention to dwell upon the theme of the French Revolution, and we can only commend these fragments to the attentive consideration of our readers. We propose rather to turn to the additional volume of the correspondence, and in that correspondence to follow with some detail those letters which belong to the history of M. de Tocqueville's political life. It may be remembered that on a former occasion we expressed regret that the records of his political opinions and actions had been withheld. To a considerable extent, this omission is supplied in the volume now before us, although certain significant gaps at moments of great interest remind us that more yet remains to be said, and that this volume is still published under the Second Empire.

Before we proceed, however, we must linger for a moment over another class of letters with which this volume abounds—we mean those addressed to his nearest relatives. They present a charming picture of domestic life, and of those family relations which are nowhere more sacred than in France; for it may perhaps surprise some of our readers to be told that in no country upon earth are the filial relations so deferential and the fraternal relations so affectionate. In England the conjugal tie is more close and absorbing; it frequently overpowers the bonds of birth and blood. In France it seldom equals, and still more rarely weakens, the primal sanctity of the affection and respect a man pays to his parents. These virtues of the old French houses were a portion of the very nature of Alexis de Tocqueville; and from the moment when he started on his American voyage to the close of his father's life in 1857, they pervade his correspondence. It is curious to remark, too, from the earlier letters in this collection, descriptive of his American journey, how

powerfully that expedition contributed to form his character, his judgment, and even his style. His first communications to his mother are playful and affectionate, but still crude and diffuse. They have in them a certain boyishness, which long remained one of the charms of his character. For though Tocqueville came back from the United States a great philosopher, impregnated with one of the wisest works of modern thought, he was still a philosopher of seven and twenty, alive to every touch of nature and sentiment, and as ready to chase butterflies as to plant acorns. To describe a romantic evening ride to Kenilworth in a letter to the woman he loved—to relate to one of his cousins a droll return to Tocqueville, where he arrived, like Ulysses at Ithaca, driving a couple of Lord Radnor's best breed of pigs—was just as natural to him as to write the subtlest chapter of his *Democracy*; and contrary to the usual fate of man, in him the pleasures of sentiment and imagination outlived the passions of political life, and remained unclouded to the last.

One other class of these letters calls for a passing notice; they are those addressed in later years to his nephew, Baron Hubert de Tocqueville, a young man of promise, whom he regarded as his heir, and to whom he addressed, upon his entry into the diplomatic service at the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, a series of kindly admonitions which are models of wisdom and good taste. They are, like that epitome of the wisdom of the world, delivered by Polonius to Laertes, of invaluable counsel to any young man of birth and figure about to enter the great world, and their effect will not be confined to him to whom they were addressed. Already that young gentleman had shown himself worthy of the name he bore and the estate to which he was to succeed. He left, as we have heard from members of our own embassies at the same Courts, a pleasing impression on all who knew him. But alas! he survived his uncle but four years, and his two infant children are now the heirs of that old manor house of Tocqueville, which was rescued and repaired, after the ravages of the Revolution, to be for twenty years the seat of so much domestic happiness, so much intellectual refinement, so much genial hospitality. Since

the death of Madame de Tocqueville, which occurred last winter, its walls are again uninhabited.

The elections of 1837 brought M. de Tocqueville into public life, and in 1839 the department of the Manche, in whose welfare he never ceased to take an active interest, sent him to the Chamber of Deputies. The following extract from a letter to Mr. Senior, written as early as 1836, shows with what accuracy he had already measured the true state of the country:

"Here, for the present at least, we appear to have resumed our wonted course. With the exception of agriculture, which suffers a little, everything is surprisingly prosperous; for the first time for five years a sense of stability revives, and with that feeling a turn for speculation. The almost febrile activity which has ever characterized us quits the field of politics for that of material improvement. If I do not much mistake, we are about to witness in the next few years immense progress in this direction. Nevertheless, the Government would be very wrong to overrate the consequences of this happy state of affairs. The nation has been frightfully agitated; it enjoys to the full the repose at length vouchsafed to it; but the experience of all time teaches us that this repose may be fatal to those who govern France. In proportion to the cessation of the fatigue of the last few years political passions will revive; and if the Government, while it is in its strength, does not redouble its caution, and study with the utmost care to respect all the susceptibility of the nation, it will be surprised to see the storm which will suddenly dash against it. But will this be understood by our rulers? I doubt it." (P. 148.)

The history and the fate of the Government of King Louis Philippe are written in these few lines, though they were committed to paper twelve years before the catastrophe of 1848. M. de Tocqueville never ceased to hold the same opinion, which he repeated on the eve of the Revolution of February; and in joining the Opposition his object was not so much to defeat the Government, as to avert dangers which were likely, in his opinion, to lead to another overthrow of the monarchy. He received at this time the Cross of the Legion of Honor, without soliciting it, without even knowing it had been conferred upon him till he saw his name in the *Moniteur*. "This incident," he said, "has vexed me. I am annoyed to think that

people will perhaps suppose I have asked for this scrap of ribbon, which has been so often made the price of base compliances. I would have refused it if I could: the difficulty is to find a courteous and modest mode of refusing."

At this important moment of his life he turned for counsel to his honored friend, M. Royer Collard, of whom alone he was wont to say that he spoke oracles. M. Royer Collard had then almost retired from the world; his political life was ended; but he was the man who, in Tocqueville's eyes, had labored under the Restoration with the greatest earnestness and elevation of purpose to reconcile the hereditary monarchy of the Bourbons with the liberty of France, and to resolve the problem of combining a powerfully centralized administration in a democratic state of society with a Representative Chamber. Him, therefore, Tocqueville regarded with a deference he paid to no other politician, and M. Royer Collard easily recognized in his youthful friend the same blameless and patriotic spirit which had pervaded his own life. But already his prescient eye had discovered the perishable nature of the institutions under which they were living, and the dangers which still threatened the cause they loved. The letters of M. Royer Collard himself in this volume are of uncommon interest, for they bear in every line the stamp of a wise and powerful mind. We quote from them the following passages:

"In times of instability it is not good to enter public life very young; if I had had that misfortune I should have been incapable of the conduct I pursued under the Restoration, and all I have of public life lies there. 'The great reputation' which you esteem 'the most precious thing in life,' is more easily secured at this time by such books as yours than by parliamentary activity. You have been tried as a thinker and a writer; you know not what your oratorical powers may be, and an orator needs something quite apart from talent.

"He needs favorable circumstances, a certain condition of government, and a certain disposition of the public mind. His success depends on conditions which are in some sort external to himself. No, I do not hold you for an arrogant or an ambitious man. I care, indeed, less than you do for opinion—that is, the opinion of the multitude; for the opinion of the few—that is, of competent judges, is the most worthy object of ambition; it is true

glory. But I speak of myself, whose visions of self-love are satisfied by what mere distinction and consideration give. There are, I know, higher missions, and yours is of the number. I acknowledge them, I honor them, I admire them, but I venture to address to them the remark that Bossuet ascribes to the great Condé, 'I think first of doing well, and leave fame to come afterwards.'" (P. 155.)

"The very small part I have taken in the affairs of my time has satisfied my activity, or, if you will, my ambition. It was not in me to undertake more. But to you, sir, it is given to mark far otherwise your passage on earth, and to drive your furrow across it. You have begun it. You will follow it without completing it; for no man has ever finished anything. The thoughts you have brought forth in the travail of your mind will not be understood till you are gone, and will not bear all their fruits. Yet you would be faithless to Providence if you drew back. The reward will not be the reverberation of your name (*vanitas vanitatum*), it will be altogether in the influence you will exercise over the noble of heart." (P. 169.)

"Make no efforts either to come forward on the stage or to withdraw from it. You belong to Providence. Resign yourself to the coming event. You will have grounds of consolation, whatever it may be. The state of our society is known to you as well as if you were an old man. Neither social order nor the Government are settled. Everything would crumble at the first blow. It is true that among the characters of the day there is not a hand capable of dealing it; but the blow of a hammer is not always needed against an ill-constructed edifice; a stroke of wind may suffice." (P. 158.)

Under the influence of these oracular counsels, rare indeed from a man of M. Royer Collard's age and authority to one so much younger than himself, Tocqueville entered the Chamber of Deputies. His success there as a politician and an orator was certainly far inferior to the position he had already acquired as a writer. He himself acknowledged, some ten years later, that "his true value was rather in the works of the intellect; that he was worth more in thought than in action; and if he was destined to leave aught behind him, it would consist far more in what he had written than in what he had done." (P. 258.)

But however unproductive these years of parliamentary life may have been in positive results to himself or to his country, they undoubtedly advanced his own education, by bringing him into closer contact with practical details, without contracting his own extended range of

observation. He followed these details with scrupulous attention and a sort of enthusiastic interest, convinced that the art of government consists much less in grand displays and eloquent harangues than in a careful mastery of the details of administration. It is true, and M. de Tocqueville felt it, that these minutiae interfere with the broader views of politics, and that the life of a man who passes the best years of his existence in a popular assembly is consumed in a conflict of petty and insignificant motives. As he wrote to his brother:

"The events and the men of our time are unquestionably small; but does it not require the most constant and, so to speak, the most passionate attention to keep one's self free and unscathed in this labyrinth of mean and wretched passions, in this ant-heap of microscopic interests, driving in opposite directions, which cannot be classed, and which do not resolve themselves, as they ought to do, into great common opinions? The political world of our day, in its minute mobility, its perpetual and undignified confusion, absorbs the powers of my mind a thousand times more than political action of a more productive, broad, and single character. The incidents which befall us are but pin pricks, no doubt; but a great many pin pricks may disturb and agitate the soul of the greatest philosopher in the world, and *à fortiori* mine, which is unhappily the least philosophical I know of." (P. 197.)

We have already expressed upon a former occasion* our regret that at this period of his life, and at this period of French history, M. de Tocqueville and the eminent political friends with whom he acted should have thrown their whole weight upon the side of the Opposition, instead of transferring their services to the King's Government. No doubt the passions of the Opposition, in which it was unhappily the fate of M. Tocqueville to spend his parliamentary life, were petty and contemptible; we think the results of these passions were mischievous; and we are persuaded that M. de Tocqueville would have rendered much greater service to his country, and would have influenced the policy of the Crown far more effectually if he had taken office instead of jealously standing aloof from it. No man who acts with a political party and under a monarchical government can find

everything to his mind. He must accept a great deal that is disagreeable and even opposed to his own views for the sake of the general result. But Tocqueville's scrupulous independence and intense sensitiveness disqualified him for the part he might otherwise have played. While ten precious years were wasted in these battles of the ants, the storm was gathering below him and around him, until at length the stroke of wind, predicted by M. Royer Collard, swept the fabric from the earth.

The most important event in this period of M. de Tocqueville's life was the quarrel between France and the Great Powers of Europe on the Syrian question, caused by the Treaty of the 15th July, 1840. Indeed, although he could not disguise from himself the dangers to which it exposed his country, he viewed with satisfaction any event which seemed likely to raise the politics of the day above the "*pot-au-feu démocratique et bourgeois*" of the Chamber. In these expectations he was, however, speedily disappointed; and we find him on the formation of M. Guizot's administration steadily voting against the Government, not because he approved the vociferations of a party clamorous for war, but because he held that the policy of submission the King had adopted was so irritating and degrading to a proud and high-spirited nation, that the monarchy itself ran no small risk of being overthrown. "That," said he, in letters to his friends in England, Mr. Reeve and Mr. Mill, "that is the real danger—the sole danger—not war for the sake of the Government, but the overthrow of the Government, and after that, war. Never since 1830 has the peril been so great. Thrones are not upset by anarchical passions alone; that never happens; the bad impulse must be supported by a good instinct. The revolutionary party is reinforced for the moment by the wounded pride of the nation, which gives it a force it could not otherwise obtain. For my part I remain in the Opposition, not revolutionary, but decided, and for this among many other reasons—the only chance of controlling the bad passions of the people is by sharing with them those passions which are good."

In a subsequent letter he deplored the estrangement of France and England as

* Ed. Rev., vol. cxlii., p. 230.

the greatest of misfortunes, not soon to be repaired. On two of these points we agree with M. de Tocqueville: we think that the Treaty of 1840, and the dispute which followed it, was a heavy blow to the Monarchy of July, from which it never entirely recovered, and in spite of the *entente cordiale* between M. Guizot and Lord Aberdeen, the relations of the two countries were never, under Louis Philippe, restored to entire harmony and confidence. But we think that, in spite of these facts, M. de Tocqueville and his friends arrived at an erroneous conclusion. It is now abundantly demonstrated by the *Memoirs* of M. Guizot and by historical evidence, that the separation of France from the other Powers of Europe on the Eastern question was not the result of any ill will to France on the part of England, but of the extreme mismanagement and underhand dealing of the French Ministers of that day. Unluckily these very Ministers were the men whom the Liberal party had brought into power by the Coalition; and when they fell, and the King called upon M. Guizot to repair the mischief they had done, he found himself confronted by this formidable array of many of the ablest men in France, who never relaxed in their hostility until they overthrew his cabinet and the throne along with it. Whether the policy of the King were good or bad, right or wrong, this at any rate was the worst calamity which could befall the nation. It destroyed the work of thirty years of constitutional government; it caused a momentary, but fatal, alliance between the then Liberal party and the Revolution; it placed the Liberal party itself in a hopeless situation; and the country stood thenceforward in the dire alternative of a daily struggle with anarchy or a willing submission to despotism. As early as August, 1847, M. de Tocqueville perceived the approach of these dangers, and described them in the following terms:

"You will find France tranquil and tolerably prosperous, but nevertheless uneasy. For some time past the mind of the nation has been singularly perturbed, and amid a calm greater than we have enjoyed for a long period, the idea of the instability of the present state of things has arisen in many minds. For myself, although I view these symptoms with some alarm, I do not exaggerate their signifi-

cance. I think our society is firmly established, chiefly because I see no other basis on which it can be placed, even were that desired. Yet this state of things ought to give rise to serious reflections. The system practiced by the administration for the last seventeen years has so perverted the middle class, by making constant appeals to its personal cupidity, that this class is gradually coming to be regarded by the rest of the nation as a little aristocracy so vulgar and so corrupt that it is shameful to be governed by it. If this feeling were to spread in the masses, it might one day bring about great calamities." (P. 252.)

And on the eve of the Revolution itself, in January, 1848, he delivered from the tribune of the Chamber that last memorable speech in which he adjured the Government to change its course in presence of the impending tempest.

M. de Beaumont has passed lightly over the actual events of 1848, which were recorded by Tocqueville in another form, and may be published at some future time. He soon discovered, however, that the same subserviency to material interests which he deplored, had not been diminished by the Revolution, and that it lay not in any given institutions or ministry, but in the temper of the times. "The Revolution of 1789 sprang" (he said) "from the brain and the heart of the nation; but this Revolution has partly taken its rise in the belly, and the love of material enjoyment has played an immense part in it."

In spite of these misgivings, and with a very qualified faith in the destinies of the Republic, M. De Tocqueville thought it his duty to join the Cabinet formed by M. Barrot, under the auspices of President Bonaparte after his election, and he held in this administration the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs. Although he was not personally responsible for the French expedition to Rome, inasmuch as the order to undertake the siege had been dispatched to the army six days before he took office, yet he assumed the responsibility of that measure on grounds which are now published for the first time in France, viz.: the firm intention to uphold the Liberal cause in Italy, and to restore the temporal authority of the Pope, not unaccompanied by guarantees for his future good government of his dominions. It soon became apparent in this and in other matters, that the conditions on which the

Ministers held office under the President were not those of constitutional responsibility and personal independence, and after a short interval of five months the Government was dissolved.

It was not disappointed ambition or wounded pride that drove M. de Tocqueville from office; it was the conviction that universal suffrage had given an irresponsible ruler to France, who would soon find, or make, an opportunity to place himself above all law. The momentous question of the revision of the Constitution, however, again found him at his post in the Assembly, to make a last attempt to repair those provisions of the Constitution of 1848 which led directly and necessarily to another revolution. That Constitution had limited the duration of the presidential power to four years, and had rendered the outgoing President ineligible for a second term. The consequence was that from 1848 to 1851 the country was agitated by a febrile anxiety to know what would happen at the expiration of Louis Napoleon's term of office, or rather to know by what means, violent or legal, it would be prolonged. M. de Tocqueville was of opinion that the restriction placed on the elective power of the nation should be abolished—a task of great difficulty, since the Constitution could only be modified by the vote of two thirds of the Assembly. The report on the revision of the Constitution was drawn up by him in this sense, and presented on the 8th of July, 1851. He describes his views of the state of affairs in the following letter:

"27th July, 1851.

"I am very well satisfied with the general effect produced by my report in France, and delighted by the opinion expressed towards myself in your country. I care almost as much for what is said of me on one side of the Channel as on the other, and I have so many feelings and ideas in common with the English, that England is become my second intellectual country.

"How is it that my arguments in favor of the revision have not convinced you? The non-constitutional reelection of the President has long appeared to me extremely probable. I still think it so, although Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has effectually alienated the upper classes and almost every man of political eminence, and although, as far as I can judge, his popularity among the people is considerably diminished, and daily diminishing. Nev-

ertheless, I own to you that I persist in regarding his reelection as pretty nearly inevitable, in consequence of the absence of any possible competitor, and in consequence of the general uneasiness. I think this Bonapartist current, if it be turned aside, can only be so by a revolutionary current more perilous still; and, finally, I think that if Napoleon be unconstitutionally reelected, anything in the shape of an attack on freedom becomes possible. I was so convinced of this six months ago, that I remember to have said to you, that probably the end of all this would be to make me quit public life, in order to have no part in a Government which would attempt to destroy *de jure* or to annul *de facto* constitutional institutions, and which would perhaps succeed in the attempt for some years, from the exhaustion of the public mind. With small belief in the possibility of maintaining the Republic, which would be the Government of my own choice, I should have seen without regret Louis Napoleon become our permanent chief if I had thought it possible, on the one hand, that he could rally the heads of society about him, and if, on the other hand, he would or could have been a constitutional sovereign. But I did not believe that possible, as I told you, and all I have seen since my return from Italy has convinced me more and more how much I was in the right. The President is as *impermeable* to constitutional ideas as was Charles X. himself. He has his own notion of legitimacy, and he clings to the constitutions of the Empire as the other clung to the divine right of kings. He is, moreover, more and more separated from the whole body of men who have ability or experience to conduct the Government, and reduced to seek his *point d'appui* in the instincts and passions of the people strictly so called. Hence his reelection, especially if it be illegally carried, may have the worst consequences, and yet it is almost inevitable—save by a recourse to revolutionary passions, which I do not wish to rekindle in the nation. What is the deduction from all this, but to desire the revision, for the purpose either of rendering the reelection of the President impossible by changing the nature and origin of the executive power, or of rendering it less dangerous by making it legal? . . . It is possible that a crisis may occur so perilous, that I myself may be of opinion that it is best that the Constitution should be violated by the people; but I shall leave that sad work to others. My hands shall never strike the flag of the law in my country. . . . In short, our situation is more complicated, more inextricable, and more obscure than it ever has been. We are still in one of those strange and terrible positions in which nothing is impossible and nothing can be foreseen. The chances are in favor of the President's reelection, and at the

same time an Assembly may be returned much less presidential than is supposed; so that if Louis Napoleon does not avail himself of the first popular impulse to grasp all powers in his own hand, he may find himself again in presence of an Assembly which will not allow him to do as he pleases. In presence of this unexampled situation the nation is perfectly calm and even prosperous. People follow their avocations without plunging into great risks, but with activity and perseverance, just as if the morrow of everything was not uncertain. No doubt the dread of the term 1852 is extreme, and even, I think, exaggerated. But we have all received the education of revolutions; we know that we must live in them like soldiers in the field, who are not deterred by the chance of being killed the next day from dining and sleeping or even from amusing themselves. That is the state we are all in; and when I survey the attitude of the whole nation I cannot but admire it; even with all its blunders and its foibles, it is a great people."

The concluding paragraph in the same letter relates to a different subject, but we find it on our path and cannot omit it:

"What you tell me, that the Ecclesiastical Titles bill will lead to nothing, is probable enough, thanks to the manners of your country. But why make laws below the standard of the times? The reverse ought to be the rule. I own to you I have been heart and soul with those who, like Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone, opposed, in the name of freedom and the principles of the Reformation, the idle and dangerous attacks directed by this bill, at least in theory, against liberty of conscience. Where shall religious liberty take refuge if it be driven from England? If those who start from principles of free inquiry and the toleration which is the result of them, become intolerant, what right have they to accuse the Church of Rome of intolerance, which, in contesting the exercise of private judgment, is at least consistent with its own principles? I know it is rash to judge of events in a foreign country, yet I cannot but think, that when people come to look back from a distance on all the movement and agitation caused by what is called the Papal Aggression, it will bear a likeness, though in small, to the passion which seized the nation two hundred years ago after the discovery of the Popish Plot. The present movement will appear less violent, but not more reasonable; and those who took part in it will be more surprised than we are ourselves when they come to look back at it." (P. 275.)

The project of revision failed. The consequences so clearly indicated in the

preceding letter rapidly ensued. The President "did grasp all powers into his own hands" to shake off the control of an independent Assembly, and on the 2d December, 1851, the Republic and the freedom of France expired. A narrative of the *coup-d'état* by M. de Tocqueville himself was published at the time in the *Times* newspaper, and has since been included in the English edition of his correspondence. It is unnecessary to revert to it here. It remains for us only to trace the effects of that catastrophe on his own mind, on his life, and on the French nation.

A short time after the event he wrote to M. de Beaumont in the following terms:

"I perceive, my dear friend, that you have carried with you into your retreat the same agitation of mind which I still find in the bustle of the world. How should it be otherwise? Which way are we now to look in France for objects which do not awaken sad thoughts? And if we move out of France, it would not fare better with us; for the disease is in us as well as around us. Lanjuinais, who is in Italy, writes that the remembrance of France puts out the glory of the arts and of the sun.

"We must, however, make up our minds to what is taking place, and not disguise from ourselves that this will last a considerable time. As for me, I can only recover that frame of mind which is necessary to my studies, by satisfying myself that I am out of public affairs for a long while, and that the thing is now to form new habits and create new interests. This is not the way of the world. I am continually meeting people full of the most absurd delusions—real delusions of émigrés—who set themselves gravely to compute how many months this Government has to live. As for me, I stand by what I have said. *It will found nothing; but it will last.* With far greater strength than the republican government, it has the same advantage of being a neutral ground on which both the monarchical parties find a temporary refuge, and which they prefer to the camp of their former antagonists. This is especially true of the legitimists, who are not only well received but encouraged to come in by all sorts of petty artifices, which succeed the more easily as many are not averse to be caught by them. Thus, they say that the famous memorandum that the President is to leave [to designate his successor] will name the Count de Chambord. Just a case of 'Le bon billet qu'a La Châtre.' The other day Lady Douglas told somebody that the President hated marriage, disliked his family, and

would no doubt, if not provoked, leave the Government to the lawful sovereign. All these follies, aided by lassitude, fear, and hatred of the Orleans family, gain acceptance. Add to this the second-class ambitions of the party, the people who were hurt at not getting seats in the Chambers, and who were useless when they got there, and now declaim against what they call the reign of the lawyers, and you may fancy what a rout it is. . . .

"A newspaper has published the letter in which you refuse to come forward. I have not the least doubt that we do well to stand aloof. There is nothing for us to do until liberal opinions are born again in France. I never had a more clear and certain conviction than this. My only anxiety arises from the fear that I shall not find means to occupy satisfactorily the forced and probably very long leisure this future leaves to me. I cannot as yet grasp or even clearly apprehend the subject I have chosen; this gives me some days of great dejection.

"The elections are approaching without a symptom of electoral life. The insignificance of the thing appears to be generally felt. I think the Government will carry all its candidates; yet, if there were any combination in Paris, it might be beaten there. I have just read in the *Moniteur* the law on the Press, or rather against the Press. Everything that can be conceived, short of the censorship, is accumulated in this decree to render all discussion illusory and all intellectual movement impossible. I especially commend to you the clause on false news, by which the mere fact is punished, without any mischievous intention. Well! in spite of all this, the day that public opinion begins to awaken they will be obliged to have recourse to the censorship, either openly or secretly. The censorship is the only known specific against the freedom of the Press." (P. 279.)

The effect of these events on Tocqueville was to wean him altogether from society, and to throw him back upon the cherished retirement of his own home—embellished by all the graces of domestic life and cordial friendship, enlivened by a recurrence to his literary pursuits, but embittered by the thought that he had survived the liberties of his country. In this strain he wrote to Mrs. Phillimore, the accomplished daughter of Lord Justice Knight Bruce:

"I write to you, Madam, from the depths of the country, in which I live but little with mankind but much with my books; and as all mankind do not resemble you, I am not displeased to be separated from them. I have plunged with delight into the studies which business and revolutions had interrupted. I

have commenced a great work, which I had been thinking of for the last ten years, and which I expected never to have the time or the liberty of mind to undertake; and I acknowledge to you that there are many moments in which I am selfish enough and bad Frenchman enough to be extremely happy. A sort of twinge of virtue sometimes disturbs me when I reflect that no amount of personal happiness can console a man for the ruin of the institutions which promised greatness to his country. It is hard to think, whatever may be the pleasures of private life, that this great and terrible French Revolution can finish in the thing we see before us. Believe me, Madam, this is not the end of that great drama: it is an act added to the rest, but not the close of it." (P. 285.)

In the midst of this solitude comes one day a visitor who is thus amusingly described:

"Last week the silence of this ancient abode was broken by the noise of carriage wheels, and we were somewhat surprised to see X. alight. He had come to spend the day with us. We received him as well as we could, and talked literature from morning to night. He converses on that subject much better than on politics; he knows the whole eighteenth century by heart, and upon my word I thought he was going to recite to my wife the *Pucelle* of Voltaire. He would, in fact, have amused me, if it were in the power of man to amuse me for eight hours running. As I did not wish to have the air of avoiding political conversation, I said to him abruptly, 'How can you explain that the President, who has passed his life in free countries, should have destroyed freedom to this degree in our own? As for me,' I added, 'that which will always prevent me from rallying to this Government is not so much even the second December as what has followed it.' X. admitted with some embarrassment that he was surprised himself; that things had been carried too far, but that he did not despair of a return to freedom, and so fell back upon literature. I resumed the subject once more, which gave X. an opportunity to tell me that the President was surrounded with people who only blamed him for the moderation of his policy and the tardiness of his measures—people in fact who were shocked by the excess of our liberties and the small amount of power he had kept in his own hands. What irritated me the more in my guest was to see, that while he had sacrificed his former affections to his interests, he carefully retained his former animosities; so that after he had favored me with a grand tirade on the crimes of the Restoration, and especially on the expedition to Spain, 'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'you are right; it is always a great crime to destroy the liberty of a people under the pro-

text that a bad use is made of it.' This axiom cut short the conversation, and we returned for good to Voltaire, which did not prevent us from parting very tenderly at ten in the evening." (P. 290.)

In the autumn of 1853 he repaired to the neighborhood of Tours, where a country-house had been hired for the winter, as the climate of Normandy was too severe for his health, always delicate. From this cottage he addressed the following letter to his friend and former chief, M. Odilon Barrot:

As for public affairs, I imagine that you are as ignorant and powerless as I am myself. You and I, my friend, belong to what they would have called eighty years ago 'the old Court.' Nay more, we belong to another age of the world; we are of a class of antediluvian animals who ought really to be placed in the cabinet of natural history to show what the creatures were like, long ago, who were so singularly constituted as to care for freedom, legality, and sincerity—strange tastes, which presuppose organs altogether different from those of the modern inhabitants of the world. This race too will pass away, and will be followed by another, more like us than itself, I am sure; but shall we witness this fresh metamorphosis? I question it; much time must elapse to efface the deplorable impressions of the last few years, and to bring back the French, I do not say to a passionate love of liberty, but to a sense of their own dignity, to the habit of writing and speaking with freedom, to the desire of discussing their obedience, which is in the spirit of the age, and the most ancient instinct of the race. When I think of the disasters which a handful of political adventurers have inflicted on this unhappy country; when I see that in the midst of this rich and industrious community doubts have been cast, with an air of plausibility, on the right of property itself; when I remember these things, and that the human race is composed for the most part, as in fact it is, of feeble, honest, and vulgar minds, I am disposed to forgive the prodigious moral enervation we are witnessing, and to reserve all my indignation and my scorn for the intriguers and madmen who have thrown our poor country into these extremities." (P. 300.)

Meanwhile the work on the *State of France before the Revolution* proceeded. Tocqueville visited Germany in 1854, and the commencement of the Russian war in that year gave a somewhat different direction to his thoughts. Hating the Government with all his heart, he nevertheless approved its conduct in the Eastern question, upheld the English alliance,

and maintained that in the presence of an enemy it is the duty of every man to abstain from doing anything to increase the difficulties of a crisis in which the nation is engaged. From about this time, too, dates Tocqueville's acquaintance with Sir George Lewis, which speedily ripened into mutual admiration and cordial friendship. They were both of them men in whose eyes the work of government was the noblest exercise of the human intellect for the improvement of our race by the influence of freedom and of truth, and who may be said to have pursued politics with no other object, for they were indifferent to all the vulgar prizes of political ambition. They were both of them alike free from pretension and from prejudice, intent upon the real principles of action which may govern the world rightly, rather than upon the forms they may assume, or the accidents that may attend them. In Lewis there was a greater mass of accumulated knowledge, for his was universal; in Tocqueville a quicker vein of sentiment and perhaps a more subtle power of discernment; but their faculties and tastes readily mingled in entire harmony, and few men have more rapidly and completely known and esteemed one another. It may be permitted to those who shared the friendship and revered the character of these two eminent men to record in a few passing lines the regret which two great nations must forever feel that their wise and virtuous lives were, within so short a time of one another, prematurely closed.

The letters addressed by Tocqueville to Sir George Lewis during the war, especially with reference to the administration of the army, are of extreme interest, but their length forbids us to quote them here. We confine ourselves to one observation. He had viewed with great regret the comparative failure of the British military administration at the outset of the war, though he attributed the superior arrangements of the French army chiefly to their long experience in Africa, whereas the British army took the field with the notions and traditions of the Peninsula. But what he conceived to be of still greater moment to the honor and power of this country, was the means of raising troops; for he held that it is impossible for a country to keep

its ground in the present state of the world without, at least, the power of raising large armies, and that England is mistaken if she thinks it possible to stand aloof from the affairs of the Continent. On this last point M. de Tocqueville's language is so forcible, and so much opposed to the prevailing opinion of the day in England, that we quote the passage:

"In general, although it is rather imprudent to speak of a country which is not one's own, I allow myself to say that the English would be wrong to fancy themselves as far separated and apart from the rest of the world as they have hitherto been, in so much that events of universal interest on the Continent should not affect their institutions. I think, that in the present age of the world, and still more in that which is approaching, no European nation can long remain entirely different from all other nations; and that whatever becomes the general law of the Continent cannot fail to exercise in the long run a very great influence on the peculiar laws of Great Britain, in spite of the sea, and in spite of the special manners and customs and institutions which have heretofore, more than the sea, protected you. We shall perhaps not see the verification of this remark in our own time; but be assured those who come after us will see it; and I should not be afraid to have this letter placed in a notary's office, to be read fifty years hence." (P. 367.)

M. de Tocqueville was well acquainted with the English language, with English modes of thought, with English opinions. He says in one of his letters that he can without difficulty place himself at the English point of view on any question, and tell beforehand what an Englishman would think of it. He entertained the highest opinion of the English intellect, and he attributes to it a marked superiority (in speaking of Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*) over German scholarship. But although he was entirely free from national prejudice, the fact is that he knew English men and English books better than he knew England. For twenty years he never visited it. In 1836 he left it still agitated by the throes of the Reform Bill, and, as he supposed, on the verge of a progressive democratic revolution, though a pacific one. In 1857, when he returned to it for the last time, he expressed his astonishment at finding the country so little changed after all, and that, in spite of the Reform Bill and all the incidents of twenty years, it was still just

the same old England. He was himself so well aware of his comparatively imperfect knowledge of this country, that he carefully abstained from writing upon it; and although some portions of his English journals have now been published, they must be regarded as the impressions of a traveller rather than as the deliberate judgment of a philosopher.* We think, for example, that he was wrong in assuming that the English aristocracy is based mainly upon wealth and the acquisition of wealth, though he is entirely right in the assertion that it is not based exclusively on birth. Immense fortunes are daily realized in England which have no connection at all with the aristocracy; and, on the other hand, the most frequent and beneficial additions to the House of Lords are those which are made on the ground of high legal ability, long public service, or personal eminence, irrespective of mere possessions. Great wealth, unaccompanied with political or personal claims, does not raise a man in England to the peerage; but the peerage of England is unquestionably open to all men, who rise by their own ability, in Church or State, to the first rank in their professions. That is its real basis and its true power.

Before we revert to the political opinions of Tocqueville, it may not be inappropriate to introduce in this place a letter to one of his friends, whose life has been devoted to metaphysical and theological inquiries. It is a page of general and lasting interest:

"Your last letter contains things on the

* This remark applies to the Notes on England and Ireland made by M. de Tocqueville thirty years ago, and certainly not intended by him for publication. They are not free from inaccuracies and misconceptions which further experience would have removed. Every English reader will at once detect these mistakes—as, for instance, that an overseer of the poor must be a wealthy man, and that the administrative Boards of this country are not named by the Crown, but are self-elected. It is not worth while to dwell upon them; but we hope the foreign readers of M. de Tocqueville's Notes will not be led astray by these statements, and will not suppose that England and Ireland, in 1865, still really present the peculiar abuses and evils he pointed out in 1835. The real value of these Notes is that they contain, not the truth, but a true statement of the impressions made upon an intelligent traveller by a journey through the United Kingdom at that period.

great questions which occupy you, deeply thought and well expressed. This letter well deserves to be read again, and the subject of it is the greatest, I may almost say the only subject, which deserves the attention of man. Everything else is a bubble in comparison with it. I should have had a passionate love for the philosophical studies which have been your constant occupation, if I could have turned them to more profit; but, whether from some natural defect or from a want of resolution in the pursuit of this design, I have always found at last that all the scientific notions to be acquired on these subjects did not carry me further, and frequently carried me less far, than the point I had reached at the outset by a small number of simple ideas, which all mankind do in fact more or less entertain. These ideas lead easily to a belief in a First Cause, which remains at once evident and inconceivable; to fixed laws which are discernible in the physical world, and must be supposed to exist in the moral world; to the providence of God, and therefore to his justice; to the responsibility of man, since he is enabled to discern good from evil, and, therefore, to a future life. I acknowledge that apart from revelation, I have never found that the nicest metaphysical inquiry could supply anything more clear on these points than the plainest common sense, and this has made me somewhat out of humor with it. What I called 'the bottom I cannot touch' is the Wherefore of the world; the plan of creation of which we know nothing, not even in our bodies, still less in our minds—the reason of the destiny of this singular being whom we call Man, with just intelligence enough to perceive the miseries of his condition, but not enough to change it. . . . That is the depth, or rather the depths, which the ambition of my soul would sound, but which will forever remain infinitely beyond my powers of knowing the truth." (P. 477.)

In these meditations, which diversified a life devoted to literary labor and to rural pursuits—a philosopher in the morning and a peasant in the afternoon—M. de Tocqueville spent the last years of his life. We fancy, as we read the letters written within a few months of its close, that a tone of increased serenity tempered the melancholy of political disappointment, and a greater power of thought plunged into the future of the world which he was not destined to behold. But though the shadow was already stealing along the wall, with that unconsciousness which is the last happiness of man, he still looked forward to a brighter future:

"I see," said he on the 12th January, 1858,

to Mr. Freslon, "that you do not give way to despondency as to public affairs, and you are right. I, too, am far from singing a *de profundis* over French society. Only, I am very much afraid that we are not destined to see that personage restored to vitality. The history of the past affords but little light as to the means of resuscitation, because the principles of life within it are different from what they once were. Down to a recent period, the living and active forces of society were in the educated classes. When these had been persuaded, excited, and united in one conviction, the rest followed. Nowadays, not only have the educated classes become temporarily insensible by the disease of long revolutions, but they are in reality dethroned. The centre of social power, so to speak, has been gradually displaced and at last abruptly changed. It now resides in classes which read nothing, or at least only read newspapers when they read anything at all: and that is the profound reason which leads our Government to reserve its fetters for the periodical press. We academicians are free to cry out as loud as we please, addressing an academical public: but the least buzz of a hostile thought is suppressed if it is thought likely to reach the ear of the people. Don't tell me, then, that Voltaire, Rousseau, etc., overthrew by books powers far more durably established. Those powers were better established, it is true; but the force to overthrow them was far more within the reach of writers of books, and better within their grasp. They were surrounded by the upper or middle class, who believed in ideas: but those same classes nowadays abhor and dread ideas, whatever they may be (as far as they are ideas), and think of nothing but interests. Moreover, these same upper and middle classes, whose ears were so open, were still the masters of society. When they were won over, all was done.

"I believe with you, that these classes may again be persuaded and excited; and I think that when that is done, a great, though still a less influence may be exercised through them over the people: but this can only be accomplished very slowly, by dint of a multitude of small blows struck successively on the public mind. It is certainly a good, and even a necessary thing to follow this up, and it would be an exaggeration to say that those who do so are losing their time; but it would be a still greater exaggeration to believe in the complete efficacy and prompt effect of these efforts. To change the mind of the nation quickly, instruction less refined and more adapted to the classes who are now all-powerful is requisite; and as the periodical press is not free, it is only by facts and not by ideas that the people can be enlightened as to the true character of the Government it lives under. If this Government followed its natural disposition, if it were now to commit the faults

by which in the long run absolute governments always fall, the nation would see clearly and at once what its constitution is; and as, after all, the comparisons between our own age and the decline of society under the Roman Empire are inaccurate—as the mass of the people forms neither a corrupt nation, nor a timorous nation, nor a nation enslaved like the Roman mob, on that day when light shall break in upon it, the nation will judge.” (P. 481.)

These extracts are long, but they are taken from a volume not yet in the hands of English readers. They are not inferior in wisdom and in acuteness to any of M. de Tocqueville's earlier writings, and they bear directly on the question of the day most interesting to the world—the state of opinion and the duration of the Imperial Government in France. We shall, therefore, resume and complete them by adding to them one of the last letters to M. de Beaumont, dated

“TOCQUEVILLE, 27th Feb., 1858.

“I cannot tell you, my dear friend, how much your last letter has interested me, and how entirely I agree with most of your observations, among others with that on the value of liberty. Like you, I have never been more entirely convinced that liberty alone can give to human society in general, and to the individuals which compose it in particular, all the prosperity and all the greatness of which our race is capable. Every day confirms me more in this belief; my own observations, the lapse of life, the recollections of history, the events of the present day, foreign nations, our own, all combine to give to these opinions of our youth the force of absolute conviction. That liberty is the *sine quâ non* to form a great and virile nation, is to my mind evidence itself. On this point I have a faith which I should be glad to have on many others.

“But how difficult it is to establish liberty firmly in nations which have lost the use, and even the true conception of it! How powerless are institutions when they are not fostered by the ideas and habits of the people! I have always thought that to make France a free nation (in the true sense of the word)—that enterprise to which we have devoted our lives to the extent of our small abilities—I have always thought, I say, that this enterprise was a grand but a rash one. I think it every day more rash, but more grand also; and so much so, that were I to be born again, I should still prefer to risk everything in this hazardous undertaking rather than to bow under a necessity to serve. Will others be more fortunate than we have

been? I know not; but I ask myself whether in our time we shall see in France a free nation, at least what you and I mean by the word. That does not mean that we shall not see revolutions. Nothing, believe me, is settled. An unforeseen circumstance, a new turn given to affairs, any accident whatsoever, may bring on extraordinary events to force every man from his retreat. It was to that I alluded in my last letter, and not to the establishment of regular liberty. But what makes me fear that nothing will for a long time make us free, is that we have not the desire to be so. . . . Not indeed that I am one of those who say that we are a decrepit and corrupt nation, destined to perpetual servitude. Those who, with this notion, exhibit the vices of the Roman Empire, and complacently imagine that we are to reproduce them on a smaller scale, are people who seem to me to live in books and not in the reality of their age. We are not a decrepit nation, but a nation worn and terrified by anarchy. We are wanting in the sound and lofty conception of freedom; but we are worth more than our present destiny. We are not yet ripe for the definitive and regular establishment of despotism; and the Government will find this out if ever it attains sufficient security to discourage conspiracies, to cause the anarchical parties to drop their arms, and to crush them from the scene. The Government would then be astonished, in the hey-day of its triumph, to find a stratum of bitterness and opposition beneath that layer of obsequious followers who now seem to cover the surface of France. I sometimes think that the only chance of seeing a strong love of liberty revive in France is in the tranquil and apparently definitive establishment of absolute power. Observe the working of all our revolutions; it can now be described with great precision. The experience of seventy years has proved that the people *alone* cannot make a revolution; as long as that necessary element of revolutions works alone, it is powerless. It does not become irresistible till a portion of the educated classes has joined it; and these classes will only lend their moral support or their material coöperation to the people when they cease to fear it. Hence it is that, at the very moment when each of the Governments we have had in the last sixty years appeared to be the strongest, it caught the disease by which it was to perish. The Restoration began to die the day when nobody talked any longer of killing it; and so with the July monarchy. I think it will be so with the present Government. Paul [M. de Beaumont's youngest son, then a child] will tell me if I mistake.” (P. 490.)

There has not been any time since the establishment of the Imperial Govern-

ment, at which this language was so likely to arrest the attention of the French people as the present. The signs of the times, especially in the recent elections, indicate a spirit very different from the apathy of abject submission and indifference which seemed to have emasculated France. On almost every point of the country—in the choice of representatives, in the choice of the *conseils généraux*, and in the municipal elections—the Government finds its nominations energetically disputed and not unfrequently defeated. If at this moment the Legislative Assembly were reelected, the Opposition would be represented in it by at least a powerful minority, and if that Opposition is not already in the Chamber, it is out of doors, in spite of all the persecution and restrictions which have been laid on the exercise of the most legitimate electoral rights. The machinery by which universal suffrage was converted for a time into a toy for prefects and ministers to play with, and an instrument to crush the real intelligence of the people, is worn out. There is once more a voice and a will in that ballot-box; and that voice condemns the Imperial Government. As M. de Tocqueville observed in 1858, it is by *facts* alone, and not by arguments, that the true character of the Government is known—facts such as the state of the finances, the Mexican war, the restrictions of the Press, the prosecution and punishment of electoral committees, are gradually bringing back light to the French nation, and when “light breaks in, the nation will judge.” In spite of many errors of judgment and of conduct, we do not dispute the services which the Emperor Napoleon III. has rendered to France, and we do not question that his popularity is still undiminished with the great majority of the nation. But that popularity cannot cover all the shortcomings and abuses of his Government; and dependent as it is on his personal authority, the idea of the termination of his reign is becoming as much an object to the timid, and of perplexity to the wavering, as the incoherent threats of anarchy. For what would he leave behind him? A Government composed of men

for the most part profoundly discredited—a youthful heir—a regent perhaps, who, both as a foreigner and a woman, has hardly had justice done her by the French people—and, on the other hand, a rising tide of liberal feeling, more and more disposed to demand institutions which shall give the nation security for the future and a real voice in its affairs. There is not a man among the most devoted adherents of the Empire who does not view this state of things with undisguised apprehension; and there is probably not a man who would counsel and abet the Emperor in an attempt to repeat the blow which he dealt so successfully in 1851 to an effete Assembly and a terrified community. There is, as it appears to us, but one course to be pursued with any prospect of security to the Imperial dynasty and of tranquillity to France; and that course is to accept the progress of liberal opinions. It would not be very difficult, even with the existing institutions of the Empire, to transform the present absolutism of the sovereign into a system of government which might afford a moderate and reasonable satisfaction to the country. The Imperial Government, though extremely arbitrary, and irresponsible to any organized body in the State, has never failed to acknowledge its democratic origin, and to exercise its power with some regard to the prevailing sentiments of the people. It will be well for its own sake if it follow the same course now. It is not by resistance or repression that the Empire can regain the ground that it is losing. The language even of its harshest judges and keenest enemies deserves its serious attention; and if France is again to be saved from another of those periodical convulsions which may even now be approaching, like a storm on the furthest limit of the horizon, it will be by timely concessions to the reviving energy of the nation.

At such a moment, the voice of M. de Tocqueville, in his ardent love of freedom, will not be unheard or without influence, and we shall be curious to learn what answer will be made to this posthumous appeal of a great thinker and a great patriot.

London Society.

THE BOOK OF PERFUMES.*

WHEN the idealist turns his attention to the human senses, those inlets that admit the various emanations of the outer world to the sensorium, he gives them but a secondary place in his regard. To him they are not an end but a means, vehicles of thought, or rather of the rude materials whence thought is ultimately elaborated. No doubt as one kind of vehicle or one mode of transit may be better than another in forwarding his ideas to that mysterious laboratory of the mind, he may occasionally prefer their passage through and conveyance to that of another. One kind of sensations may come to him better through the eye than through the ear, as Horace tells us; and another may come handier by touch than by smell; but he does not prepare them in the outer world and send them on, he takes them just as they do come, and passes them through an alembic of his own to distil his mental essences. An artist of another kind takes his stand in the outer world, and combines his essences for the solace and gratification of the senses themselves. All the various sounds of nature are combined harmoniously to soothe the ear, her colors blent to please the eye; the food that must be taken is so prepared as to give its passing contribution of pleasure to the palate, and among the nicest, keenest, and most delicate of our sensual gratifications must be reckoned those agreeable feelings impressed upon the olfactories by odoriferous emanations. As, therefore, all the gifts and bounties of nature in their elemental condition are meant for our good, so each artist in his several sphere who combines and arranges them so as to bestow and express their best influences upon man, is, to that extent, his benefactor. A work has just now appeared, written by a practical operator in that department of chemistry that concerns itself in the development, analysis, and combination of the various aromas latent in the animal and vegetable world, a perusal of which will afford as much pleasure to the cultivated mind as any of the essences detailed in it may give to the olfactory sense. It is profess-

edly an illustration of the art of perfumery; but the great body of the work, as indeed the author confesses, is more a history of perfumery from the earliest times to the present day, consisting altogether of twelve chapters: nine of them are taken up in tracing the history of odoriferous compounds through the various nations of the Egyptians, Jews, Asiatics, Greeks, Romans, Orientals, and Moderns. The work, however, more properly divides itself into four grand sections; the first containing a short analysis of the physiology of odors; then the principal feature of the work, their history; thirdly, a short description of the various modes in use for extracting the essences of plants and flowers, and concluding with a summary of the principal fragrant materials used in our manufactures.

Among other beneficial influences arising from the contact of sweet odors upon the nervous system, and thence transmitted to the brain, the writer alleges a mental and even a moral benefit to accrue. To make this assertion good, however, would open up too large a field of metaphysical speculation. One may say, in general, that it is not the mere reception of any of the soothing influences, either of nature or art, that necessarily inspires the feeling of gratitude any more than the act of bestowing alms naturally evokes it in the recipient. It is, perhaps, therefore more strictly a poetical than a spiritual influence the author paints in opening his volume, when he says, beautifully enough:

"Who has not felt revived and cheered by the balmy fragrance of the luxuriant garden or the flowery meadow? Who has not experienced the delightful sensation caused by inhaling a fresh breeze loaded with the spoils of the flowery tribe, that sweet south so beautifully described by Shakespeare, as

'Breathing o'er a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.'

"An indescribable emotion then invades the whole being; the soul becomes melted in sweet rapture, and silently offers up the homage of its gratitude to the Creator for the blessings showered upon us, while the tongue slowly murmurs with Thomson:

* By EUGENE RIMMEL.

'Soft roll your manse herbs and fruits and flowers;
In mingled clouds to them whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes, and whose pencil paints.'"

There is, however, less doubt about its power over some of the faculties of the mind, especially the memory, in recalling long past scenes and emotions.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, Zimmerman, and other authors say that the sense of smell is the sense of imagination. There is no doubt that pleasant perfumes exercise a cheering influence on the mind, and easily become associated with our remembrances. Sounds and scents share alike the property of refreshing the memory and recalling vividly before us the scenes of our past life, an effect which Thomas Moore beautifully illustrates in his "Lalla Rookh":

"The young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flower as by a spell,
The Elcazar and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy,
Sees called up round her by those magic scents,
The well, the camel, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes e'en its sorrows back again."

Tennyson expresses the same feeling in his dream of "Fair Woman":

"The smell of violets hidden in the green
Poured back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame."

The art of the perfumer is like that of other arts, an endeavor to copy Nature. "He strives to imitate the fragrance of all flowers which are rebellious to his skill, and refuse to yield up their essence. Is he not, then, entitled to claim the name of Artist, if he approaches, even faintly, the perfections of his charming models?"

In effecting a classification of all the various odors in the art of perfumery, a wonderful example of the power of habit or tracing of a special faculty is given. The late lamented Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, wrote a work on *Color Blindness*, proving that many people have eyes, but see not, or only see without being able to distinguish between the various tints and hues by which nature is so richly adorned. Our author, as

may be inferred from his motto,* seems to think the same thing as to some of our noses, or if we have that useful organ physically appended, it might to all the intents and purposes of perfumery have been as well dispensed with. But it is a good thing that Nature ever makes compensation for any such defect in one individual by its superabundance of possession in another. It is said of Coleridge, the poet, that when passing through the streets of Cologne, he endeavored to reckon up all the different kinds of smell pervading that town, and found, or said he found, them to amount to seventy-two in number. Surely, if he possessed a nasal talent so acute as this he was more naturally intended for a perfumer than a poet. Admitting, however, some poetic license in this enumeration, no doubt a perfumer's nose by constant practice must have its perceptions wonderfully quickened; and as a practical man, our author's new classification, even though running counter to some of the fathers in botany, must be admitted to be good authority.

"Linnæus, the father of modern botanical science, divided them into seven classes, three of which only were pleasant odors—the aromatic, the fragrant, and the ambrosial; but however good his general divisions may have been, this classification was far from correct, for he placed carnation with laurel leaves and saffron with jasmine, than which nothing can be more dissimilar. Fourcroy divided them into five series, and De Haller into three. All these were however, more theoretical than practical; and none classified odors by their resemblance to each other. I have attempted to make a new classification, comprising only pleasant odors, by adopting the principle that, as there are primary colors from which all secondary shades are composed, there are also primary odors with perfect types, and that all other aromas are connected more or less with them."

It was a very common opinion among some of the ancient doctors, as Creton, Hippocrates, and others, that perfumes had a medicinal effect in curing certain diseases, especially those of a nervous kind. Pliny even ascribes therapeutic

* "Non enique datum est habere nasum."

properties to various aromatic substances. Our modern doctors, on this, as on so many other points, disagree; some maintaining the curative power of certain medicated perfumes, others denying any such influence. Our author denies both sides of the question in the abstract, but rather, if anything, inclines to the opinion that in "moderation" they are beneficial.

Another popular fallacy he demolishes regarding flowers in a sleeping-room, which many will, no doubt, be pleased to hear.

"It is true that flowers, if left in a sleeping apartment all night, will sometimes cause headache and sickness; but this proceeds, not from the diffusion of their aroma, but from the carbonic acid they evolve during the night. If a perfume extracted from these flowers were left open in the same circumstances, no evil effect would arise from it. All that can be said is, that some delicate people may be effected by certain odors; but the same person to whom a musky scent would give a headache might derive much relief from a perfume with a citrine basis. Imagination has, besides, a great deal to do with the supposed noxious effects of perfumes. Dr. Cloquet, who may be deemed an authority on this subject, of which he made a special study, says in his able *Treatise on Olfaction*, 'We must not forget that there are many effeminate people to be found in the world who imagine that perfumes are injurious to them, but their example cannot be adduced as a proof of the bad effects of odors. Thus Dr. Thomas Cappellini relates the story of a lady who fancied she could not bear the smell of a rose, and fainted on receiving the visit of a friend who carried one, and yet the fatal flower was only artificial.'"

In the historical parts of this work, extending over nine of its longest chapters, there is doubtless much that is far from new. The reader whose classical studies have extended any considerable way into the history of those early nations, must be familiar with most of what is there detailed; but to the non-classical, and to ladies generally, whose educational readings may not have tended in that direction, the representation there given of ancient manners and customs, interspersed with many

pleasing anecdotes well fitted in, and the whole so richly redolent of perfume, must have a peculiar charm. The writer's own account of it is, that it is a piece of mosaic work, and we are bound to add that it is well put together, and the colors harmoniously blent. One sometimes wonders on reading some parts of it, how its author, who has achieved some fame as an operative perfumer and inventor of new compounds, can have found time to travel away so far from his laboratory collecting so much of the lore of antiquity as adheres to his artistic details. The style, too, is that of a practiced pen, light and perspicuous; and to say it is readable is not enough—it is most interesting. We learn from these descriptive illustrations, confirmed by the records of ancient writers and the numerous implements found intact in the tombs, that perfumes were extensively consumed in Egypt, and applied to three distinct purposes—offerings to the gods, embalming the dead, and uses in private life.

"It was, however, in their grand religious processions that they made the most luxurious display of perfumes. In one of those, described as having taken place under one of the Ptolemies, marched one hundred and twenty children bearing incense, myrrh, and saffron in golden basins, followed by a number of camels, some carrying three hundred pounds weight of frankincense, and others a similar quantity of crocus, cassia, cinnamon, orris, and other precious aromatics."

The Egyptian belief in the transmigration of souls is thought to be one of the reasons for the very great care they took in embalming the bodies of their dead; that after having concluded their long journey, the souls might find their original envelopes in a tolerable state of preservation. Looking upon any of those shrivelled relics stretched out in mournful state in the British Museum, our mind naturally recurs to the lines—

"And thou hast walked about—how strange
a story!"

In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous."

But we are here also reminded of the

account given by Herodotus regarding the mode and operation by which the mummy was made up. "They first extracted the brains through the nostrils by means of a curved iron probe, and filled the head with drugs. Then making an incision in the side with a sharp Ethiopian stone, they drew out the intestines, and inserted into the cavity powdered myrrh, cassia, and other perfumes, frankincense excepted. After sewing up the body, they kept it in natron for seventy days, and then wrapped it up entirely with bands of fine linen smeared with gum, and laid it in a wooden case made in the shape of a man, which they placed upright against the wall."

"The taste for perfumes and cosmetics went on increasing in Egypt until the time of Cleopatra, when it may be said to have reached its climax. This luxurious queen made a lavish use of aromatics, and it was one of the means of seduction she brought into play at her first interview with Mark Antony on the banks of the Cydnus, which is so beautifully described by Shakespeare."

The Jews, from their long captivity in Egypt, brought back with them into their own country a knowledge of perfumery. Long before that time, however, they had probably discovered the aromatic properties of some of their native gums, and prompted by that natural instinct to which I have already alluded, they had offered those fragrant treasures on the altars raised to their God. Thus we find Noah, on issuing from the Ark, expressing his gratitude to the Almighty for his wonderful preservation by a sacrifice of burnt offerings composed of every clean beast and every clean fowl. It is true that Genesis does not mention incense as having formed part of the holocaust; but the very words that follow—"and the Lord smelled a sweet savor," may lead us to assume that such was the case.

The purification of women, as ordained by law, caused also a great consumption of aromatics. It lasted a whole year, the first six months being accomplished with oil of myrrh, and the rest with other sweet odors. Perfumes were also one of the means of seduction resorted to by Judith when she went forth to seek Holofernes in his tent and

liberate her people from his oppression. But the most complete description of the various aromatics used by the Jews is to be found in the Song of Solomon, in which the frequent mention of perfumes made in it shows that they must have been well known and appreciated at the Jewish Court. The common account given of the death of Sardanapalus is perhaps the most striking instance among the Assyrians of their passion for perfumes. This account is, however, disputed by some historians; but the fact of his passion for cosmetics and perfumes is well enough known; and even the account of Dures and other historians given of the manner of his death, agrees with it. They say that "Arbaces, one of his generals, having gone to visit Sardanapalus, found him painted with vermilion and clad in female garb. He was just in the act of pencilling his eyebrows when Arbaces entered, and the general was so indignant at the effeminacy of the monarch that he stabbed him on the spot. The Persians borrowed from the Medes their taste for perfumes and cosmetics. Such was their predilection for perfumes that they usually wore on their heads crowns made of myrrh and a sweet-smelling plant called labyzus. In the palaces of monarchs and individuals of rank aromatics were constantly burning in richly-wrought vessels, a custom of which we find an illustration in the sculptures of Persepolis."

The greatest admirer of perfumes among ancient Asiatic monarchs seems to have been Antiochus Epiphanes, or the Illustrious, king of Syria. At all his feasts, games, and processions, perfumes held the first place.

"The king was once bathing in the public baths when some private person, attracted by the fragrant odor which he shed around, accosted him, saying, 'You are a happy man, O king; you smell in a most costly manner.' Antiochus, being much pleased with the remark, replied, 'I will give you as much as you can desire of this perfume.' The king then ordered a large ewer of thick unguent to be poured over his head, and a multitude of poor people soon collected around him to gather what was spilled. This caused the king infinite amusement, but it made the place so greasy that he slipped and fell on his back in a most

undignified manner, which put an end to his merriment."

Among the Greeks, who had that peculiar taste for immortalizing and worshipping everything that was pleasing and grateful to the senses, it is not to be wondered at that they ascribed a divine origin to perfumes. In other cases they invested the attributes of their deities with odoriferous attractions. The apparition of a goddess is never mentioned without speaking of the ambrosial fragrance which she shed around her; and as they revelled in nectar and ambrosia—a kind of food unknown to mortals—so had they also specially reserved for their use some of the most delicious perfumes. At all the religious festivals of the Greeks we know that aromatics were consumed in large quantities, and no Mohammedan Paradise can surpass their Elysium. There they were to find a golden aty, with emerald ramparts, ivory pavement, and cinnamon gates. Around the walls flowed a river of perfumes one hundred cubits in width, and deep enough to swim in. From this river rose an odorous mist, which enveloped the whole place and shed a refreshing and fragrant dew. There were to be besides in this fortunate city three hundred and sixty-five fountains of honey and five hundred of the sweetest essence. A portion of this heavenly fragrance was also sometimes dispensed on earth to some *protégé*, as a mark of great favor. "Thus, when Penelope prepares to receive her suitors, Eurynome advises her to dispel her grief and diffuse 'the grace of unction over her cheeks;' but the virtuous matron refused. Pallas, however, visits her during her slumbers, and sheds over her some wonderful perfume, which was probably called in those times 'the Venus bouquet.'" "Phaon, the Lesbian pilot, having once conveyed in his vessel to Cyprus a mysterious passenger, whom he discovers to be Venus, receives from the goddess, as a parting gift, a divine essence, which changes his coarse face into the most beautiful features. Poor Sappho, who sees him after his transformation, becomes smitten with his charms, but finding her love unrequited, is driven to seek a watery grave." This miracle, says our author, beats all the vaunted achievements of modern perfumery, even

including the "patent enamelling process," which, if applied to gentlemen, would not, I am afraid, attract many Sapphos. Perfumers' shops in Greece were the resort of loungers, as modern cafés are in the south of Europe. "Even the tattered cynic, Diogenes, did not disdain to enter them now and then, leaving his tub at the door; but with a praiseworthy spirit of economy, he always applied the ointments he bought to his feet; for, as he justly observed to the young sparks, who mocked him for his eccentricity, "When you anoint your head with perfume it flies away into the air, and the birds only get the benefit of it; while I rub it only on my lower limbs it envelops my whole body, and gratefully ascends to my nose." What young Grecian belle, whose radiant beauty might be marred by some disfiguring spot or speckle, could fail to believe in the curative power of sweet odors on hearing of an effect like this on one of her countrywomen? "Mito, a fair young maiden, the daughter of an humble artisan, was in the habit of depositing every morning garlands of fresh flowers in the temple of Venus, her poverty preventing her from indulging in richer offerings. Her splendid beauty was once nearly destroyed by a tumor which grew on her chin; but she saw in a dream the goddess, who told her to apply to it some of the roses from her altar. She did so, and recovered her charms so completely that she eventually sat on the Persian throne as the favorite wife of Cyrus."

Our ladies of the present day would no doubt rebel against any such arbitrary edict as would compel them to wear their garments in one particular manner, or according to a certain legal cut. More arbitrary than the law of fashion, however, it could not be; and were the former to override the latter sometimes in this respect, as in the case of those enormous amplitudes now so prevalent in female attire, it may be a question whether it would not be for the better. Such was the case, at least, at Athens. "The cares and duties of the toilet were deemed of such importance, that a tribunal was instituted to decide on all matters of dress. And a woman whose *peplon* or mantle was not of correct cut, or whose head dress was neglected, was

liable to a fine which varied according to the offence, and sometimes reached the high sum of a thousand drachmæ."

The Romans, in the art of perfumery, as in almost every other art but that of war, were the copyists of the Greeks. It was long, indeed, before the effeminating and luxurious fashions of the latter made progress among them, and when they did, it was more in the decline of their power than in their rising greatness. Nevertheless, among the upper classes and the refined, their use was largely resorted to. In their baths and dining chambers the richest and most costly perfumes were abundant. Three kinds were principally used—solid unguents, liquid unguents, and powdered perfumes. One of those most in favor with the Romans was saffron; they had not only their apartments and banqueting halls strewn with this plant, but they also composed with it unguents and essences, which were highly prized. "Some of the latter were often made to flow in small streams at their entertainments, or to descend in odorous dews over the public from the velarium forming the roof of the amphitheatre." In addition to their liquid essences and unguents, they also made use of an immense variety of cosmetics for improving and preserving the complexion. These, according to Pliny, who describes their preparation, were certain kinds of pastes or poultices, that were kept on the fire all night, and part of the day; some, indeed, only removed them for the purpose of going out, alluded to by Juvenal, in one of his Satires, where he says, "A Roman husband seldom sees his wife's face at home, but when she sallies forth." Another device, besides poulticing, was tried by Poppæa, the wife of Nero, "who used to bathe in asses' milk every day, and when she was exiled from Rome, obtained permission to take with her fifty asses to enable her to continue her favorite ablutions." Our author devotes some pages of his work at the end of each chapter, on the Roman and Greek periods, detailing the different modes in use of dressing the hair then prevalent, which may possibly have an interest to some, but seems rather apart from the general object of his work. It does not appear, however, amid all their elaborations for that purpose, that they had

reached our climax in hairdressing by machinery.

Among the Orientals, in all times of their history, a taste for perfumes has prevailed, and at the present day all classes seek to gratify it. "It is cultivated among ladies, who, caring little or nothing for mental acquirements, and debarred from the pleasures of society, are driven to resort to such sensual enjoyments as their secluded life will afford. They love to be in an atmosphere redolent with fragrant odors, that keep them in a state of dreamy languor, which is for them the nearest approach to happiness. Many are the cosmetics brought into use to enhance their charms, and numerous are the slaves who lend their assistance to perform that important task, some correcting with a whitening paste the over-warm tint of the skin, some replacing with an artificial bloom the faded roses of the complexion." A deduction is here made by Mr. Rimmel, which is perhaps rather ambiguous, and certainly seems to be opposed to most common notions of beautifying the person by artificial means. After describing the "red-tipped fingers" and "darkened eyelids" of these fair creatures, he says: "And it may fairly be presumed that the constant cares which they bestow upon themselves have the effect of increasing and preserving their beauty." We had thought that all such face adornments spoiled the natural complexion, and it is perhaps hardly what the author means, for an extract is given from the traveller Sonnini, that more alludes to the benefits of "bathing" and "cleanliness," which are doubtless good beauty preservers, than to any other superficial device. The answer given by Beau Brummel to the person who asked him what perfume he used for his linen, showed a good appreciation of Nature's own cosmetics, in the general make-up of his appointments—"Country air and country washing," said the Beau. These Oriental dames, or any other ladies desirous of arresting the ravages of time, and preserving their charms, would also perhaps find this as good a recipe for that purpose as any other artificial cosmetic. "Good airing" was indeed an especial requisite in many things with Brummel. He never went out in the morning until the day was well aired.

It is a very common but true analogy that is so often drawn between the infancy of man and the infancy of a nation. In both, the faculties are undirected and unexpanded; in the former from their own natural imperfection, and in the latter from the want of suitable objects for their development. The olfactories of children are not nice in their discrimination, and those of any untutored people show equally fantastic preferences, and perhaps would select some of the most rancid smells to the finest productions in the perfumer's laboratory. Such was the case in the early stages of our own history in this country. "The Druids knew, however, and highly prized the numerous aromatic plants indigenous to the soil. Druidesses crowned their brows with verbena, and composed with fragrant herbs mysterious balms which cured the heroes' wounds, and enhanced the charms of the fair." The Roman conquest introduced the graceful costumes and elaborate cosmetics of Italy, and the provinces soon rivalled the metropolis in elegance and refinement. Barbarism, however, again supervened, and "perfumes did not come into general use in England until the reign of Elizabeth. In the fifteenth year of her reign the Earl of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bags, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things, and that year the queen had a pair of perfumed gloves. She took such pleasure in these gloves, that she was pictured with them upon her hands, and for many years afterward it was called the Earl of Oxford's perfume. On another occasion, when visiting the University of Cambridge, she was presented with a pair of perfumed gloves, and was so delighted with them that she put them on at once. She also usually carried with her a pomander, which was a ball composed of ambergris, benzoin, and other perfumes, and with the gift of a 'faire gyrdle of pomander,' which was a series of pomanders strung together and worn around the neck. These pomanders were supposed to be preservatives from infection."

The manufacture for extracting the aroma of flowers and plants is carried on chiefly in the south of France, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Algeria, India—in fact, wherever the climate gives to flowers

and plants that intensity of odor necessary for a profitable extraction."

The proposal to cultivate flowers in England for perfumery purposes has ever been found impracticable. "However beautiful in form and color they may be, they do not possess the intensity of odor required for extraction, and the greater part of those used in France for perfumery would only grow here in hot-houses. The only flower which could be had in abundance would be the rose, but the smell of it is faint compared with that of the Southern rose; and the rosewater made in this country can never equal the French in strength. If we add to this the shortness of the flowering season, and the high price of land and labor, we may arrive at the conclusion that such a speculation would be as bad as that of attempting to make wine from English grapes. The only perfumery ingredients in which England really excels are lavender and peppermint; but that is owing to the very cause which would militate against the success of other flowers in this country, for our moist and moderate climate gives those two plants the mildness of fragrance for which they are prized, while in France and other warm countries they grow strong and rank."

The four processes in use for extracting the aroma from fragrant substances are distillation, expression, maceration, and absorption. Grasse, Cannes, and Nice, all in the south of France, are the principal towns where the maceration and absorption processes are carried on, and above a hundred houses are engaged in these operations, and in the distillation of essential oils, giving employment during the flower season to ten thousand people. The manufacture of scents, soaps, cosmetics, and other toilet requisites is carried on chiefly in London and Paris, which may be called the headquarters, of perfumery, and the emporium for all other parts of the world. The products of Germany, Russia, Spain, and the United States are mostly counterparts of the London and Paris manufacturers.

The principal manufactories of toilet soap are in London, where there are about sixty into which female labor has been introduced for nearly twenty years. The English toilet soaps are the very

best that are made. The French come next, and those of Germany are the worst.

In concluding his chapter on the commerce of perfumes, Mr. Rimmel offers a few words of advice to ladies on the choice of their perfumes and cosmetics, which, coming from so competent an authority, cannot but be thankfully received. "The selection of a perfume is entirely a matter of taste; and I should no more presume to dictate to a lady which scent she should choose than I would to an epicure what wine he is to drink; and yet I may say to the nervous, use simple extracts of flowers, which can never hurt you, in preference to compounds, which generally contain musk and other ingredients likely to affect the head. Above all avoid strong, coarse perfumes, and remember, that if a woman's temper may be told from her handwriting, her good taste and good breeding may as easily be ascertained by the perfume she uses. While a lady charms us with the delicate ethereal fragrance she sheds around her, aspiring vulgarity will as surely betray itself by a *mouchoir* redolent of common perfumes.

"Hair preparations are like medicines, and must be varied according to the consumer. For some, pomatum is preferable; for others, oil; while some again require neither, and should use hair washes or lotions. A mixture of lime-juice and glycerine has lately been introduced, and has met with great success, for it clears the hair from pellicles, the usual cause of premature baldness. For all these things, however, personal experience is the best guide.

"Soap is an article of large consumption, and some people cannot afford to pay much for it; yet I would say avoid *very cheap* soaps, which irritate the skin, owing to the excess of alkali which they contain. Good soaps are now manufactured at a very moderate price by the principal London perfumers, and ought to satisfy the most economical. White, yellow, and brown are the best colors to select.

"Tooth-powders are preferable to tooth-pastes. The latter may be pleasanter to use, but the former are certainly more beneficial.

"Lotions for the complexion require,

of all other cosmetics, to be carefully prepared. Some are composed with mineral poisons, which render them dangerous to use, although they may be effectual in curing certain skin diseases. There ought to be always a distinction made between those intended for healthy skins and those that are to be used for cutaneous imperfections; besides, the latter may be easily removed without having recourse to any violent remedies.

"Paints for the face I cannot conscientiously recommend. Rouge is innocuous in itself, being made of cochineal and safflower; but whites are often made of deadly poisons, such as cost poor Zelgar his life a few months since. The best white ought to be made of mother-of-pearl, but it is not often so prepared. To professional people, who cannot dispense with these, I must recommend great care in their selection; but to others I would say, cold water, fresh air, and exercise are the best recipes for health and beauty, for no borrowed charms can equal those of

'A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted.'

"The materials of perfumery may be divided according to their nature into twelve series—animal, floral, herbal, andropogon, citrine, spicy, ligneous, radical, seminal, balmy or resinous, fruity, and artificial.

"The animal series comprises only three substances—musk, civet, and ambergris. Musk is a secretion found in a pocket or pod under the belly of the musk deer, a ruminant which inhabits the higher mountain ranges of China, Thibet, and Tonquin: the male alone yields the celebrated perfume, the best coming from Tonquin. The odor of musk is also to be found, though in a less degree, in the musk ox, the musk rat, and musk duck. A musky fragrance likewise occurs in some vegetables, as the well-known yellow-flowered musk-plant, but its intensity is not sufficient for extraction.

"Civet is the glandular secretion of an animal of the feline tribe, found in Africa and India.

"Ambergris is now ascertained to be generated by the large-headed sperm-ceti whale, and is the result of a diseased state of the animal, which either throws

up the morbid substance, or dies of the malady and is eaten up by other fishes. In either case it becomes loose, and is picked up floating on the sea or worked ashore.

"The floral series includes all flowers available for perfumery purposes—hitherto limited to eight—jasmine, rose, orange, tuberose, cassia, violet, jonquil, and narcissus. Of all these the rose is queen—the queen of flowers—but to the perfumer deriving its principal charm from the delicious fragrance with which Nature has endowed it. He obtains from it an essential oil, a distilled water, a perfumed oil, and a pomade. Even its withered leaves are rendered available to form the ground of sachet powder, for they retain their scent for a considerable time.

"The violet is one of the most charming odors in nature. It is a scent which pleases all, even the most delicate and nervous, and it is no wonder that it should be in such universal request.

"Lavender was extensively used by the Romans in their baths, whence its name, from *lavare*, 'to wash.' It is a nice clean scent and an old and deserving favorite. The best lavender is grown at Mitcham in Surrey, and at Hitchen in Hertfordshire. Mr. James Bridges, the largest English distiller of lavender and peppermint, has three gigantic stills in operation at Mitcham, each able to contain about one thousand gallons."

The *Book of Perfumes* is a work that owes its existence to the Society of Arts and the Great Exhibition. Mr. Rimmel was called upon by the former to prepare a paper on the Art of Perfumery, its History and Commercial Development; and to qualify himself for the task, he says he had to devour a huge pile of big books, in order to see how the ancients ministered to the gratification of the olfactory senses. Then two years later being called upon by the jury of the Exhibition to draw up the official report of the perfumery class, he thus gained so complete an insight into the world of sweet smells that he was induced to publish in the *Englishwoman's Magazine* a series of articles on the subject. Hence the nucleus of the work. That it has grown to its present size, and contains so much that is readable, interesting, and instructive is a boon to the public; and while

every person of taste or smell must greatly enjoy a perusal of it, not without much fresh information on many subjects, it ought to be an especial favorite with the ladies. It is got up in drawing-room style, containing about two hundred and fifty illustrations by Bourdelan, Thomas, and other good artists; and as it now lies before the writer of these remarks, exhales from every page the richest aromas of the author's own exquisite invention—the odoriferous *millefleurs*.

THE CUP: A FAIRY TALE.*

TO MY FRIEND, ALEXANDER MANCEAU.

"THERE are three things which God cannot possibly fail to accomplish: what is most beneficial, what is most necessary, what is most beautiful for everything."—*Mystère des Bardes*, tr. 7.

BOOK II.

I.

HOWEVER, when Zilla returned to the valley, everything seemed changed. The air seemed less pure, the flowers less beautiful, the clouds less brilliant. She was surprised that forgetfulness did not come to her, and made many incantations to invoke it. Forgetfulness did not come, and the fairy reflected more than she had ever done before. She concealed her dissatisfaction from her sisters and the Queen, but however much she might sing to the stars and dance in the dew, her joy in life did not return.

II.

Weeks and months passed without lessening her restlessness. At first she had believed that Herman would return; but he returned not, and she was troubled at it. The Queen said to her: "What matters it what has become of him? Perhaps he is dead, and you ought to wish that he were. Death effaces memory." Zilla felt the word *death* fall upon her like a pang. She was astonished, and said to the Queen: "Why do we not know what becomes of the soul after death?"

* By M^{me}. GEORGE SAND. Translated for THE ECLECTIC from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

III.

"Zilla," replied the Queen, "do not dream. We shall never know it; men cannot teach it to us. They know it only after life is over, and we, to whom it is never over, can neither imagine where they go, nor hope ever to re-join them." "Will this world, then, last forever?" replied Zilla, "and are we condemned never to see and possess anything else?" "Such is the law which we have accepted, my sister. We shall exist while the earth exists, and if it perishes, we shall perish with it."

IV.

"O Queen, will men then survive it?" "Their souls will never perish." "Then they are the true immortals, and we are but ephemera in the abyss of eternity." "You have said it, Zilla. We learned that when we drank the cup—have you forgotten it?" "I was young then, and the glory of conquering death intoxicated me. Then I did as others did. The word *future* had no meaning to me; the present seemed to be eternity."

V.

"Whence, then, comes now this restlessness and curiosity?" asked the Queen. "I do not know," replied Zilla. "If I understood the unhappiness, I could tell how it came to me." Zilla had no sooner spoken these words than tears moistened her fine eyes, and the Queen looked at her with deep surprise; then she said: "I had foreseen that you would repent of giving up the child, but your sorrow exceeds my expectation. It must be that some misfortune has come to Herman, and that it reflects upon yourself."

VI.

"Queen," said Zilla, "I wish to know what has become of Herman." They made a charm. Zilla, intoxicated by the perfumes of the magic tripod, bent her lovely head like a dying lily, and the vision opened before her. She saw Herman in prison. He had been robbed of his money by thieves and traitors. Being hungry, he had stolen fruit, and was taken before a judge, who could not make him understand that when one has nothing to eat he must either work or die.

VII.

Another vision followed this. Herman, not having learned human justice, appeared again before the judge, who condemned him to be beaten with rods, and banished from the ducal residence. The indignant youth then declared that he was the son of the late duke, the elder brother of the reigning prince, the lawful heir to the crown which had fallen to his brother. Zilla believed him now to be safe. "Justice will be done to him," she thought. "He will be prince, and, as we have made him learned and good, his people will respect and cherish him."

VIII.

But another vision showed Herman accused of imposture and seditious plans, and condemned to death. Then the fairy awoke, hearing these words sounding from the distance, "*It will be to-morrow!*" Good magician as she was, she could not transport her body as quickly as her spirit. If fairies can pass over great distances, it is because they know no fatigue; but everything takes time, and now Zilla first comprehended the value of time.

IX.

"Give me wings!" she said to the Queen; but the Queen had never found out that. "Let me be borne in a rapid cloud;" but neither men nor fairies have discovered that. "Make the wind carry me through space." "You ask what is impossible," said the Queen. "Set out quickly and depend only upon yourself." Zilla started; she plunged into the torrent; she was borne along as if by lightning; but on reaching the plain she found herself in quiet water, and preferred to run.

X.

She was as swift as fairy could be, but never having had need of haste, and impelled by no feverish human energy, she was left behind by the pedestrians thronging to the city to see the impostor Herman, hung. Mortified at being outrun by stupid peasants, she hailed a well-mounted cavalier, and leaped up behind him. He smiled upon her beauty; but suddenly she vanished, and he thought he must have dreamed.

XI.

The horse, however, felt her, for she urged him to run, and the frightened animal reared so frantically that he threw his master. She thrust her eager heel into his side, and he ran a desperate race, at the end of which, his strength all spent, he fell dead at the gates of the city. Zilla took the cavalier's cloak, which still hung upon the saddle, and slipped into the crowd which rushed toward the scaffold.

XII.

The populace were furious, and threatened vengeance, when they were told that the impostor Herman had succeeded in escaping. They wished to hang in his stead the jailor, the keeper of the prison, and even the hangman, who did not give them the expected show. The chief of the police appeared on a balcony, and appeased the crowd by saying: "The impostor Herman has escaped us, but you shall have the show, all the same."

XIII.

And the heralds cried at the four corners of the palace: "The wretch who helped the condemned to escape you shall see hung without trial." The crowd clapped their hands and the hangman brought his rope; the victim was brought, and the fairy saw something wonderful. The saviour of Herman was no other than Master Bonus, who advanced calmly, committing his soul to God. "It is done," he said to the fairy, who approached him: "once I did not take good care of the prince, and I was condemned to the fire; to-day I have saved him, and behold the rope. I have fulfilled my destiny."

XIV.

Master Bonus, after the departure of his pupil, had wearied of the kingdom of the fairies; he had been ashamed of his cowardice, and had moreover thought to himself that the Prince Herman, being the lawful heir to the crown, would save him from the stake. Taking advantage of the neglect of the fairies in his desertion, he had started eight days previous, and had been able to enter the city unrecognized in his woman's apparel. There, learning that the prince was in prison, he went to the prince's guard.

XV.

He swore to him that Herman was his brother, and the reigning prince gave him permission to attempt an escape, on condition that they should both return to the fairy kingdom, and never disturb again the peace of the realm. Master Bonus saved Herman by giving him his robe and hood. He remained in prison, trusting that he would be safe on showing the safe-conduct of the reigning prince; but in the haste of changing clothes, he had left the paper in the pocket of his robe.

XVI.

And, without knowing it, Herman carried away this paper, while they proceeded to hang Master Bonus. Zilla resolved to save the old man, and, snapping her fingers, she struck down the executioner, who fell as if intoxicated, and could not be roused by the cries of the multitude. The guards, who tried to seize the fairy and the prisoner, were struck motionless, and all who offered to take their place were unable to shake off the stupor with which the magician fettered them.

XVII.

She conducted the old man to a forest, where, as he rested, he told her the route which Herman had supposed could be taken without risk, thanks to the safe-conduct. "Let us seek him," said Zilla; and they set out at once. After several days they found him in the territory of a neighboring prince, where he was felling and cutting up trees for a living. When he saw his friends, he threw down his axe, wishing to follow them.

XVIII.

But a young girl, who approached at this moment, arrested him with a glance more potent than that of all the fairies. She was only a poor barefooted girl, the servant of the head woodman, who had hired the prince as a journeyman. Daily she brought upon her head the bread and water which were Herman's midday meal. She went thus to serve the other laborers scattered through the forest, and never stopped to talk with them.

XIX.

She had scarcely exchanged a word

with Herman ; but their eyes had spoken. She was beautiful and modest. Herman was twenty years old, and had never loved. For three days he had loved poor Bertha, and when the fairy said, "Let us go," he replied, "Never, unless you will let me take this companion." "You will always be a fool," replied Zilla. "You have hardly passed one season among men. They have tried to kill you, and you pretend to love one of them."

XX.

"I pretend nothing," said Herman. "Yesterday I was about to die on the scaffold, and I cursed my race ; to-day I love this girl, and I feel that humanity is my family." "Do you not see," said the fairy, "that you will live here in servitude, toil, and misery ?" "I accept all evils, if I am so happy as to be loved." Zilla took the young girl aside, and asked her if she wished to be Herman's companion. She blushed and did not answer. "Consider," said the fairy, "that his kingdom is solitude."

XXI.

Bertha inquired if he were an exile. "Forever," said the fairy. "But are you not betrothed to him ?" The fairy smiled disdainfully. "Pardon me," said Bertha, "I wish to know whether he loves any one besides myself." The fairy saw that Bertha was jealous of her beauty, and it gratified her pride ; but the maiden wept, and Herman, hastening to her, said to the fairy : "Why do you grieve my beloved ? And if you do not wish to have her follow me, how can you hope that I shall follow you ?"

XXII.

"Come, then, both of you," said the fairy ; "but if you become tired of living among us with this companion, do not reckon upon my feeling any further interest in you." They set out, all four of them, for Master Bonus had now, more than ever, had enough of human society, and they returned to the Valley of the Fairies, where the marriage of Herman and Bertha was consecrated by the Queen ; and then the young pair went to live with Master Bonus in a beautiful wooden house which Herman built for them.

XXIII.

Then the fairies saw what a powerful thing is love in two pure hearts, and what happiness the two young people enjoyed in their solitude. Master Bonus resumed his woman's dress with eagerness, and his culinary functions with pride. Bertha, in her simplicity and humility, respected him, and admired his pastry work. Herman, since his tutor was devoted to him, pardoned his gluttony, and was very friendly to him.

XXIV.

He labored zealously in cultivating the earth, and in preparing the most pleasant conditions for the existence of his family ; for before long he had a son, then two, and afterwards a daughter, and at each gift of God his foresight increased, and his domain grew more beautiful. Bertha was so lovely that she gained the favor of Zilla and all the young fairies ; and, indeed, thenceforth Zilla loved Bertha more than Herman, and their children more than either.

XXV.

Zilla was no longer herself when she was with these children. The desire of being loved had become so strong that her sense of right was disturbed by it. One day she said to Bertha : "Give me your daughter. I want a soul which shall belong wholly to me. Herman has never loved me, notwithstanding all I have done for him." "You are mistaken, madam," said Bertha. "He has wished to cherish you as his mother ; it is you who have not loved him as your son."

XXVI.

"I could not so love him," replied the fairy. "I felt that he was longing for something, or aspiring to a tenderness with which I could not inspire him ; but your daughter will never feel this. She will regret no one. I will take her into our sacred places ; she shall never see any one but me, and I will have all her heart and all her mind to myself." "And will you love her as I love her ?" said Bertha ; "for you always speak of being loved, and never promise anything in return."

XXVII.

"What matters it whether I love her,"

said the fairy, "if I make her happy?" "Swear that you will love her passionately," cried Bertha in distrust, "or I swear that you shall not have her." The fairy went in anger to complain to the Queen. "These beings are senseless," she said. "They do not understand what we are to them. They are indebted to us for everything—safety, plenty, the offer of all the gifts of science and intellect. Ah, well, they do not willingly know anything about us. They fear us, perhaps, but they have no desire to love us unconditionally."

XXVIII.

"Zilla," said the Queen, "these beings are right. The most beautiful and precious thing they possess is the power of loving, and they feel that we have it not. We, who despise them, are tormented with the want of inspiring love, and the sight of their ephemeral joy disturbs the repose of our immortality. Why should we complain? We have wished to escape from the rigid laws of death; we escape from the sweet laws of life, and feel a deep and indefinable regret."

XXIX.

"Oh, my Queen," said Zilla, "behold you speak as if you had yourself felt this regret which is consuming me!" "I have long felt it," replied the Queen. "It has devoured me—but I am cured of it." "Tell me your secret," cried the young fairy. "I cannot, Zilla! It is terrible and would freeze you with fear. Bear your evil, and endeavor to forget it. Study the courses of the stars, and the wonders of the mysterious universe. Forget humanity, and hope not to establish relations with it."

XXX.

Zilla retired in fright; but shortly the Queen saw other young fairies come to her, who made the same complaint, and begged of her permission to go and steal children from among men. "Herman and Bertha are too happy," they said. "They possess these little beings, who wish to love no one but them, and who give us only tremblingly or distractedly their smiles and caresses. Herman and Bertha envy us nothing, while we envy them their happiness."

XXXI.

"It is a shame," said Regis, whose spite was the most ardent of all. "We have entertained these feeble and perishing beings, in order to have the pleasure of comparing their misery with our happiness, to smile at their weakness and labors, to amuse ourselves with them, in a word, while we enjoyed doing them good, the privilege and solace of power. And behold them braving us, and thinking themselves our superiors because they have children and love them!"

XXXII.

"Make us also capable of loving them, O Queen, who hast made us what we are! If thou art more wise and learned than we, prove it now by changing the nature which thou hast left incomplete. Take from us some of the privileges with which thou hast endowed our marvellous intelligence, and put into our hearts those treasures of tenderness which beings destined to die enjoy so arrogantly before our eyes."

XXXIII.

The elder fairies came in their turn, and declared that they would quit the kingdom, if the family of Herman were not chased from it; for they foresaw that his posterity would usurp the valley and the mountain, cultivate the earth, break the rocks, enchain the waters, vex, destroy, or subject the wild beasts, banish silence, violate the mystery of the desert, and render impossible the ceremonies, meditations, and studies of the learned and venerable fairies.

XXXIV.

"If you choose to form an alliance with the vile race," said old Trollia to the young fairies, "we cannot prevent you; but we have the right to separate from you, and seek some other really inaccessible sanctuary, where we can forget the existence of man, and live solely for ourselves, as is fit for superior beings. As to our Queen," she added, casting on her a menacing look, "keep her if you wish; we shake off her authority, and declare war against her."

XXXV.

The young fairies vehemently defended the Queen's authority. Those who were neither old nor young were divided,

and the council became so stormy that the frightened fairies fled through the valley, and Bertha said smilingly to Herman: "Do you hear those poor fairies abuse us? They roar like thunder and rage like the storm. It is very fine to be able to do everything they wish, but they do not know how to be happy like us. If they go on quarrelling like this, they will tear down the mountain."

XXXVI.

Herman was anxious about Zilla, whom he loved more than he liked to acknowledge. "I do not know what harm they can do her," he said; "I am not initiated into all their secrets; but I should like to know that she is safe from this tempest." "Go and seek her," said Bertha. "Ah, if she were able to understand that we love her! But it is her misfortune to speak of the hearts of others as a mole would speak of the stars. Try to pacify her. Tell her that if she wishes to live with us, I will lend her my children to divert her."

XXXVII.

"Nobody lends to fairies," thought Herman; "they want everything and give back nothing." He went up the mountain, and heard near at hand the clamor of the mad assembly; for these beings, who were devoted to a worship compelled by power and wisdom, had been seized with vertigo, and all demanded a change, upon the nature of which no two could agree. The Queen, firm and silent, allowed them to agitate themselves around her, like leaves in a whirlwind. They spoke in the language of mysteries, which Herman could not understand.

XXXVIII.

In the delirium of their excitement, they floated upon the heath in the last rays of the sun; some bounding fantastically upon the high rocks, to rule the tumult and make themselves heard; others crowding among the lower walls to consult or excite each other. It looked like one of the strange conventicles which nightingales hold on the house-tops, when on the point of starting for some unknown destination. Herman sought for Zilla in the crowd, and saw that she was not there.

XXXIX.

He plunged into the dark recesses of the mountain, and reached a grotto of porphyry, to which she often resorted. She was not there. He penetrated still farther into the distant regions, where the gentian blossomed blue as the sky. He found Zilla stretched upon the ground, on the edge of an abyss, in which a cascade was engulfed. The beautiful fairy, sunk upon the trembling rock, seemed ready to follow the inexorable fall of water into the gulf.

XL.

With an involuntary movement of fright, Herman took her in his arms, and bore her from the terrible place. "What are you doing?" she asked with a sorrowful smile. "Do you forget that if I should seek death it would not come to me? And besides, why should you be troubled, since you cannot love me?" "Mother!" said Herman. She interrupted him: "I never was, I never will be, anybody's mother." "If I offend you by calling you so," said Herman, "it is because you do not know the meaning of the word."

XLI.

"Moreover, when as a child I wept for her who had given me life, and whom I never could see again, you told me that you would take her place; and you have done all in your power to keep your word. I have often wearied your patience by my ingratitude and frivolity; but you have always forgiven me, and when you have driven me from you, you have run after me to bring me back. I know not what it is that separates us; the mystery is above my knowledge; but one thing I know:

XLII.

"This one thing which you do not comprehend is this, that if my happiness can dispense with your presence, it cannot dispense with the knowledge of your happiness. You have often told me that it was unalterable, and I believed you. So, having no power to serve or to comfort you, I have lived for my family and myself; but if you have deceived me, if you are capable of suffering, of submitting to wrong, of feeling the weariness of solitude, of having a

wish which cannot be realized, behold me, ready to suffer and weep with you!

XLIII.

"I know that there is nothing else which I can do. I am not wise enough to banish your weariness, nor powerful enough to shield you from wrong; and if your gigantic wish should be to conquer and possess the universe, I, an atom, cannot grant it; but if you desire a loving, filial heart, here I bring you mine. If it cannot appreciate the grandeur of your destiny, it can at least adore the goodness which dwells in you, as light palpitates in the stars. I know well that you ignore tenderness, but I know that you also ignore those defilements of men, tyranny and severity.

XLIV.

"And if I have sometimes suffered at the sight of your greatness, I have oftener known the sweetness of feeling your kindness and your unwearying care. And, always, in spite of my coolness and waywardness, I have reproached myself for not being able to love you as you deserved. This is all that I can say to you, Zilla, and it is nothing to you. If you were my equal, I would say, 'Do you wish my life?' but the life of one man is a little thing to one who has seen generation after generation fall into the abyss of time.

XLV.

"Ah, well! Since I have nothing to offer you which is worth your acceptance, behold my bitter regrets at my impotence, and let this sorrow atone for my nothingness. Think of the dog I loved in my childhood. He could not speak to me, he could not comprehend my sadness, and when I foolishly talked to him for my own comfort, his eyes seemed to say, 'Pardon me for not knowing what you say.'

XLVI.

"He would have wished—I am sure of it—to have a soul like mine, that he might share my grief; but he could speak to me only with his eyes, and sometimes, I have thought, with tears in them. And I have tears for you, Zilla—a sign of weakness which need not be despised, for it is the feeble expression and the supreme effort of affection which cannot

exceed the bounds of human intelligence, and which gives you all which is in its power to give."

XLVII.

"You lie!" replied Zilla. "I have asked for one of your children; your wife has refused me, and you do not bring it to me!" Herman felt his heart grow cold, but he restrained himself. "It cannot be," he said, "that so pitiful a desire troubles the immutable serenity of your soul." "Ah! see how you recoil already," cried the fairy, "and how you contradict yourself. You pretend to be willing to give up your life for me, and I ask much less." "You ask much more," replied Herman.

XLVIII.

"Say, then," said the fairy, "that you fear the tears and reproaches of Bertha. Do you not know that your daughter will be happy with me? that if she is sick I shall know how to cure her? that if she is wilful I shall subdue her by gentleness? that if she is intelligent I shall give her genius? and if she is not, that I shall give her amusements and poetic dreams as sweet as the revelations of science are beautiful? Confess that your love for her is selfish, and that you wish to educate her in human selfishness."

XLIX.

"Do not tell me all that," said Herman, "I know it. I know that love is selfish, at the same time that it is a sacred thing in the human heart; but it is love, and you will not give it to my child. Well, no matter. I know that you cannot see her suffer, and that if you see that she is unhappy you will give her back to me. You speak of the tears of her mother! Yes, I already feel them fall upon my heart; but tell me that your own heart suffers from this unsatisfied maternal longing, and I yield her up to you."

L.

"See you not," said the fairy, "that I have come to the point of cursing the eternity of my life? that I am oppressed with weariness, and am no longer myself? Ought not you, who have caused this trouble, to cure it? Yes, it is by striving to love you in your infan-

cy that I have come to love your child." "You love her then?" cried Herman. "Oh, mother, it is the first time that you have spoken this word. God has put it upon your lips, and I have no right to prevent it from reaching your heart."

LI.

"Wait for me here," he added, "I go to seek my child." And, not willing to hesitate or reflect, for he felt that he promised all that a man could promise, he hastily descended to his home. Bertha slept with her daughter in her arms. Herman took the child gently, wrapped her in a soft fleece, and noiselessly departed; but he had scarcely passed the threshold, when the mother furiously darted forward, believing that the fairy was carrying away her child.

LII.

And when she knew what Herman intended to do, she burst into tears and reproaches; but Herman said to her: "Our great friend wants to love our child, and the child, who scarcely knows us, will not suffer with her. She will not have the regrets and memories which once tormented me. We must make this sacrifice to gratitude, my dear Bertha. We owe everything to the fairy; she saved my life, she gave you to me; if we die, she will take care of our orphans."

LIII.

"She is our visible Providence. Let us sacrifice ourselves to acknowledge her kindness." Bertha dared not resist. She said to Herman: "Take my treasure quickly—hide it—go. If I give her a single kiss I cannot part with her." And when he had gone three steps, she ran after him, covered her child with caresses, and rolled upon the ground, hiding her face in her flowing hair, to stop her sobbing. "Ah, cruel fairy!" cried Herman, vanquished. "No, you shall not have our child!"

LIV.

"Is that what you say?" said Zilla, who had secretly followed him, and was stupefied at witnessing their despair. "Then fear lest I despise and abandon you!" "I fear nothing from you," replied Herman; "are you not wisdom and power, consequently gentleness?"

But I fear for myself perjury and ingratitude. I have promised you my daughter—take her!" Bertha vanished, and the fairy, bearing away the infant as an eagle bears a sparrow, brought it into the night with a shout of triumphant joy.

LV.

Neither the tears nor caresses of its mother had troubled the deep and trustful slumber of the child; but when she felt herself upon the strange, mysterious heart of the fairy, she began to dream, to stir, to moan; and when the fairy was far away in the forest, the child woke, frozen with fear, and sent forth piercing cries, which Zilla tried to stifle with caresses, that they might not reach even to the ears of Herman and Bertha.

LVI.

But the more she embraced the frightened child, the more it writhed in despair, and cried the only word it knew wherewith to call its mother. Zilla ran up the mountain, vainly hoping that the quickness of her pace might stupefy the child or put it to sleep. When she reached the cascade, the child, worn out with crying and weeping, seemed dead. Zilla tried to rouse it by a song, which woke the envious nightingales; but she could not stop the mournful sobs, which seemed as if they would burst the infant's breast.

LVII.

And, continuing her song, Zilla mused upon the mystery of love hidden in the heart of this little being, who could neither reason, nor walk, nor speak, and yet could love, regret, desire, and suffer. "What!" said the fairy, "shall I not get the mastery of this moral resistance which is not conscious of itself?" She changed the melody, and, in that wordless language which Orpheus of old chanted upon his lyre to the tigers and the rocks, she sought to subdue the infant's soul to the delirium of dreams divine.

LVIII.

So beautiful was this song, that the mountain pines trembled from root to summit, and the rocks made mute palpitations; but the child was not comforted, nor its moanings stopped. Zilla invoked

the magic influence of the moon; but the pale astral visage frightened the child, and the fairy prayed the moon to look at them no longer. The cascade, weary of lamentations which it took for defiance, began to roar stupidly; but the infant's cries strove with the thunders of the cascade.

LIX.

This obstinate despair overcame by degrees the patience and the will of Zilla. There seemed to be something in these infantile tears more powerful than all the charms of magic, more ringing than all the voices of nature. Zilla fancied that in the depth of the valley, through thick forests and deep ravines, Bertha heard the weeping of her child, and accused the fairy of not loving it. Anger rose in the mind of Zilla; a convulsive trembling shook her limbs. She sat down on the brink of the abyss.

LX.

"Since this insensate being refuses to love me," thought she, "why have I taken this torment, this living reproach which fills heaven and earth? If the longing for this love must consume me, or the regret at not inspiring it must wound me, the only remedy is to annihilate the cause of the evil. Is it not a blind cause? Has this child, scarcely awakened to live, already a soul? And, besides, if the human soul dies not, can it be harmed by being freed from its body?"

LXI.

She stretched both arms over the abyss, and the infant, warned of the horrible danger by the infernal joy of the cascade, uttered a cry so piercing that the frozen heart of the fairy was pierced by it as by a sword. She drew back the child impetuously to her breast, and gave it a kiss so warm and human that the child felt its maternal virtue, was quieted, and smilingly went to sleep. Zilla joyfully gazed at it, as it lay gently upon her knees, in the first pale light of the morning.

LXII.

And her soul was transformed like the thick clouds on the mountain side. Her ardent will melted like snow, her desire for rule was effaced like night; a new light, purer than that of the dawn, shone

within her, sweeter songs than those of the breezes sounded in her ears. She thought of the gentle Bertha, and became herself gentle. When the child awoke she stooped towards its little rosy lips, stole a kiss from them, and descended again, joyfully, to the abode of Herman and Bertha.

LXIII.

"Here is your child," she said; "I wished to prove your affection. Take back your blessing. Henceforth I know its value, for I feel that its mother has not purchased it too dearly by suffering. I understand your rights, Herman, also. When man subjects and plunders the earth, he obeys paternal foresight; death indeed is at the end of his task, but while he lives he has this compensation of love. I should offend justice in heaven and earth if I should aspire to possess at once both love and immortality."

LXIV.

She quitted them hastily, so as not to see their joy, and returned to her solitude where she wept all day long. She heard afar off the tumultuous assembly of her companions, who still continued their dispute on the height of their sacred place, but she could not feel for them. The pride of her immortal race spoke no longer to her heart, now softened by human weakness. She acknowledged that she had never loved her noble sisters, and that the kiss of a little child had been sweeter to her than all their glories.

LXV.

The night which terminated this unique day in the long life of Zilla rose, livid, in a dull, confused sky. The moon rose behind a fissure of desolate rocks, and, soon veiled by clouds, cast a cold and sinister glimmer upon the green walls of the ravine. On the bank of the sullen and turgid lake Zilla saw fires here and there and confused groups. In a living white aureole she discerned the Queen, sitting in the midst of young fairies, who seemed to be paying her a last homage, for gradually they left her and she remained alone.

LXVI.

* They joined other indistinct bands, which sometimes grew larger and brightened with a red glare in the dark-

ness, sometimes diminished or were lost in the wandering crowds. Dancers glittered on the shore of the lake, sparks burst out from among the roses, but it was all in silence; no grand or fearful song accompanied these mysterious evolutions, and Zilla beheld in astonishment the performance of rites utterly unknown to her.

LXVII.

She bethought herself that if she loved any one there, it was the Queen who was ever so grave and gentle. She wished to know what she had ordained, and sought her on the shore of the lake, but all light had vanished, and Zilla uttered the cabalistic call which announced her approach to her sister. This call, usually responded to by a thousand voices, was lost in silence; and Zilla, seeing that some great event had overthrown all the laws of their sanctuary, was seized with fear and sorrow.

LXVIII.

She called again with an unsteady voice, but her memory had lost the sacred ritual words, and she could not utter them. At this moment she saw the Queen near her. "It is all over, Zilla; I am no longer queen. My people are scattered and have left me. See!" The moon bursting from confused clouds, showed to Zilla the long files ascending the mountain heights which were lost in the mist, and there losing themselves in their turn like vanished dreams.

LXIX.

Towards the North slowly defiled the old fairies, like a procession of black ants, clinging to the rocks so compactly that their insensible movement could not be distinguished. These were flying from the vicinity of their enemy, man, and going to seek amid polar ice a boundless desert and an unbroken solitude. Towards the South the young fairies ran panting, scattered, unopposed, pressing on as if to scale the heavens. These wished to conquer some desert island in sunny climes, and people it with children stolen from all parts of the world.

LXX.

At the east and west other groups, of different ages and instincts, intended to mix with the human race, teach it

their occult science, correct its errors, chastise its vices, or reward its progress. "You see," said the Queen to Zilla, "that they all are pursuing a dream. Weary and discontented, they seek to recover their lost power and activity. The old ones imagine they are leaving man forever; but they mistake; man will reach them everywhere and dethrone them in the solitude where the sun dies.

LXXI.

"The young fondly dream of forming a new race from the mixture of all races, and of changing, upon a virgin soil, the instincts and laws of humanity. They will not be able to do it; man will not be governed or ameliorated except by man; and the others, those who, taking him as he is, dream of changing the social state which he has created and in which he acts, deceive themselves with a no less foolish ambition. Civilized man believes only in himself, and the occult powers govern none but idiots.

LXXII.

"I have told them these truths, Zilla. I have wished to prove to them that, having become immortal, they have become sterile for good, and that, having drunk the cup, we have been more useful in the brief period of our human existence, than through a thousand years of resistance to the common law. They would not believe me; they pretended that they could and ought to share with man the empire of the earth, preserve, in spite of him, the inviolable sanctuaries of nature, and protect the animal races which he has sworn to destroy.

LXXIII.

"They accuse me of having checked their enthusiasm, of having forced them to respect the usurpations of the human race, always to fly before it, to yield the loveliest deserts, as if it were not the right of those who reproduce themselves, to chase the neuter and sterile before them. In vain have I told them that, having no wants, no fruitful occupations, and no possible increase of numbers, they might be contented with a limited space; they have cried out against me that I have betrayed the honor and glory of their race.

LXXIV.

"In fine they demanded by what right I governed them, since, having given them the cup of immutable life, I have not been able to give them employment for this power; and I have had to confess to them that I was myself deceived in bestowing upon them this magnificent power, whose nothingness I have since learned and whose misery detested. Then they were dizzied, and they all left me, some with horror, others with regret, all with consternation at the truth and an immoderate desire to become free from it.

LXXV.

"And now, Zilla, we are here alone. I wish to remain here in order to test the use of a discovery on which I have labored for a thousand years. Have you a wish to rejoin your departed sisters, or do you hope rather to live quietly in this solitude, watching over the family of Herman?" "I wish to remain with you," replied Zilla. "You alone have understood the dull and terrible agony of my false happiness; if you cannot console me, I, at least, will not offend you by telling you that I suffer."

LXXVI.

"Consider what you say, my dear Zilla. If nothing can console you, it were better to drown yourself in tumult and illusion with your companions. For myself, I shall not be long here, and soon you will see me no more." Zilla recollected that the Queen had once spoken to her of a supreme remedy for discontent, of which she expected to make use, and whose terrible secret she had been unwilling to reveal to her. She besought her long before obtaining her wish to be initiated into this mystery; at length the Queen yielded, and said to her, "Follow me."

LXXVII.

Through a thousand fearful windings known only to herself, the Queen conducted Zilla into the heart of the glacier, and, penetrating with her into a cavity resplendent with sombre blue, showed her, upon a block of ice shaped like an altar, a cup of onyx, in which steeped an unknown philter. She said to Zilla: "By force of seeking the means of destroying

the fatal effects of the cup of life, I believe that I have at last discovered the divine and beneficial cup of death. I wish to die, Zilla, for more than yourself I am unhappy and despairing.

LXXVIII.

"I have suffered in silence, and I have tasted, drop by drop, from century to century, the bitterness of vain regrets and lost illusions; but what rends my heart is the thought that we are to perish with this world, as a punishment for our resistance to the laws which govern it. We have sought our Eden upon earth, and not only are the other dwellers upon earth alienated from us, but the earth herself says to us, 'You cannot possess me. It is you who belong to me, and my last day shall be yours.'

LXXIX.

"Zilla, I have seen annihilation rise before me, and the abyss of centuries which separates us from it appears to me like a moment in eternity. Then I have feared death, and have passionately begged the master of life to replace me under the beneficial laws of natural death." "I do not understand you," replied Zilla, pale with fear. "Are there then two deaths? and do you wish to die as men die?" "Yes, I wish it, Zilla; I seek it, I attempt it, and I hope that at length my tears have prevailed with *him* whom we have braved."

LXXX.

"Has the master of life pardoned your revolt? Has he promised that your soul shall survive this death?" "The master of life has promised me nothing. He has permitted me to read this saying in the hieroglyphics of the starry world. '*Death—it is Hope.*'" "Ah well! let us wait for the death of this planet—is it not to fall asleep by the same promise?" "Yes, for it has fulfilled its destinies; but we who have considered them too formidable, and have freed ourselves from them, have lost all right to the universal renovation.

LXXXI.

"And now farewell, my dear Zilla. I wish to remain here to prepare myself for the expiation. Return to the infatuations of light, and if you cannot forget your sorrow, come back and share my

lot." "I hope," said Zilla, "that your poison will prove powerless; but swear to me that you will not undergo this terrible experience without calling me to be with you." The Queen promised, and Zilla, eagerly quitting the glacier, hastened again to see the sun, the fine waters, the wandering clouds and the blossoming flowers. She still loved and admired nature.

LXXXII.

She came to the dwelling of Herman, wishing to become accustomed to the sight of his happiness. She found him overwhelmed. Bertha was sick; the grief caused by the loss of her daughter had kindled a fever in her blood. She was delirious, and begged incessantly for the child, whom she held unconsciously in her arms. Zilla ran to seek healing plants, and cured the young woman. Joy returned to the little dwelling, but Zilla continued ashamed and sorrowful. She had caused grief to enter it.

LXXXIII.

She thought that Master Bonus resented it also; he scarcely spoke, and was unable to walk. "He is not ill," said Herman to her; "he has no trouble, and does not understand ours. Nothing is the matter with him but old age. He neither wakes nor sleeps. His hours are drowned in a perpetual dreaming. He does not suffer; he is always smiling. We think that he is about to die, and have tried in vain to prolong his life." "Then you wish that he should not die?" said the fairy.

LXXXIV.

"We do not wish for what is impossible," replied Herman. "We shall mourn our old companion, and would prolong as much as possible the time which remains to him to spend with us, but we are submissive to the law imposed upon us by the master of life." Zilla approached the old man, and asked him if he would like to have her attempt to restore his powers. Master Bonus began to laugh, and thanked her in a childish way. "You have done enough for me," said he; "you have saved me from punishment. Since then I have lived long in peace, and it would not be right to wish for more."

LXXXV.

When the fairy came again to see him, he suffered a little, and complained feebly. "The pains of death are upon me," he said to her. "You can hasten your end," replied the fairy. "Why wait for it, since it is inevitable?" "Life is good, even to the last breath, Lady Fairy, and reason, our harmony with God, forbids that we should shorten it." "And after it, what do you expect to find beyond this life?" "I shall soon know," said the dying man; "but as long as I am ignorant, I do not torment myself about it."

LXXXVI.

Zilla saw him die soon afterwards, like a lamp going out. Herman and Bertha brought their children to kiss his ivory forehead. "What are you doing?" asked the fairy. "We respect death," replied Bertha, "and bless the departing soul." "And whither does it depart?" asked the troubled fairy. "God knows," replied the woman. "But have you no fear for this soul of your friend?" "We are taught to hope." "And you, Herman?" "You have taught me nothing concerning it," he answered, "but Bertha hopes, and I am tranquil."

LXXXVII.

Zilla comprehended the sweetness of this natural death, after the accomplishment of natural life; but violent, sudden death, the death of the young and strong, was terrible to her, and she longed to ask counsel of the Queen. But the Queen did not reappear, and Zilla dared not return to her. One night the Queen's phantom came to summon her; she followed it, and found her noble friend, calm and smiling in the heart of her sapphire palace. "Zilla," she said, "the hour has come—you must help me."

LXXXVIII.

"But first I wish to give you many secrets which I have discovered for curing diseases, healing wounds, and at least diminishing suffering. You will give them to Herman in order that he may, as much as possible, avert premature death and needless suffering from himself and his family. Tell him that he should seek to surpass us in this science, for man ought to help himself and com-

bat continually. His evils are the chastisements of his folly and the results of his ignorance.

LXXXIX.

"By wisdom he will put an end to homicide, by science he will subdue disease. Farewell, my sister. Death is nothing to those who have lived well. As for myself, I know not to what punishment I give myself up, for I have committed a great crime; but I ought not to fear to expiate it, and become acquainted again with grief." "Are you then going to die?" cried Zilla, endeavoring to upset the fatal cup. "I do not know," answered the Queen, retaining it with a firm hand. "I know that with this drink I destroy the accursed power of the cup of life."

XC.

"But I know not whether I shall become mortal or die. Perhaps I shall re-assume my existence at the point where I left it when I became unchangeable. In that case I shall have some days of happiness upon the earth, but I have not deserved them and I do not ask for them. Let us not lull ourselves with a vain hope, Zilla. See what comes to me, and if I am thunderstruck, leave my body here, where it is buried in advance. If I struggle in the hour of agony, repeat to me the words which I read in the vault of heaven, "Death—it is Hope."

XCI.

"Wait," cried Zilla; "what if I wish to die—I also?" The Queen gave her a magic formula saying, "You can yourself compound this poison. I do not wish you to drink it without having time to reflect. Give me the benediction of friendship. My soul is ready." Zilla threw herself at the knees of the Queen, and begged her to wait still longer, but the Queen, afraid of being softened by her tears, asked her to go and bring her a rose, that she might once more contemplate a pure expression of beauty upon the earth, before leaving it perhaps for ever.

XCII.

When Zilla returned, the Queen was sitting near the block of ice, her head carelessly leaning upon her arm, the other hand hanging down, and the empty

cup had fallen upon the border of her robe. Zilla thought that she slept, but the sleep was death. Zilla had, without emotion, seen many human beings die, never having wished to love them. Now, seeing that the immortal had ceased to live, she was seized with terror. She still hoped that this death was only a lethargy, and stayed three days with the Queen, expecting her to awake.

XCIII.

The awakening did not come, and Zilla saw this calm, majestic figure slowly harden, and fled away in despair. She returned several times. The snow preserved the beautiful body, and kept it from corruption; but it petrified more and more the expression of repose upon the features, and changed this marvel of life into a statue. Zilla, beholding it, wondered if it had ever lived. It was no longer her friend and her queen, but an image unmindful of her sorrow.

XCIV.

By degrees the young fairy accustomed herself to the idea of becoming like it, and she resolved to follow the destiny of her friend, but after she had compounded the death-philter, she placed it upon the block of ice and fled from it in horror. Since she had learned that she was free to die, she had felt the charm of life, and wearied of it no longer. The spring, newly opened, seemed the first whose incomparable smile she had appreciated. Never had the trees had so much beauty, never had the flowery meadows exhaled such delicious odors.

XCV.

She looked upon the reawakening of the insects, which winter had benumbed, and when she discovered the butterfly bursting from his chrysalis, she tremblingly asked herself if it were the emblem of a soul escaping from the bonds of death. She felt herself summoned by the Queen to the kingdom of shades; she saw her in a dream and questioned her, but the phantom passed without response, pointing to the stars. She tried to read in them the promise which had emboldened her friend. The fear of death prevented her from finding in them the mysterious cipher.

XCVI.

She saw Bertha daily, and became attached more tenderly than ever to her little daughter. Herman's other children seemed to her lovely and good, but her chosen darling absorbed all her cares. The child was delicate, and intelligent beyond her years, and when the fairy held her on her knees, she began to speak of things which seemed to come from another life. She cared neither for the white lambs nor the newly blossomed flowers; she stretched incessantly her little arms toward the clouds, and one day she uttered the word *heaven*, which no one had ever taught her.

XCVII.

One day the child grew pale, laid her fair head on Zilla's shoulder and said to her, "*Come!*" The fairy thought that she asked her to walk with her, but Bertha uttered a loud cry: the child was dead. Zilla tried in vain to revive her. All the secrets she had known were powerless. The soul had departed. "Oh, wicked fairy!" cried Bertha, in the fever of her grief, "I knew that my child would die! Since the night which she passed with you upon the mountain she has lost her freshness and gayety. Your fatal love has killed her."

XCVIII.

Zilla made no answer. Bertha was perhaps wrong, but the fairy felt that this afflicted mother could never love her more. Herman, in dismay, vainly endeavored to heal their wounds. Zilla left their dwelling, and hastened to the glacier. She dared to kiss the Queen's insensible body, and she drank the cup: but, instead of being thunderstruck, she felt as if new-created by a sensation of confidence and joy, and seemed to hear a childish voice calling to her, "*Come!*"

XCIX.

She returned to Herman's house. The child reposed in a cradle of flowers. Its mother was praying at its side, her other children around her, trying to comfort her. She looked at them tenderly, as if to say, "Do not be troubled, I shall love you none the less." The father dug a little grave under a hawthorn bush. He shed many tears, but with love and care he prepared the last resting place

of his child. Beholding the fairy, he said to her, "Forgive Bertha!"

C.

Zilla threw herself at the knees of the wife. "It is you who must pardon me," she said, "for I am going to follow your child in death. She has called me, and, without doubt, she is to live again in a better world, and needs another mother. Here I have only done her harm, but it must be that I am destined to do her good also, since she calls for me." "I know not what you would say," replied the mother. "You have taken my child's life, will you take from me her soul also?" "The soul of our child is with God alone," said Herman; "but if Zilla knows his mysterious designs, let her accomplish them." "Put the child in my arms," said the fairy. And when she held the little body against her heart, she still heard its spirit softly speaking to her, "Come, let us go." "Yes, let us go," said the fairy. And, bending towards it, she felt her soul exhale, and gently mingle, in a maternal kiss, with the pure soul of the child. Herman made the grave larger, and placed them both in it. During the night, an invisible hand wrote upon it these words: "Death—it is Hope."

GEORGE SAND.

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MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

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ROBERT SOUTHEY.

It was not my happy destiny to know much of Robert Southey—the man of all the Men of Letters of my time I most revere: yet it is something to have conversed and corresponded with that truly great man—a lofty poet, a sound teacher, a thorough Christian, who, if he ever wrote a line that "dying he might wish to blot," certainly never penned a sentence that was not intended to do good. He was not a Christian only in theory; he practiced *all* the virtues inculcated by the precepts and example of his Divine Master; and the less assured

believer may refer to him as one of the many great intellectual lights, who had faith in the Divinity of the Saviour, and in the Gospel as a direct gift from God. Who shall say how much, in the perilous time of prevalent infidelity in which he lived, he dispelled doubts and destroyed skepticism, by exhibiting a man who had read and thought extensively and deeply, seeking for truth in every occult as well as open source—who was not a missionary by profession, nor a teacher of whom instruction was demanded as a duty—declaring implicit belief in Christianity, and thus confirming and strengthening thinkers and reasoners comparatively weak in Faith?*

I desire to do justice to the memory of this illustrious man, chiefly because he was a man of letters *by profession*: it was his pride so to proclaim himself. There is "a craft," of which he is the chief (I have the honor to be a humble member of it), which numbers many thousands, who derive honorable independence solely from literary labor: "whose ways," to borrow a sentence from Southey, "are as broad as the Queen's high road; but whose means lie in an inkstand." It cannot fail to cheer and encourage all such to consider the career of Robert Southey; so useful to every class that came under his influence—at once so high and so humble; so honorable, so independent, so pure; so brave, yet so conciliating; so prudent, yet so generous; so careful of all home duties; so truly the idol of a household; so just in all his dealings with fellow-men; so rational in the expenditure of time; so lavish in distributing good in thought, word, and deed; so true to man and so faithful to God!

The family of Southey was originally—

* Writing to James Montgomery in 1811, he says: "I have passed through many changes of belief, as is likely to be the case with every man of ardent mind who is not gifted with humility;" adding that Gibbon first struck his faith in Christianity, and that he became, "for a time, a Socinian," was then "inclined to try Quakerism," but ended "in clinging to all that Christ has clearly taught, yet shrinking from all attempts at defending, by articles of faith, those points which the Gospels have left indefinite." "For many years," he writes at a period long afterwards, "my belief has not been clouded with a shadow of a doubt;" and still later, "without hope there can be no happiness, and without religion no hope but such as deceives."

as far back as the poet could trace its history—settled at Wellington, in Somersetshire, where their "heads" appear to have been small farmers or substantial yeomen. His father was a linen-draper at Bristol, where the poet was born on the 12th August, 1774. The house is still standing in Wine-street. It has not undergone much alteration, except that what was formerly one house is now divided into two.*

Chiefly by the help of a maternal uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, Southey was sent, in 1788, to Westminster School; and in 1792 was entered at Balliol College, Oxford. His boy-teaching had been obtained at Corston, near Bristol; in 1793 he visited the school "when it had ceased to be one," and that visit induced a poem, entitled "The Retrospect," which shows, however much he may have wandered from the right road to happiness, the seed of goodness was fructifying in his soul. It is dated 1794,

* In 1836, accompanied by his son Cuthbert, Southey visited his old haunts in Bristol, and was entertained by Joseph Cottle, who had published his "Joan of Arc" in 1793. He had forgotten nothing—not even a by-way!—in the city of his birth. Let us imagine his feelings, so long after the battle had been fought and the victory won, and when, by universal accord, he was recognized among the foremost men of his age and country. Sixty-two years had passed since his birth, and nearly fifty since he had gone out into the world to find the road to fame. He was a way-worn, though not a way-weary, man, for life had been pleasant to him, and he had trodden, mostly, in the paths of peace; but he had a long career of struggles past, obstacles encountered, and difficulties overcome, to look back upon, as he stood before that tradesman's house in Wine-street, and walked among his fellow-citizens, few of whom knew the glory he conferred upon their city, and the wealth he had acquired to lavish on mankind. Probably, in that great capital of commerce, he would have excited more homage if he had been a prosperous sugar-baker; but if that thought had come to him, which we venture to say it did not, it would not have kept away the God-given happiness with which he reviewed his past, or have lessened his gratitude for the mercy that had kept him active in His service for nearly half a century of life. He visited the school-house where he had been taught fifty-five years ago. Fifty-five years ago! His teachers, no doubt, had gone home long before, and we are not told that there were any to greet him in the streets or in the houses of magnanimous Bristol! But we are free in fancy to picture the venerable white-headed man wearing his crown of glory, conscious of his triumphs, and going back, back—with the pride that God sanctions and approves—into the long past!

and addressed to "Edith," his after wife. These are the concluding lines:

"My path is plain and straight, that light
is given,
Onward in faith, and leave the rest to
Heaven."

He was, in a manner, compelled to leave Westminster: his "crime" being that he had written "a sarcastic attack upon corporal punishment," at which the self-accused head-master took mortal offence; and on that ground he was refused admission to Christ Church, which thus lost the glory that would have clung to it for all time—conferring it on Balliol.*

In 1791, while at college, having made the acquaintance of Coleridge, they entered into the Utopian scheme of "Pantisocracy," agreeing to become emigrants to the New World; "to purchase land by common contributions, to be cultivated by their common labor"—and so forth. However much of thoughtless folly there was in the project, it certainly originated in benevolence; and that it met the earnest advocacy of Southey is only evidence of large and genuine love of his kind. Fortunately it was abandoned, mainly by the wise advice of good Joseph Cottle, the first publisher of Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, to whose volume of *Recollections* I have referred in writing of Coleridge. By him "Joan of Arc" was published in 1794.

Southey was married to Edith Fricker on the 14th November, 1795, at Redcliff Church, Bristol; her sister having been wedded to the poet Coleridge. It was a marriage of pure affection, without a worldly thought, scarcely with a worldly hope; and it endured unbroken and undiminished through a varied and trying life during the long period of forty-two years.

In 1801 Coleridge was residing at Greta Hall, close to Keswick, in Cumberland; he described to Southey the attractions of the locality: "a fairer

scene you have not seen in all your wanderings" (Southey had but recently returned from Portugal); and to that house, in 1805, Southey removed; there he dwelt all the remainder of his days; and in the neighboring church-yard of Crosthwaite he is buried.

There were a few friends in the neighborhood—many far off, with whom to correspond; the labor in which he delighted sweetened pain; with beautiful scenery, the wonderful works of God, in rich abundance all about him, and a library full of the books he loved—all his own!

In 1813, by the death of Pye, the Laureateship became vacant, and the appointment was conferred upon Southey, having been, however, previously offered to, and declined by, Walter Scott; and, for the first time, the office, instead of conferring dignity, received it from the holder. Southey's successors have been Wordsworth and Tennyson.

It is needless to give, even in outline, a history of the full life of Southey: its main facts are well known; yet some notes I may offer in prefacing my slight personal Memory of the great and good man. His first work, the drama of "Wat Tyler," written when he was a mere youth, haunted by visions of imaginary freedom, has been, for more than half a century, a subject of irrational censure; and because he repented him of the evil, he has been branded as a traitor and renegade, by men who were utterly incapable of comprehending the change that time and reason—and, surely it is not too much to say, Providence—had wrought in the mind and heart of the poet. To call Southey a renegade is tantamount to calling the Apostle Paul an apostate.

Loyalty is now the easiest of all our duties: thank God! It was not so when Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey were republicans.

Byron had "a sort of insane and rabid hatred" of Southey; but the Laureate was an over-match for the chief "of the Satanic school." He "sent a stone from his sling that smote the Goliath in the forehead." When in 1817, in the House of Commons, William Smith, of Norwich, branded "Wat Tyler" as "the most seditious book that ever was written," and its author as a "renegade,"

* Southey was never "at home" in Oxford. Coleridge, writing to him in 1794, says: "I would say thou art a nightingale among owls; but thou art so songless and heavy toward night, that I will rather liken thee to the matin lark; thy nest is in a blighted corn-field, where the sleepy poppy nods its red-cowled head, and the weak-eyed mole piles his dark work; but thy soaring is ever unto Heaven."

Southey addressed to him a letter, explaining that the obnoxious poem had been written twenty-three years previously to 1817; that a copy of it had been surreptitiously obtained, and made public by some skulking scoundrel, who had found a bookseller to issue it without the writer's knowledge, for the avowed purpose of insulting him, and with the hope of doing him injury; that it was "a boyish composition," "full of errors," and "mischievous," written under the influence of opinions long since outgrown and repeatedly disclaimed; that the writer had claimed the book only that it might be suppressed.*

The "reply" to William Smith was scathing: it is, perhaps, as grand a "defence" as the English language can supply: stern, fierce, and desperately bitter; yet manly, dignified, and thoroughly TRUE. There was self-gratulation, but no self-glorification, in his reference to Wat Tyler—"Happy are they who have no worse sins of their youth to rise up in judgment against them"—and when he says of himself, "he has not ceased to love Liberty with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength." It was with a pride not only justifiable, but holy, that in this famous letter he said, in future biographies of him it will be recorded that "he lived in the bosom of his family, in absolute retirement; that in all his writings there breathed the same abhorrence of oppression and immorality, the same spirit of devotion, and the same ardent wishes for the amelioration of mankind; . . . that in an age of personality he abstained from satire."†

* Sir W. Scott, writing to Southey in 1817, refers to William Smith as a "coarse-minded fellow," who "deserved all he got." "His attack seems to have proceeded from the vulgar insolence of a low mind, desirous of attacking genius at a disadvantage."

† He indulged, at times, in mild and gentle satire, such as left no festering wound. In Mrs. Hall's album he wrote the following. I must premise that the autographs of Joseph Buonaparte and Daniel O'Connell occupied the "opposite page." On the same page are the autographs of Amelia Opie and Maria Edgeworth:

"Birds of a feather flock together,
But *vide* the opposite page,
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the birds in this cage."
"ROBERT SOUTHEY, 22nd October, 1866."

Some years afterwards Charles Dickens, good-humoredly, referring to Southey's change of opin-

His biographers may say much more than that. Although there is abundant evidence of his sacrifices to serve or comfort young aspirants for fame, to draw upwards and onwards struggling men of letters who needed help, there is not a tittle of proof—there could not be, for it does not exist—of his ever having written a line to discourage deserving. [In a letter to Bernard Barton, Southey, referring to his connection with the *Quarterly Review*, makes note of "the abuse and calumny he had to endure for opinions he did not hold and articles he had not written."] Now that every review he ever wrote is known, they may be read to obtain only conviction that he was generous as well as just, merciful as well as wise, whenever a work came under his hands as a reviewer. "As a writer" (I quote from Coleridge, who knew him so well) "he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety. His cause has ever been the cause of pure religion, and of liberty; of national independence, and national illumination."

These are, among others, the subjects on which he wrote—advocating religion, virtue, the cause of humanity, and the natural rights of man—at a time when envenomed slander was brawling to "cry him down" as a Tory, a Government hack, and a hired enemy of freedom:

The diffusion of cheap literature of a healthy and harmless kind; the importance of a wholesome training for children in large towns; the wisdom of encouraging female emigration under a well-organized system; a better order of hospital nurses; the establishment of savings-banks throughout the country; the abolition of flogging in the army and navy; extensive alterations in the game laws; greatly diminishing the punishment of death; regulations for lessening the hours of labor of children in factories; the policy of discontinuing inter-

ion, wrote in the album, immediately under Southey's lines, the following:

"Now if I don't make
The completest mistake
That ever put man in a rage,
This bird of two weathers
Has moulted his feathers,
And left them in some other cage:
"Boa,"

ments in crowded cities and towns; the employment of paupers in cultivating waste lands; proposals for increasing facilities for educating the people;* the wise humanity of Magdalen institutions; against a puritanical observance of the Sabbath; advocating judicious alterations in the Liturgy. In short, there is hardly a theme of rational reform of which he was not the zealous and eloquent advocate.

These lines were written by Southey in the year 1813, long after he had become, by God's mercy, "a renegade:"

"Train up thy children, England, in the ways
Of righteousness, and feed them with the
bread
Of wholesome doctrine. Where hast thou
thy mines
But in their industry?
Thy bulwarks where, but in their breasts?
Thy might but in their arms?
Shall not their numbers, therefore, be thy
wealth,
Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and
thy pride?
Oh grief, then, grief and shame,
If in this flourishing land
There should be dwellings where the new-
born babe
Doth bring into its parent's soul no joy,
Where squalid poverty
Receives it at its birth,
And on her withered knees .
Gives it the scanty food of discontent."

It was Southey who edited the first collected edition of the poems of Chatterton (published 1802), by which the sister and niece of the unhappy boy obtained £300, that "rescued them from great poverty." It was he, too, who, when reviewers were hard upon Henry Kirke White, reached out a hand to him struggling amid troubled waters, editing his poems, and consecrating his memory after his death. For Herbert Knowles, who had written a poem "brimful of power and of promise," he "wanted to raise (and did raise) £30 a year," of which "he would himself give £10," to send him as a sizar to Oxford. Like unhappy White, however, who died while "life was in its prime," Knowles en-

joyed the aid but a short time: "the lamp was consumed by the fire that burned in it." So far back as 1809, he wrote encouragement to Ebenezer Elliott, saying, "Go on, and you will prosper." The footman, "honest John Jones," and the milkmaid, Mary Colling, were not too humble or insignificant for his helping praise. Both had that which peers coveted at his hand in vain—laudatory reviews in the *Quarterly Review*; and of the poems of each he was the "editor," to the profit as well as honor of both. When he dipped his pen in gall—for, as he somewhere says, he was not in the habit of diluting his ink—it was to assail those he considered equally the foes of God and man. The impetus may be found in the following passage from one of his "Letters concerning Lord Byron:"

"The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences that can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned; and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands that are sent abroad; and so long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation."

Yes, a very large portion of his busy, active, and hard-working life was devoted to the cause of benevolence—the whole of it to the advancement of his kind in knowledge, virtue, loyalty, and piety. It was, indeed, a hard-working life; yet so regular, so methodic, so "systematized," that when one reviews his habits, one ceases to wonder at the enormous quantity of labor he "got through."*

It was to this regularity the world is

* Some idea of his early industry in verse making may be formed from the fact that in 1793 he burned ten thousand verses, preserved about the same number, and put aside fifteen thousand as "worthless," excluding letters, many of which were written in rhyme. "Time has been when I have written fifty, eighty, one hundred lines before breakfast, and I remember to have composed twelve hundred (many of them the best I ever did produce) in a week."—Southey in a Letter to Montgomery.

* "I want to show how much moral and intellectual improvement is within the reach of those who are made more our inferiors than there is any necessity that they should be; to show that they have minds to be enlarged and feelings to be gratified as well as souls to be saved."

mainly indebted for the rich and abundant legacy he bequeathed to posterity. "Every day, every hour, had its allotted employment," his son tells us, and he himself describes the even tenor of his way from early morn till night. He was "by profession a man of letters;" and though he found ample leisure for home duties, for the domestic charities that dignify and sweeten life, he had none for what is usually called pleasure. He dared not be idle; for continual and arduous labor only could bring to that home the comforts and small luxuries there were so many to share; not alone of his own immediate family, but of near and dear relatives, whose dependence was mainly, in some cases solely, upon the fruits of his toil.

"My notions of competence," he writes, "do not exceed £300 a year." Earlier than that, in 1808, we find him rejoicing that the "£200 a year which is necessary for my expenditure is within my reach." In that year, writing to Cottle, he says: "The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring, and paid my marriage fees, was supplied by you;" and, he adds, "there lives not the man upon earth whom I remember with more gratitude, or more affection."

The income he derived from his post of Poet-Laureate, he devoted to effect an insurance on his life. Indeed, at no period of his career was his income so large as that of a first-class banker's clerk; yet he was often described as "rich," and once, at least, as "rolling in riches unworthily obtained."* He was a spendthrift only in books—the tools without which he could do no work: among them he lived. De Quincey calls his library "his wife;" it was, at

all events, there his time was spent. "They are on actual service," he writes. They were books, not for show, but for use; acquired by degrees, as his means enabled him to procure them; gradually they multiplied till they numbered fourteen thousand volumes. With them he dwelt, "living in the past," and "conversing with the dead." In one of his Colloquies he gives a few interesting notes as to the sources from whence some of them came; from monasteries and colleges that had been ransacked, many; from the old book-stalls, where he hunted, others; while some were the welcomed gifts of cherished friends. Again they have been dispersed; but they had done their work. "Wherever they go," he writes, "there is not one among them that will ever be more comfortably lodged, or more highly prized by its possessor." Yes, they had done their work; the proof is this: he published nearly one hundred volumes, original and edited, and upwards of two hundred articles contributed to the *Quarterly* and other reviews. He had, as one of his friends writes, "enjoyment in all books whatsoever that were not morally tainted or absolutely barren." He read with amazing rapidity, and saw at a momentary glance over a page where was the grain and where the chaff.

"Here," he exclaims, "I possess those gathered treasures of time, the harvest of so many generations, laid up in my garners; and when I go to the windows, there is the lake, and there the circle of the mountains, and the illimitable sky!"

The pure and lofty—nay, the "holy"—character of Southey may be judged from his works; but if other testimony be needed, there is ample—not alone from friends, but from foes. "In all the relations and charities of private life," writes Hazlitt, who was in many ways his adversary, "he is correct, exemplary, generous, just." William Howitt—who takes a by no means generous view of his Works, their motives and their uses—deposes to his "many virtues and the peculiar amiability of his domestic life." Lamb, after his unmeaning quarrel with him, is made happy by the tenderness with which the high-souled Laureate sought reconciliation: the essayist writ-

* From a letter (inedited) to Miss Seward, I quote the following passage: "Your estimate of the value of my copyrights moved me to a doleful smile. I sold the copyright of 'Joan of Arc' for fifty guineas and fifty copies. I sold the edition of 'Thalaba' for £115, and the edition hangs on hand. The fate of 'Madoc' you know. No bookseller would give me £500, nor half the sum, for the best poem which it is in my power to produce. Constable would not even make me an offer for 'Kehama,' when, in return to his overture (which proved to relate to his Review), I asked him, through Scott, what he would give for it. It is only Scott who can get his thousands. He has got the goose. My swan's eggs are not golden ones. Now that looks like a sarcasm, and it belies me in looking so."

ing, "Think of me as of a dog that went mad and bit you." The political bias of Thackeray was the opposite to that of Southey: yet this is the testimony of the author of "The Four Georges" to the Poet-Laureate of George IV.: "An English worthy; doing his duty for fifty noble years of labor; day by day storing up learning; day by day working for scant wages; most charitable out of his small means; bravely faithful to the calling he had chosen; refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or prince's favor. I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honor, its affection."

Let us honor Thackeray for that generosity—"thorough."

I offer no comments on either the poetry or prose of Southey; I assume both to be sufficiently known to my readers. Indeed, generally in these "Memories" I adopt that plan. Others have shown, and others may yet show, the purity of his style. No author, living or dead, drank more exclusively from "the pure well of English undefiled," and no student of "English" can drink from a better source than the writings of Southey.*

That he had many and bitter foes is certain. No doubt they disturbed him much; but "the conscience void of offence" justified his repeated declaration that they took little from his peace and happiness, and affected him no more than a pebble could a stone wall. It is, I think, Coleridge who says: "Future critics will have to record that quacks in

education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism were his only enemies."

The earliest testimony to his moral and intellectual worth is that of the publisher Cottle; yet this of Coleridge may have been even earlier: "It is Southey's almost unexampled felicity to possess the best gifts of talents and genius, free from all their characteristic defects." He deposes also to the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits, and the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; to the methodical tenor of his daily labors, which might be envied even by the mere man of business; the dignified simplicity of his manners; the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. As "son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps; alike unostentatious and alike exemplary;" and in one of his letters to Southey, of a later date, he writes, "God knows my heart. I am *delighted* to feel you as superior to me in genius as in virtue."

I might quote such testimonies in abundance, but another will suffice. It is that of one who knew him as intimately, and had studied him as closely, as his friend Coleridge—the poet Wordsworth. These lines, written after Southey's death, are inscribed on his monument:

"Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the State's guidance or the Church's
weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgment sanctioned in the Patriot's
mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind,
Wide were his aims, yet in no human
breast
Could private feelings meet for holier rest."

I may add, perhaps, that of one other dear friend and true lover—the author of "Philip Van Artevelde":

"That heart, the simplest, gentlest, kindest,
best,
Where truth and manly tenderness are met,
With faith and heavenward hope, the suns
that never set."

The earliest description of his person is that of his friend, the Bristol publisher, Cottle. The youth, as he pictures him, was "tall, dignified, an eye piercing; a countenance full of genius, kindness, and innocence; possessing great suavity

* In a ms. note of Letitia Landon concerning Southey, I find this remark: "There is something in Southey's genius that always gives me an idea of the Alhambra. There is the grand proportion and the fantastic ornament. The setting of his verses is like a rich arabesque; it is fretted gold. The oriental magnificence of his longer poems—such as 'Thalaba'—is singularly contrasted with the quaint simplicity of his minor poems. They give the idea of innocent yet intelligent children, yet almost startle you with the depth of knowledge that a simple truth may convey." Some one said of his "style," it was "proper words in proper places."

Thus Lamb writes to Southey: "The antiquarian spirit strong in you, and gracefully blending even with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality—the dim aisles and cloisters of the old abbey at Westminster."

of manners." * His height was five feet eleven inches. "His forehead was very broad; his complexion rather dark; the eyebrows large and arched; the eye well shaped, and dark brown; the mouth somewhat prominent, muscular, and very variously expressive; the chin small in proportion to the upper features of the face." So writes his son, who adds that "many thought him a handsomer man in age than in youth," when his hair had become white, continuing abundant, and flowing in thick curls over his brow. Byron, who saw him but twice—once at Holland House, and once at one of Rogers' breakfasts—says, "To have that man's head and shoulders, I would almost have written his sapphics." That was in 1813, when Southey was in his prime.† Hazlitt thus pictures him: "Southey, as I remember him, had a

hectic flush upon his cheek, a roving fire in his eye, a falcon glance, a look at once aspiring and dejected." Other authors write of him in similar terms—all describing him as of refined yet manly beauty of person.

To his habits I have made some reference. Cottle says of him when a youth: "His regular habits scarcely rendered it a virtue in him never to fail in an engagement." Thus wrote De Quincey long afterwards: "So prudently regular was Southey in all his habits, that all letters were answered in the evening of the day that brought them." "Study," Hazlitt says, "serves him for business, exercise, recreation." Not quite so, for he was a godd walker, "walking twenty miles at a stretch." It was thus he made acquaintance not only with the mountains and lakes, but with the hills, and dales, and crags, and streams of the wild district in which he dwelt. He did not often, as Wordsworth did, sound their praises in verse, but he had as full a capacity for enjoying the beauties of nature—the more so because he ever looked from nature up to nature's God.

His manner seemed to me to be peculiarly gentle. William Hazlitt has complained that "there was an air of condescension in his civility." To him, perhaps, there was, for he neither respected the writer, nor liked the man; but De Quincey also writes: "There was an air of reserve and distance about him—the reserve of a lofty, self-respecting mind—perhaps a little too freezing, in his treatment of all persons who were not among the *corps* of his ancient fireside friends." But he adds: "For honor the most delicate, for integrity the firmest, and for generosity within the limits of prudence, Southey cannot well have a superior." He writes also "of his health so regular, and cheerfulness so uniformly serene;" and adds that, "his golden equanimity was bound up in a three-fold chain—in a conscience clear of offence, in the recurring enjoyments from his honorable industry, and in the gratification of his parental affections."

(CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.)

* There is a portrait of Southey engraved in *Cottle's Reminiscences*, picturing him with long hair, "curling beautifully," the hair which he declined to submit to the shears and powder of the barber at Oxford, to the intense disgust of the latter.

† A pleasant rambling epistle, in rhyme, to Allan Cunningham, and published by Allan in the *Anniversary*, of which he was the editor, treats of the various portraits that had been painted of him. Of most of them he complained—

"They
Who put one's name, for public sale, beneath
A set of features slanderously unlike,
Are our worst libellers."

He showed to Allan such an array of "villainous visages" as would suffice to make him, in "mere shame," take up an alias, and forswear himself. First, was "a dainty gentleman," with sleepy eyes, half closed, "saucy and sentimental;" next, "a jovial landlord," whose cheeks had been engrained by many a pipe of Porto's vintage; next, a leaden-visaged specimen of one in the evangelical line; next, one sent from Germany by the Brothers Schumann; he wished them no worse misfortune for their recompense,

"Than to fall in with such a cut-throat face
In the Black Forest or the Odenwald."

He owned "Sir Smug," and recognized the likeness when "at the looking-glass" he stood "with razor-weaponed hand;" but next saw himself so pictured as if on trial at the old Bailey, when

"That he is guilty
No judge or jury could have half a doubt."

Notwithstanding, however, these "complaints" he was often "well and truly" painted. The best portrait of him, probably, is that by Lawrence, which has been often engraved.

The Shilling Magazine.

A NIGHT IN THE COLISEUM.

I HAVE been a wanderer all my life, a truly migratory bird, and, as such, have had an instinctive conviction that a constant residence in the same spot is not only unpleasant but unnatural. Added to this, I believe I have a spice of what it is now the fashion to call upper-bohemianism in my nature; that is to say, although I am no musician, I am devoted to music and its followers; no author, no poet, yet do I number among my friends and acquaintances many of the most notable names in the world of literature; no actor, but again the green-rooms and *coulisses* of many of the first theatres and opera-houses in Europe and America are as familiar ground to me as the shady side of Pall Mall in the month of May. I never drew a line with a pencil or brush in my life, yet at home and abroad I have watched in the painters' studios with the greatest interest the progress of many of the finest pictures that have delighted multitudes during the last twenty-five years. If I may say it of myself, I have been tolerated in this sort of society, possibly from a natural appreciativeness and love of the arts, in addition, perhaps, to a certain *bonhomie* and geniality of disposition, which is surely a passport to some extent among those who gain their living by the exercise of their fancy and imagination.

Had it not been my misfortune to be the possessor of a considerable independence, it is possible I might have made some figure in the world in one of the walks of art it has been the delight of my life to watch and be associated with.

After this slight hint at my tastes and proclivities, it will not be considered a very extraordinary thing that in the early spring of 18— I should have found myself in Rome. I had been during the winter revelling for about the twentieth time in all the glorious and picturesque antiquities of the Eternal City, and my migratory disposition had given sundry warnings that I might soon spread my wings, and travel, more or less slowly, northwards. Indeed, warm weather was beginning to set in, and the nights were frequently becoming truly Italian,

and the last I had intended to spend in my present locality proved to be one of the most lovely we had had that year.

I had been making some small preparatory arrangements for my departure on the morrow; I had also made a slight change in my attire for the sake of coolness, for although nearly nine o'clock, and early in the month of April, it was yet quite sultry. I was enjoying to the utmost a cigar at my open window, overlooking the Piazza del Popolo, and listening to the hum and stir of life around, with the cool, silvery trickling of the fountains rising above all, when my mind went back to past ages, to a time when the only shows which could divert a Roman populace were the deadly struggles for life between Roman heroes; and I thought of the mighty ruins of the Coliseum, and how grandly the moon, then rising, would light up its soaring arches.

Acting, as usual, upon impulse, I determined on the instant to stroll off and pay a parting visit to them under so favorable an aspect. So, putting on my hat, I descended the staircase of the palatial abode in which my apartments were; and after threading the narrow streets of the modern city, I found myself in the Via Alessandria; on leaving which my way lay through a green lane, where relics of the past, half buried under the turf on either side, met me at every step, and which made me think how often, perhaps, along the path I was even now treading, had rushed the Roman multitude, eagerly pressing forward to enjoy their "butcher's" holiday! But the image of imperial Rome in all her pomp vanished away when, having reached the termination of the lane, the ruins in their full beauty rose before me, and I found myself in a few moments standing alone in the vast arena of the Coliseum.

It is not my purpose, nor does the adventure I am about to relate require that I should attempt to describe a scene so familiar to all visitors to Rome. Viewed under the circumstances in which it was then presented to me, it is one of the grandest sights the city affords, and one which has been most ably described in many works of history and fiction.

It seemed to me that I was the sole occupant of the place, which but for the

fact that the Roman season was near its close would probably not have been the case, as the full moon would have been sure to attract groups of tourists to the spot. I wandered about in a dreamy kind of mood for some time, and I then seated myself in a niche of shadow, as I might have done in a painter's studio, the more fully to enjoy the burst of light which fell upon the picture before me.

I can hardly say how long I had remained there, nor whither my thoughts had led me, as I sat contemplating the extreme beauty of the scene, and noticing with what tenderness the moon shed her kind rays alike over the divers symbols of Christian and Pagan faith which lay mingled together around me, when I became conscious of approaching footsteps breaking upon the peaceful stillness, which had hitherto remained undisturbed save by the occasional humming of the night insects. Looking in the direction from whence the sound came, I saw emerging from the shade of one of the opposite arches a tall, dark figure. At first I could hardly discern whether it was that of a man or of a woman; but on its drawing nearer, and coming into one of the broadest patches of moonlight, I discovered it was a sacristan or lay brother belonging to one of the monastic orders. His head was enveloped in his cowl, and for a minute or two I could but observe, with a painter's eye, of what great advantage, pictorially speaking, this dark figure was to the scene. As I have before hinted, although thoroughly accustomed to foreign travel, I had never quite got rid of the natural suspicion invariably entertained by all Englishmen towards strangers of every degree. I was perhaps scarcely conscious of the direct working of this feeling; but probably to it is to be attributed the impulse which instantly induced me to show myself; and, coming out from the obscurity of the shadow, I passed slowly within speaking distance of him, and we mutually acknowledged each other's presence by a "*Buona notte, Signor.*" Soon after we again met, and he made some commonplace observation upon the beauty of the night, to which I responded, and in a few minutes we were civilly chatting together.

I speedily found from his conversation, and his remarks upon the ruins of the

place, that he was a man whose education was very superior to that generally possessed by those occupying the position in life indicated by his dress and appearance. We conversed long, and, finally, with enthusiasm—a discussion having arisen as to the time in which the gladiatorial combats were given up. My companion maintained that a close was put to them by the Emperor Honorius, towards the end of the fourth century. On the other hand, I contended that they had ceased under Constantine, more than fifty years earlier, and quoted, as I deemed correctly, several contemporary authorities in support of my opinion. Again he declared that Muratori, the most eminent of all Italian annalists, had fixed the date in the last year of the reign of Honorius, A.D. 423.

"If that be the case," I replied, "then you are right, most undoubtedly, and I am wrong; but I cannot help thinking that you are mistaken in saying that Muratori has made this statement."

"Oh, yes, I can soon convince you of that fact, for it is only this evening that I met with the passage. Moreover, singularly enough, I have the volume with me, and," he continued, drawing forth a small book from the pocket of his robe, "I believe the light is strong enough for you to read for yourself that which I assert to be the case; see here." He went on, turning over a page: "If we sit on this column we shall have the light of the moon at right angles with our leaf."

Saying this, he sat down in the place he indicated. In my excitement—for I was most enthusiastic in all such matters—I leaned or crouched down close over him, the better to see the words. Sure enough it was as he had stated, for the moonlight was so powerful that I could plainly read the passage to which he had alluded.

I remembered afterwards that he held the book in his left hand, while I bent over him from the other side, and thus his right hand was left free, and close to my side. A few more words passed, and at last I was fain to admit that he had had the best of the argument. He rose rather abruptly, and good-humoredly added that, having convinced me of my mistake, he must wish me good-night; and with a courteous yet some-

what hurried salutation, passed on, saying he supposed I was not yet inclined to return home. I had given no cause for him to imagine this, and it struck me as strange that, after our friendly conversation, he should apparently so suddenly wish to get rid of my company.

His departing footsteps were still echoing through the ruins, when I thought possibly it was time to be turning homewards. Instinctively I put my hand to my waistcoat pocket, with the intention of looking at the hour, when, lo! my watch was gone! "By Jove!" I exclaimed, "that scoundrel must have been a pickpocket, and this is a new disguise and dodge for easing the tourist of his superfluous property!" Straight upon the impulse after him I flew. I could yet hear his quickening footsteps in the distance. Very soon I had him in sight, and in two minutes more by the throat, half-choking him, as I said: "You thief, you have stolen my watch!" He protested, as well as he was able, that he had done nothing of the kind, and remonstrated with me against my violence. I took no heed of this, but instantly commenced turning his pockets inside out; and sure enough, in another instant I had abstracted from the breast of his cassock the missing treasure. Yes, there it was, palpably enough, my own large, old-fashioned silver repeater, without chain, ribbon, or any appendages, carried loose in the pocket, as was my custom. Half-shaking the life out of him, I poured forth a whole volley of abuse, telling him he might think it exceedingly fortunate that I did not at once march him off to the authorities; for, remembering I was leaving Rome the next morning, I thought it better to inflict a little personal chastisement than delay my departure to an unknown extent, by seeking the dilatory assistance of a papal court of justice. The fellow vainly attempted to cry for aid, but my grip was so strong upon him that he, being a rather elderly and wheezy man, could only give vent to a few groaning and squeaking ejaculations. With one final outburst of wrath, I flung him headlong upon the ground. Boiling with rage and indignation, I strode away at a rapid pace in the direction of the city.

All is quiet as I regain the streets, and the French sentries at the different points of guard are the only people astir. I reach my hotel, congratulating myself upon the presence of mind I have displayed, and the courage and off-hand manner by which I have recovered my property, and inflicted speedy justice on the criminal. I ascend the staircase to my apartments, now in complete darkness. I enter in rather a perturbed state; I am some little time before I can manage to find the matches; at last I lay my hand upon the box containing them, I strike a light, and as it blazes into a flame, and lights up the room, the first thing it shows me, to my utter consternation, is my watch lying upon the table!

The conflicting feelings that then rushed into my mind can be easily imagined. Here was I, nothing short of a highwayman, having robbed and most unmercifully beaten a civil and unoffending man. There was his property, sure enough, in my possession; the two watches stared me in the face—not much alike on comparison, except in size, and that they were both silver, and with the strange coincidence that they had no appendages of any kind. I had been guilty of the very crime against the very person whom I had just accused of committing the same outrage upon myself! What was to be done? Of course I could easily explain the mistake, and make the poor fellow ample compensation for the wrong I had done him; but in the meantime I might be apprehended, as it were, red-handed. Worse than this, I had made my arrangements to depart by six the next morning, and my place was already booked in the diligence for Civita Vecchia.

I dare not go, for if I were discovered apparently taking flight, it would be no easy matter to prove that my escape was not intentional. Further, what was I to do with the stolen property? All these contingencies went with a whirl through my brain. The plain truth of course was, that when I had changed my dress just before going out, I had simply omitted to replace my watch in the fresh waistcoat I had put on, and the sudden departure of the sacristan after our argument, which I had remarked with suspicion, was merely accidental. There was

but one thing for it—my departure must be deferred; and as soon as daylight would permit, I must go to our consul and place the stolen property, together with an explanation of the circumstances, in his hands. This of course I did, and the matter was eventually made straight by an ample bonus and apology to my poor victim. The consequences to myself entailed nothing more serious than the postponement of my journey for a few days. This was counterbalanced, possibly, by the lesson learned, of the folly of giving way to undue impetuosity, and the injustice of the suspicion which my countrymen are too ready to attach to all people whom they do not know, especially foreigners, which gives rise to a great many of the mistakes made by other nations in their estimate of English character.

Popular Science Review.

BALLOON ASCENTS, AND THEIR SCIENTIFIC IMPORTANCE.

BY JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., PRESIDENT OF THE MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY, ETC., ETC.

SEVENTEEN years before Gay-Lussac made his balloon ascent for the advancement of science, M. De Saussure, of Geneva, performed his memorable journey of ascending to the summit of Mont Blanc, and succeeded in making observations at the height of fifteen thousand feet and upwards; an achievement which had been the desire of his life. This was in the year 1787, four years after the first ascent of a hydrogen-gas balloon with Messrs. Charles and Robert, from Paris.

The weather was favorable, the snow was compact and hard. The party consisted of De Saussure, his servant, and eighteen guides. There was no difficulty or danger in the early part of the ascent, their footsteps being either on the grass or the rock itself. After six hours' incessant climbing the party found themselves six thousand feet above the village of Chamouni, from which they had started, and nine thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. At this height De Saussure and his party prepared to encamp, and to pass the first night. They slept under a tent on the edge of the

glacier of the Montagne de la Côte. By next day at noon they were two thousand feet above perpetual frost; and after eight hours' climbing on the second day, they were thirteen thousand three hundred feet above the sea, having made less than four thousand feet of vertical height during the entire day. Here they passed the second night. The guides had to dig out the snow for their lodging. Into the hollow thus made some straw was thrown, and across it a tent was stretched. Their water was frozen; but they were furnished with a small charcoal brazier to melt snow, which, for twenty persons, proved insufficient.

The cold next morning was excessive; but before they could again depart on their toilsome journey, they had to melt snow for their breakfast and to serve on their journey to come.

On starting on this the third day, the rarefaction of the air affected their lungs, an inconvenience increasing step by step. But little advantage was found by frequent prolonged rests, made in the hope of recruiting their strength; at every dozen steps they were again compelled to halt to recover breath; and thus toiling at last the summit was reached.

On arrival here, the keenest impression was one of joy at the cessation of labor and great anxiety; for the prolonged struggle, and the recollection of the sufferings this victory had cost, says De Saussure, produced rather a feeling of irritation, and he stamped his foot, he says, more with a sensation of anger than pleasure. His object was not only to reach the crown of the mountain, but to make such observations and experiments there as would alone give any value to the enterprise, and he began to be afraid lest he should fail in his intentions in this respect. He had already found out, even at a much lower elevation, that every careful observation in such an attenuated atmosphere was fatiguing, on account of the necessity of holding the breath while thus engaged; and as the tenuity of the air at this elevation necessitated increased frequency of respiration, this suspended breathing caused De Saussure a sensible feeling of uneasiness, and he found himself compelled to rest and pant after each careful observation, as after having mounted one of the steepest slopes.

Four hours were thus spent on the top of the mountain, three hours and a half being devoted to observations and experiments on the summit, when the party began to descend. They passed the night (the third since they left Chamouni) on Les Mulets, and De Saussure writes :

"At the moment of my reaching the summit I did not feel satisfied; I was less so when I left it. I only reflected then on what I had not done. But, in the stillness of the night, after having recovered from my fatigue, when I went over the observations I had made, I enjoyed a true and unalloyed satisfaction."

The simple narrative of this eminent man is throughout a commentary upon the use of a balloon for the purpose of exploring the higher regions of the atmosphere. This ascent—the one great fact of De Saussure's life, the accomplishment of the wish of twenty-seven years—to what did it tend? Of what value to science is one isolated day's experience? What can a single set of observations amount to, except to appease curiosity? Up to this time, however, all our knowledge of the physical state of the upper atmosphere was based upon the observations which for ages had been made on mountain sides, yielding results always differing from each other; and, up to the time of the balloon, we had no means of ascending into the air at all to test the conditions of the atmosphere apart from the terrestrial influences and the inevitable labor of ascending the mountain's side. The results thus found were of necessity disconnected; for the time occupied between one elevation and reaching another was so great that the two could not be otherwise than very loosely related.

When, therefore, the first balloon ascent was made with human beings, who recorded the history of their sensations and the conditions of the atmosphere at various elevations as the natural incidents and circumstances of their voyage, a practical application of the balloon to the purposes of those aerial researches of De Saussure was thus spontaneously suggested.

Seventeen years, however, passed before Gay-Lussac solicited the French Government for the use of the balloon in which he ascended to the height of twenty-three thousand feet. Very great

were the expectations, and much disappointment followed this memorable journey.

Account had not been taken of the want of sensitiveness of the instruments, and that the balloon would be constantly moving, so that readings taken at one elevation really belonged to another, either much below or much above, according as the balloon was ascending or descending, through that space of time required for the instruments to take up true readings. When far more sensitive and accurate instruments were constructed, by modern opticians, a desire again arose to ascend into the atmosphere, and the British Association appointed a committee, consisting of Colonel Sykes, M.P., the Astronomer Royal, Lord Wrottesley, Sir David Brewster, Sir J. Herschel, Bart., Dr. Lloyd, Admiral Fitz-Roy, Dr. Lee, Dr. Robinson, Mr. Gassiot, Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. Miller, Dr. Tyndal, and myself, for carrying out these experiments; and it is under this committee the experiments have been made.

Elevations by means of the balloon are gained so easily, and without fatigue, that an observer, thus situated at different heights, separated from all connection with the earth, and quite free from any unpleasant sensation till he passes beyond three miles, is by far better situated than the Alpine traveller. He can prove the history of physiological sensations, and best pursue physical researches generally. In this case he travels free from the effects of muscular exertion, which makes fatigue so formidable in the higher regions of the earth's surface; and, apart from all terrestrial influence, can investigate the true conditions of the atmosphere, with instruments complete, carefully arranged, and always ready for use; advantages which speak for themselves. He can also repeat to-morrow that which he has done to-day, and successively in the different seasons of the year.

It will be convenient here to speak of the subjects of research by means of balloons with which I was charged.

The first in importance was the confirming or otherwise the result obtained from the observations on mountain sides on the decline of temperature with increase of elevation—namely, the lower-

ing of temperature of the air 1° for every increase of elevation of three hundred feet.

The next in order of importance was the law of the distribution of the water in the air, in the invisible shape of vapor, near the earth, near clouds (but below them), in different kinds of clouds, and at high elevations above the clouds. These determinations to be made by the use of different instruments—namely, by Daniel's hygrometer, Regnault's condensing hygrometers, by dry and wet-bulb thermometers, as ordinarily used, as well as when under the influence of an aspirator, so that considerable volumes of air could be made to pass over both their bulbs at pleasure.

To compare the results thus found together: firstly, to determine whether Daniel's or Regnault's hygrometer were the better instrument; secondly, to compare the results as found by the use of the dry and wet-bulb thermometers, as in common use, with those under the action of the aspirator; thirdly, to determine what confidence could be placed on the use of the dry and wet-bulb thermometer at high elevations, but particularly up to those heights where man may be resident, or where troops may be located, in the highlands and plains in India.

To determine the effects which the sun produces upon delicate thermometers, exposed to its full influence, at different heights, in excess above the readings of equally delicate thermometers protected from the direct beams from the sun; and also the effect the sun exercises on the readings of Herschel's actinometer, at different heights, when fully exposed to his rays at different elevations, in comparison with the increase of readings in the same interval of time when on the ground.

To determine whether the solar spectrum, when viewed from the earth, and when examined far above the earth, exhibited any difference; whether there were more or less black lines crossing it; whether these lines were better defined or not; and whether, towards sunset, there was any increase in the number of these lines.

To compare the readings of mercurial barometers and aneroid barometers together.

To determine the electric state of the air.

To determine the oxygenic conditions of the atmosphere by means of ozone papers.

To determine the intensity of magnetism.

To collect air at different elevations.

To note the kinds of clouds; their heights at their lower and upper surfaces; their density, etc.

To collect information about the currents of the atmosphere.

To make observations on sound.

To make physiological observations.

To note atmospheric phenomena in general.

To attain these objects, it was necessary to think well in respect to the kind and character of the instruments to be used, as well as to their arrangement for use.

The instruments, of necessity, must be of extreme accuracy and delicacy; and upon their convenient arrangement, in so confined a space as the car of a balloon, a great deal was dependent. The kind of instruments used, and their arrangement in the car of a balloon are shown in Plate XVI., as prepared for observation.*

Near one end of the car was placed a board or table, the extremities of which rested on the sides of the car, and were tied to it. Upon this board were placed suitable frameworks to carry the several instruments, arranged as shown in the Plate. At the extreme left hand (1) is shown a blackened-bulb thermometer with its bulb in a vacuum tube; just above it (2) is placed a very delicate blackened-bulb thermometer—both these instruments were exposed to the full rays of the sun; at (3) and (4) were placed delicate dry and wet-bulb thermometers; these instruments were covered with double highly-polished silver caps, in the form of a frustum of a cone, open both at top and bottom; that for the dry-bulb is shown at (5), being removed to show the forms of the bulbs of these thermometers; that for the wet bulb is placed *in situ*. At times, additional protection was applied to these in-

* We regret that we cannot reproduce the diagram given here for illustration. Still the paper is intelligible without it, and highly valuable.—Ed.

struments. From the wet-bulb (4) the conducting thread is seen passing from the muslin covering the wet-bulb beneath the silver cone to the water vessel (6), from which water was conveyed to the wet-bulb thermometer. The next instruments in order are a similar pair of dry and wet-bulb thermometers (7 and 8); these were inclosed in two silver tubes placed side by side, and connected together by a cross piece joining their upper ends, and over both were placed double shades with spaces between them (not shown in the Plate), as in the other pair of thermometers. In the left-hand tube was placed the lower end of the stem and bulb of the dry thermometer; and in the right-hand tube the same parts of the wet-bulb thermometer; towards the lower end of the left-hand tube there was an opening; by means of the aspirator, to be spoken of presently, a strong current of air was drawn in at this aperture, then passed the dry-bulb, in its upward passage into the small horizontal tube, and from thence into the right-hand tube, passing downwards over the wet-bulb, and away by the flexible tube to the aspirator under the table. Near to these instruments was placed a watch or chronometer (9) adjusted to Greenwich time, resting on the table, but hanging to a hook in the framework. The next instrument on the framework was a Regnault's hygrometer with a single silver cup (10), with a tube leading from it with a glass terminal of sufficient length, that when blowing into it by the mouth, any other instrument, at any part of the table, could be read. Next to this instrument was the mercurial barometer, a perforation being made in the table admitting its lower branch to descend below (11), leaving the upper branch (12) at a convenient height for observing, with respect to the other instruments. Near to this instrument was placed a large aneroid barometer (13), its lower part resting on the table, while its upper part was fixed to the framework; above this instrument, placed on the framework, was a second Regnault's hygrometer (14) with a pair of gold cups; in the lower part of its central supporting stem there was an open projecting pipe, with flexible tube attached, leading to the aspirator below. A Daniel's hygrometer (15) occupies the next position,

conveniently placed for inversion with the right hand, and admitting a ready perception of the first appearance of dew, being nearly central among the instruments; beyond these are placed two exceedingly delicate thermometers, the one with a spiral bulb (16), and the other with a gridiron form of bulb (17); beneath these, resting on the table, are two spectroscopes (18 and 19), and at the extreme right hand (20) Herschel's actinometer; on the table, besides, is a lens with bottles of water and æther. Beneath the table the aspirator (21) was fixed, near the centre of the table, so as to be conveniently worked by the hands by taking hold of both sides, or by the foot resting on the trestle beneath. Holes were cut in the board to admit the passage of the flexible tube from the dry and wet-bulb thermometers and the flexible tube from Regnault's hygrometer, previously referred to, both of these tubes being furnished with stop-cocks (22 and 23).

While this operation was proceeding, the readings of other instruments were taken and recorded till the time approached when undivided attention was required to the right-hand gold cup of instrument 14, in comparison with its left-hand gold cup, to note the first dimming of the bright surface of the former by the deposition of moisture upon it, then to cease working the aspirator to read both the instruments of 14, and then to read instruments 7 and 8.

The mercurial barometer employed was a Gay-Lussac's siphon. The inner diameter of its tube is one fourth of an inch. The graduations were made on a brass scale from its middle point upwards and downwards; each division was about 0.05 inch in length, representing twice that value; so that an observation of either the lower or upper surface of the mercury would give the approximate length of the column of mercury.

The barometer was furnished with its own thermometer, whose bulb was immersed in a tube of mercury of the same diameter as that of the barometer. The readings of this thermometer frequently read from 30° to 40° in excess of those of the sensitive thermometers.

The bulbs of the sensitive thermometers were long and cylindrical, being about three fourths of an inch in length,

and one twelfth of an inch in diameter. The graduations extended downwards to minus 40° , and were all on ivory scales. These thermometers, on being removed from a room heated 20° above that of an adjoining apartment, acquired the temperature within half a degree in ten seconds; but on taking the thermometer back to the heated apartment it took nearly double the time to rise within half a degree of the true temperature. They were sufficiently sensitive, therefore, for my purposes, and no correction ordinarily is needed for sluggishness, except only when the balloon was moving with great and unchecked rapidity.

Besides the instruments shown in the Plate, there were ozone papers pinned to the table and to the cordage near, a compass, magnetical instruments, my note-book, etc. My position was in the front of the table, almost equidistant from the extreme right and left instruments.

The successful working of these instruments depended very much, as I have before said, on their arrangement, a quick eye, and the orderly habit of a trained observer. The arrangements of reading of every instrument and of every subject of investigation were such that the one constantly checked the other; any erroneous reading of the dry-bulb thermometer, for instance, was shortly detected by the reading of differently graduated, spirit, or gridiron-bulb thermometers, and any systematic error in the reading of the wet-bulb thermometers was checked by the observations of the hygrometers, whose readings, though related, were very different. Thus the arrangements included a system of checks, so that it was not possible to continue erroneous readings when either the instruments needed attention, as the wet-bulb requiring more water, or the water not frozen on it when it ought to be, or still frozen when it ought not to be (in the latter case requiring the immediate application of heat, the only source of which in the balloon is the mouth), or from the painful state of the observer at times, losing to some extent the power of accurate observation. These arrangements were necessary, the situation of an observer in a balloon being so peculiar, and there being no means alter-

wards of discovering erroneous observations, if not discovered at the time, or the means of discovery be included in the arrangement of the series of observations. It remains to mention that the arrangements must also include that every instrument be screwed down to the table or framework, so that no lurching of the balloon, no vibration of the car from dropping the grapnel, and no accident can displace them; everything else must be tied with rope of sufficient length for use and safe when out of use; for instance, the lens, which comes into active use when at high elevations, where the eye loses some of its power, must be fixed to cordage near the right hand with string of sufficient length that it can be directed to any instrument; in fact, every instrument must be screwed down if to be kept firm, and everything else tied, and all so arranged as to be readily removable.

The object of this communication is to give the reader a sketch of the operations in balloons for such investigations; the nature and arrangement of the instruments used, and some of the results found. It is not the object, nor would the allotted space admit, to speak at all upon the management of balloons, with which, indeed, I had nothing to do further than indicating when to control the rate of ascending or descending in each stratum, so that the instruments might have sufficient time to take up true readings.

In speaking of the results obtained, it will be convenient to keep each subject of investigation separate, and first I shall speak of the Decline of Temperature.

In every ascent the series of observed temperatures, when compared with the calculated temperatures at the rate of 1° decrease for every three hundred feet, were found to be very different, and these differences, with different ascents, when compared, did not agree. The most marked differences, in this respect, were found dependent on the state of the sky, which exercised a great influence, and the experiments had to be divided into two groups, one with clear or nearly clear skies, and the other with cloudy skies; the decline of temperature being the more rapid with skies free from cloud.

I will first speak of the results with

cloudy skies as based upon all the experiments under those circumstances.

At one thousand feet high the decline was $4\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$; in the second and third thousand there was a further decline, a little more than $3\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ in each thousand feet; this amount decreased to 3° between five thousand five hundred and six thousand five hundred feet, and was less and less in each successive one thousand feet, till it was as small as 1° in this space at about twenty-one thousand feet high.

Therefore, an average space of two hundred and twenty-three feet was passed for a decline of 1° up to the first one thousand feet, this space becoming greater, till, at an elevation of twenty-one thousand feet, the sky being still obscured by cloud, a space of fully one thousand feet had to be passed for a decline of 1° .

Up to five thousand feet the results are based upon experiments varying from thirteen to twenty-two; at six thousand and seven thousand feet to seven and five respectively; from seven thousand to sixteen thousand to four only; these having been made on two days in 1863, June 26th and September 29th, on which days the balloon was frequently enveloped in fog and clouds to the height of three or four miles, and those above sixteen thousand feet on the former of these two days only, during the ascent and descent; the sky being still covered with cloud, when the balloon was between four and five miles high.

I may here remark upon the fact of passing through clouds situated three and four miles high, and finding clouds higher still. Clouds of a dense character were previously supposed to be always located very much nearer the earth; and to one mass of clouds alone, namely, the cirrus, commonly called mares' tails, was attributed elevations at such great heights.

With clear skies the decline of temperature within the first thousand feet was $6\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$; in the next, $4\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$; and decreasing continually with elevation, till at twenty-seven thousand feet the decrease in one thousand feet was 1° only. Up to the height of twenty-two thousand feet, the number of experiments had varied from seven to seventeen in each step of one thousand feet, and there can be but little doubt that the numbers re-

sulting from so many experiments are very nearly true.

The space necessary to pass through for a decline of 1° of temperature, is less than one hundred feet near the earth; averaging one hundred and sixty-two feet for the first one thousand feet, and at heights exceeding twenty-five thousand feet, it is necessary to pass through one thousand feet of vertical height, for a decline of 1° of temperature.

I have endeavored, thus far, to give the results for temperature. They differ in both states of the sky from the results found from mountain observations, and, consequently, this value can no longer be used in any physical investigations where needed. Without exception, the fall of 1° has always taken place in the smallest space when near the earth, and the space continually increases the farther removed from the earth.

These results were those based upon summer observations, made when the sun was well up, or during the hours of the day. A question then arose, "Will the same laws hold good in all seasons of the year, and will the laws during the day be true at night in that season of the year?" To answer these questions, experiments have been made in different seasons, and at different hours of the day. It was found, even in summer, that the rapidity of the decrease was checked for some time before sunset, and that, on one occasion, in the month of June, there was found to be no difference of temperature from the earth for two thousand feet above it; and on another day, in the same week, the change of temperature after the sun had set was very small up to three thousand and six thousand feet. From these results, it seems probable that, for some time after sunset, the temperature may increase instead of decrease, for some distance from the earth; but no experiments have, as yet, been made at night.

The results as found in winter, spring, and autumn, do not accord very closely with those found in summer, and therefore all the results cannot, as yet, be combined to deduce general laws. In winter, on January 12th, a stream of air one mile in thickness was passed through of higher temperature than then on the earth. It was a strong current of air, about a mile in height, passing from the

southwest, and moving differently from the stream of air on the earth's surface; above this warm stratum the air was very dry; and higher still, fine granular snow was falling into the warm air beneath.

The meeting with this southwest current of air, which was watched for several days afterwards, moving in the same direction, what direction soever the wind was below, is certainly of the highest importance to us. It bears directly on our very high mean temperature in winter, so much higher than is due to our geographical position on the earth's surface, and it is very highly probable that to its fluctuations the variation of our winters is due.

The high winter temperature has hitherto been referred, for the most part, to the influence of the heated water of the Gulf Stream; but if this was the case, the same agency being at work around the coasts of France should exercise the same warming influence; yet we know that the winters of France are more severe than our own.

Upon this matter, Dr. Stark, of Edinburgh, in writing some years since on the mildness of the winters in Britain, attributed them to the prevalence of the southwest or anti-trade wind, which is the prevailing aerial current in Britain during winter. He remarked, that as long as these winds blow, we experience no frosts nor intense colds; but the moment the wind changes during winter to an easterly, northeasterly, or northerly direction, we have both frost and snow; and more or less intense cold. The southwest winds in their course meet with no obstruction in coming to us, but blow directly to Norway, and to us over the level Atlantic; and hence, it seems probable, we enjoy a much milder climate during winter than any other countries not similarly situated with respect to such winds.

The southwest winds cannot reach France till after they have passed Spain, and crossed the high and cold mountain range of the Pyrenees; and by the time they have crossed that mountainous country, they are deprived of so much of their high temperatures, that France can derive comparatively but little heat, if any, from them—and hence, apparently, is due her cold winters. One other

fact I may refer to in respect to the circumstance met with on that day—the presence of cold snow above the warm air. Such a state of things is quite sufficient to account for the production of any amount of fog, extending over any amount of surface; and it may be that the simultaneous appearance of dense fogs at times over the whole country, and even extending far out to sea, may be attributable to it. Till the present time, I have never been able to account at all for the production of such extensive fogs.

A useful inference may be drawn from the fact of hot and cold currents of air of different velocities and extent existing at the same time, in contact with each other. Such a state is but a struggle between forces, either of which may preponderate at any moment; and to this cause may be attributed, with high probability, the all but unaccountable changes that so suddenly take place at times during winter, and clearly indicates that how warm soever the weather may be at this season of the year, the warm current may be deflected at any moment, and give place to the then dominant cold current, for which we should at all times be prepared.

It deserves consideration, whether the secular increase in the temperature of the air in England is not due to these anti-trade winds; whether, in fact, the currents of air which constitute the equatorial streams of England have not, during the present century, continually been increasing in strength and duration; and the continuation of the increase set in a hundred years ago probably may be greatly dependent on the corresponding change of force of the trade-winds themselves.

Respecting the results of the researches connected with the varying amount of water in the air, at different elevations, it may be the most convenient mode to express in the terms of humidity of the air, considering that the whole amount possible at the then temperature be represented by one hundred, and determining how many such parts were really present—the more or less dryness of the air, at the different elevations, will thus be made apparent; one hundred showing complete wetness, there being present then all possible, the number fifty will show that one half only of the quan-

tity of water required for saturation was really present, and so on, extreme dryness being shown by very small numbers.

Thus treated, when the sky was cloudy it was found that on the ground the degree of humidity was 74; increased to 78 at 3000 feet; decreased to 73 at 6000 feet, and then gradually to 22 at 21,000 feet. The law of moisture shown in cloudy states of the sky was therefore a slight increase from the earth to 3000 feet high; then a slight decrease to 6000 feet, the degree of humidity at this elevation being nearly of the same value as on the ground; from 6000 to 7000 feet there was a large decrease, and then an almost uniform decrease to 11,000 feet.

On the contrary, with a clear sky, on the ground the number found was 59, increasing to 71 at 3000 and 4000 feet; then decreased to 50 at 9000 feet high; and much smaller on ascending higher, to 16 only at 23,000 feet.

The law of moisture here shown, is a slight increase from the ground to 1000 feet high; a considerable increase between 1000 and 2000 feet; a nearly constant degree of humidity from 2000 to 5000 feet, and then a gradual decrease to 12,000 feet. At greater heights the air is very dry.

By comparing the results as found from the two states of the sky together, the degree of humidity of the air, up to 1000 feet, was 15 less with a clear sky than with one covered by clouds; from 2000 to 5000 feet it is from four to six less; at 6000 feet the air with a clear sky is much dryer than at 5000 feet, but with a cloudy sky it is nearly of the same degree of humidity, so that the difference between the two states is large, amounting to no less than 11. Above 12,000 feet the air, with clear skies, generally becomes very dry, but with cloudy skies frequently becomes more humid, as was to be expected from the presence of clouds at the height of three and four miles.

In both states of the sky at heights exceeding four and five miles the air becomes very dry—the amount of water present being very small indeed; but at the highest elevations I have been there has always been some water present—I never found the air free from water.

At the same elevations the results of experiments on different days were found to be very different; and on the same day water was found to be very differently distributed, there having been met with several successive layers of dry and wet air placed one above the other.

We do not profess in this article to go into minute details regarding all the subjects of research, because our space is limited, and therefore pass several of the objects of inquiry to one of high interest. In the observations made on solar radiation, the sun is the great source of light and heat, and no observations ever had been made on the effects which the sun produces on blackened-bulb thermometers, freely exposed to his influence when beyond the influence of the earth.

The first instruments used for this investigation were thermometers as delicate as those screened from the sun, usually located near to the dry-bulb thermometer, but readily removed to any other position within the sun's influence. It was soon found that the excess of readings was very small; and at the height of five miles, with a brighter sun than on the earth, the difference, if any, was very small indeed; at the heights of four miles, three miles, two miles, the difference became larger, and increased on approaching the earth.

Having advanced thus far in the inquiry, with results differing a good deal from those expected, it became a matter of considerable importance in reference to our knowledge in this respect, and as possibly leading to some information which might tend to some quality in the heat-rays, to confirm these results by the use of other instruments; for it was just possible that the small projecting bulb of a thermometer, kept free from all objects to reflect or conduct heat to it, might receive them from the sun, and by the quick and constant motion of the balloon, might at once part with them again to the cold air in immediate contact with the bulb. Another and similar thermometer, inclosed in a vacuum tube, was used, the bulb being surrounded by a large glass globe, admitting the heat to pass directly to the bulb, but parting with none to the surrounding air; the results by the use of this instrument seemed to confirm those previously found.

These researches led to the use of Herschel's actinometer, shown at the extreme right hand in the Plate. It is an awkward instrument in a balloon, and somewhat difficult to use, but the views then opening to me, and of which I shall presently speak, indicating a new link in the chain of our knowledge by which the several members of our solar system are united together, by receiving heat from the sun, in precisely the same manner, and possibly to the same amount, were so important, and this instrument was the only one I knew which could give the necessary information, I resolved to contend with the difficulties and use it in the balloon. The general results from its use are as follows: That, when on the ground, the number of scale divisions increasing in a minute were between forty and fifty; at the height of three miles, with a deeper blue sky, and a brighter sun, the increase in the same time will be but seven or eight divisions, agreeing with the previous series of experiments.

These remarkable results lead us to new ideas respecting the passage of the heat-rays through space. From them, it would seem as highly probable that the heat-rays from the sun pass through space without loss, and become effective where wanted only, and in proportion to the density of the atmosphere, or the amount of water present, through which they pass; and if so, the proportion of the heat received at Mercury and Venus, Jupiter and Saturn, may be the same as that received at the earth, if the constituents of their atmospheres be the same as that of the earth, and greater if the density be greater; so that the effective solar heat at the superior planets, Jupiter and Saturn, may be greater than at the inferior planets, Venus and Mercury, notwithstanding their far greater distances from the sun.

If this be true, then there will be no need to refer to the law of the decrease of radiant heat, namely, that of the inverse square of the distance, as applying to the temperatures at the different planets, a law which gives to the surface of the sun such an intense heat, far beyond any we have the power of producing, and in such amount, that no theory that I have seen advanced would seem capable to supply the continual demand.

But few of the heat-rays can be used by the earth; yet there must be an unceasing flow of such rays in all directions from the sun into space; not a very large number relatively can be used by all the planets and satellites of our system, and of those which are received at the planets as on the earth, does the earth absorb them all? or what part is radiated and reflected back, and spread again into space? We know that the presence of water in the air checks both these operations, and, as before stated, the air is never free from water up to the highest point that I have been, namely, seven miles. We may also ask, what becomes of the heat-rays which meet with no constituent matter to generate heat? Where do they go? Do they ever stop? They are not lost, we may feel certain. These and other questions press on us, but with our present knowledge we cannot answer them.

Let us now turn to another investigation still connected with the sun—one of absorbing interest, one promising to tell us something about the constituents of the sun itself. The spectroscope directed to the sun, as is now well known, shows the solar spectrum crossed by dark lines. Some observers attribute some of these lines to our atmosphere; and it became a subject of inquiry of deep interest, to ascend above the lower portion of the atmosphere, and examine the solar spectrum there. This was done, with three different spectroscopes; the one which had been used by Professor Piazzi Smyth on the Peak of Teneriffe, belonging to the Astronomer-Royal, and lent by him for these experiments, and two others more convenient for use, and shown in the Plate. The spectrum at all times was found to be brighter and the colors purer than when viewed from the earth; also every line seen from the earth was seen from the balloon, but all better defined and more distinct. The line H, as seen from the earth as nebulous, was seen as made up of fine parallel lines; and generally the spectrum was longer, the lines more numerous, the colors brighter, as seen at a high elevation, than when viewed from the earth.

Let me now briefly refer to a few facts connected with the wind. Firstly, to the currents in the atmosphere. These were found to be very different, and a good

deal of information was collected in relation to them, in the twenty-five different ascents: in all it was found that the velocity at the earth's surface was very much less than at high elevations.

The aneroid barometers at first failed; an inch graduated on the dial plate was not an inch; but ultimately the results were as good as those by the mercurial barometers. Of the several hygrometrical instruments, there was very little difference in the results, as found by different instruments, and then the dry and wet-bulb thermometer is found to be a perfectly trustworthy instrument up to considerable heights. A magnet was found to occupy a little longer time in vibration when high up than on the earth, and therefore magnetism was slightly less in intensity.

The results which have been obtained by the balloon ascents already made, give us a good deal of information upon points in which we could gain none by any other means. Those made upon the decline of temperatures instruct us that we must again investigate the laws of refraction, and they indicate that the laws of refraction good at one place may not be good at another; for we may infer that the state of things existing at different observatories, differing the one from the other so greatly, may require a special determination of the laws of refraction, as applicable to those different states.

The subjects of investigation which may be pursued in balloons are very varied; they are so conducive to the good of science as to be of the first importance. Still, this country, from its variation in climate, its small extent, and the consequent great uneasiness of mind of the observer, when above the clouds, and out of sight of the earth—not knowing or having any means of judging of the velocity of his motion; being equally insensible whether he is moving at ten miles or seventy miles an hour, and whether or not he is then over the sea—that this country is not well suited for these experiments, and, perhaps, not the best for determining the laws which govern atmospheric changes.

I am in hopes that similar researches will be made in France, and, I hope, in other countries. It is probable that in the large plains of the continent, where

the weather is more uniform, and the land of greater extent, the experiments can be made more easily—and, probably, with the further advantage, that general laws may be made more easily apparent.

The importance of such a series can scarcely be overrated; for, whether we regard the atmosphere as the great laboratory of changes which contain the germ of future discoveries, to be applied as they unfold themselves by the chemist, the meteorologist, the physician, the astronomer—facts physical relative to animal life at different heights; the form of death, which, at certain elevations, is sure to take place; the effect of diminished pressure upon different individuals similarly circumstanced; the comparison of results by mountain travellers with the experience of physical researchers in balloons; the comparison of differently constructed instruments for the same purpose—these are some of the researches, and some only, to which the balloon traveller may apply himself: all of which are of such great importance, that we do hope that other nations will do their part in these important researches. The amount of information collected in England, in the twenty-five ascents I have made, needs combination; and further balloon experiments in relation to the subjects upon which I have been engaged, had better be deferred till this work is done; so that future experiments should be made in those directions most needing additional facts. Entertaining these views, I consider this series of experiments for the present as completed.

SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, BART.

A BRIEF SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

THE original of the fine portrait which embellishes the present number of *THE ECLECTIC* is Major-General Sir HENRY CRESWICK RAWLINSON, formerly of the British Army in India. His eminent services on behalf of the British Government in the Indian Army and afterwards in the Army of the Shah of Persia, his military talents, and his valuable labors and discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon in the cause of sacred learning and history, have endeared his

name to and made it renowned among all the scholars and oriental travellers of modern times. Because of his eminent position and distinguished services, it gives us pleasure to present to our readers a finely-engraved portrait of him. In this portrait, which is a very good likeness of this remarkable man, his eye seems looking into some hidden mystery in the distance. But no artist can adequately copy the full expression of that clear, brilliant eye as it appears when animated in speaking to an assembly of listeners. During the nine-days' session of the British Association at Bath, October, 1864, we had the rare luxury of hearing the observations of Sir Henry every day, and sometimes oftener, in Section E, where Sir Roderick Murchison presided, in explanation of some subject connected with his travels and discoveries among the ruins of ancient cities in India. A brief and imperfect sketch must suffice for our purpose as an outline of his life and public career.

Sir Henry Rawlinson was born in 1810, in Chaddington, Oxfordshire. He was educated at Eton. At the age of sixteen he entered the military service of the East India Company, and served with the troops of the Bombay Presidency until 1833. He was first sent to Persia in November, 1833, and joined the Army of the Shah of Persia, holding high commands, and did good service in organizing the Persian Army. The rupture with Persia compelled Sir Henry to withdraw from that country, and he returned through Scinde to Afghanistan. In June, 1840, he was appointed political agent at Candahar. Throughout the troubles that ensued, he held the second capital of the Affghans safe from all intrigues

within and attacks without, and was commended by General Nott for his services in the field. He returned with the avenging army through Cabul and the Punjab to India. In March, 1844, he was appointed Consul at Bagdad. In 1850 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in Turkey, and in 1851 was made Consul-General. He resided at Bagdad till 1855, prosecuting diligently his study of the cuneiform characters and of the oriental tongues. He published the processes of his investigations in numerous papers in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society. Returning to England, he was appointed a Crown Director of the East India Company in 1856, and created a Knight Commander of the Bath. In January, 1858, he was elected to Parliament. In April, 1859, he was sent as Envoy to the Persian Court at Teheran, with the rank of Major-General. Sir Henry—who is an F.R.S., Honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, and LL.D. of Cambridge, a Chevalier of the Order of ——— in Russia, and Corresponding Member of the French Institute—is the author of many papers in the *Journals* of the Geographical and Asiatic Societies, chiefly in the antiquities of the East, and in the interpretation of the cuneiform inscriptions of Persia, Assyria and Babylonia. Sir Henry is now a resident of London, attending to various public duties, and contributing by his presence and vast stores of knowledge to the interest and instruction of learned societies in England. We confess to an admiration of the man. His last historical work is *The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient World—Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, and Persia*—a work of vast learning.

TRUE OR FALSE.

So you think you love me, do you ?
Well, it may be so ;
But there are many ways of loving
I have learnt to know—
Many ways, and but one true way,
Which is very rare ;
And the counterfeit look brightest,
Though they will not wear.
Yet they ring, almost, quite truly,
Last (with care) for long ;

But in time must break, may shiver
At a touch of wrong :
Having seen what looked most real
Crumble into dust,
Now I choose that test and trial
Should precede my trust,
I have seen a love demanding
Time and hope and tears
Chaining all the past, exacting
Bonds from future years ;
Mind and heart, and joy and sorrow,
Claiming as its fee :

That was Love of Self, and never,
Never love of me!

I have seen a love forgetting
All above, beyond,
Linking every dream and fancy
In a sweeter bond;
Counting every hour worthless
Which was cold or free:
That, perhaps, was—Love of Pleasure,
But not love of me!

I have seen a love whose patience
Never turned aside,
Full of tender, fond devices;
Constant, even when tried;
Smallest boons were held as victories,
Drops that swelled the sea;
That I think was—Love of Power,
But not love of me!

I have seen a love disdaining
Ease and pride and fame,
Burning even its own white pinions
Just to feed its flame;
Reigning thus, supreme, triumphant,
By the soul's decree;
That was—Love of Love, I fancy,
But not love of me!

I have heard, or dreamt, it may be,
What Love is when true;
How to test and how to try it,
Is the gift of few;
These few say (or did I dream it?)
That true Love abides
In these very things, but always
Has a soul besides;

Lives among the false loves, knowing
Just their peace and strife;
Bears the self-same look, but always
Has an inner life.
Only a true heart can find it,
True as it is true,
Only eyes as clear and tender
Look it through and through.

If it dies, it will not perish
By Time's slow decay,
True Love only grows (they tell me)
Stronger, day by day;
Pain—has been its friend and comrade;
Fate—it can defy;
Only by its own sword, sometimes,
Love can choose to die.

And its grave shall be more noble .
And more sacred still,
Than a throne, where one less worthy
Reigns and rules at will.
Tell me then, do you dare offer
This true love to me?
Neither you nor I can answer;
We will—wait and see!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

—*Victoria Magazine.*

TWILIGHT.

The last bright wave of day hath ebbed
From off the western strand,

And now, with balmiest repose,
Blessing the darkened land,
Twilight and Peace from heaven descend
Together hand in hand.

The reaper's long day's work is done
Among the glowing grain;
The chestnut boughs have swept the sides
Of the last loaded wain;
Only the cricket's shrill voice sings
Along the leafy lane.

A soft obscurity lies round
Meadow, and road, and stream;
Under entangled blue-bell stems,
Moveth the glow-worm's beam;
And white across the dusky path,
The dog-rose petals gleam.

Anon the great dor-beetle sails,
With musical deep boom,
From where the hornbeam branches make
A cool and odorous gloom,
Into the jasmine's pendent mass
Of silvery star-bloom.

All silently the coreus buds
Their gentle eyes unclosed;
No whisper stirs the lightest leaf
Of the old yellow rose,
That round the mossy garden wall
Long scented garlands throw.

Flowers grassy-couched in wood and dell
Know that the night is nigh,
For the first fairy bells of dew
Have rung their lullaby;
Faintly from out the distant brake
I hear the fern-owl cry;

And aromatic breathings come
From the far thymy lea,
Bringing the sweet and memories
Of summer eves to me,
That, in the freshness of their joy,
Ah, never more shall be!

A REMEMBERED SPRING.

Oh, how sweet, when the woods were green,
With my own white maid
When I sat in the shade,
And the sunlight streaming, the boughs between,
Poured its largesse of gold down yon forest
glade,
O'er which the larches lean!

Ah! how sad, now the boughs are bare,
And the breezes moan,
As I sit here alone,
And picture the ghost of her golden hair,
When the sun of winter has feebly thrown
A pale and sickly glare!

Still we meet in the city's street—
She, as his bride,
By the rich lord's side,
And I—who die for her dear deceit,
Yet love—and must love her, what'er betide,
Till my heart shall cease to beat!

I can pass by with my grief hid well;
 But, ah, my bound
 To her feet will bound:
 She caressed him once, and how should he tell
 That between us there lies a gulf profound,
 Lit up by flames of hell?

Yet a word might bridge it, as well I know,
 For her lord is old,
 And cruel and cold;
 But to her it spoken would injure so
 Her image, which still in my heart I hold,
 That that word must never flow!

So, strangers still in the street we meet;
 But I envy each day
 My dog—who may,
 Without reproof, kiss the glancing feet,
 At which the wreck of my heart I lay—
 For still I love you, sweet!

—*London Society.*

THE CHURCHYARD YEW.

UNDER the black yew-tree
 (Its berries like drops of blood)

I love to sit,
 In a moody fit,
 Thinking of how to clay and dust,
 Canker, decay, and moth, and rust,
 Come all that we love, and hope, and trust—
 Beauty and Wealth, and Pleasure and Power,
 And Learning, and Sense, and Wit.

Down in your coffin there,
 Beauty, answer me now,
 As here I sit,
 In a cynical fit,
 Where is hidden thy jewel chest?
 Where are the diamonds that once did rest
 On the rise and fall of thy snowy breast?
 They sparkle no more in the gloom and dark
 Than does a *cretin's* wit.

Ambition, thou misled fool,
 Thou with the rusty crown,
 As I meditate
 On thy fallen state,
 Open thy coffin lid, and tell
 Of the battles thou hast won so well;
 How many wretches there bleeding fell,
 All for a fort or some farm in a dell,
 A mound of earth, or a line on a map,
 Wrestling so hard with fate.

Learning, thou purblind thing,
 Sage with the half-closed eyes,
 Come, answer me,
 In my tyranny,
 And prove me how thy midnight toil,
 Thy waste of wholesome, harmless oil,
 And all thy fretting and careful moil,
 Thy nouns declined, thy accents marked,
 Avail in the dull Dead Sea!

Pride, thou art humble now,
 Thanks to the sexton's spade;
 Around this tree
 Lies good company,
 Yet none to flatter, or fawn, or bend.
 Pomp and pleasure have come to an end;

Narrow the chamber is left thee, friend:
 Pedigrees, parchments, charters, and rolls,
 Are little avail to thee.

Wealth, thou art last of all,
 Laggard and lazy of old;
 Come, knave, up here
 From thy velvet bier,
 What is that strange frilled robe thou'st on?
 'Tis out of fashion, thou simpleton,
 Are all thy tinsel and trappings gone?
 Yes! time is over for change and freak:
 Money is useless here.

Under the Churchyard yew
 (Its berries as red as blood)
 I love to sit,
 In my moody fit;
 Round me rise the hillocky graves,
 The Dead Sea's green and silent waves,
 Death's black banner, the dark tree braves,
 As I think of how vain are Power and Wealth,
 Beauty, and Love, and Wit.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE LADY MERLE.

As formal and lone as the statue of stone
 That stood on his terraced wall,
 Was the noble Earl till the Lady Merle
 Moved mistress of heart and hall:
 Till he met the Lady Merle—
 Till he met, and loved, and wooed, and won,
 And married the Lady Merle.

As grave and as cold as the portraits old
 That hung on his panels of oak,
 Did the lines of his race o'ershadow the face
 That never with laughter broke:
 Till he met the Lady Merle—
 Till he met, and loved, and wooed, and won,
 And married the Lady Merle.

As silent and dark as his untrodden park,
 Lived the Earl from year to year,
 And his haughty pride fell far and wide,
 Chilling the land with fear:
 Till he met the Lady Merle—
 Till he met, and loved, and wooed, and won,
 And married the Lady Merle.

But beamingly bright as the morning light
 On statue and pictured wall,
 Did the light of her love through his fortunes
 move,
 And over his manhood fall;
 When he met the Lady Merle—
 When he met, and loved, and wooed, and won,
 And married the Lady Merle.

And never, they say, was a fairer day
 Than that when the grave-faced Earl
 His nature forsook for the kindly look
 And the heart of the Lady Merle;
 When he met the Lady Merle—
 When he met, and loved, and wooed, and won,
 And married the Lady Merle.

Oh, is it not strange how our natures will change
 In a woman's holy control,
 And how the strong grace of a lovely face

Will conquer and fashion the soul,
When we meet our Lady Merles—
When we meet, and love, and woo, and win,
And marry our Lady Merles?

—Public Opinion.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Lucy Arlyn. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. This novel opens in a fresh and lively manner; but the interest is not fully sustained. The long episode in relation to spiritual mediums is excessively tedious, and not necessary to the working out of the plot. The relations of Guy and Lucy also, in the first part of the book, are not clearly defined, and room is left for grave doubt and suspicion. Bating these defects, the book is highly interesting and entertaining. The Colonel and Archy are quite original characters.

Spencerian Key to Practical Penmanship. Prepared for the "Spencerian Authors," by H. C. SPENCER. New-York: Ivison, Phinney, Blake-man & Co. 1866. So far as we are capable of forming a judgment, we think this in all respects an admirable text book in this too much neglected branch of education. The principles and rules laid down are judicious and practical, while the numerous illustrations afford all the help needed for the correction of faults and the securing of a good penmanship. The publishers have given it an elegant dress for a school text-book.

SCIENCE.

A New Island.—A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Athens, Greece, announces that a new island began to rise above the level of the sea in the Bay of Théra (Santorin), in the Grecian Archipelago, on the 4th of February, and in five days it attained the height of from one hundred and thirty feet to one hundred and fifty feet, with a length of upwards of three hundred and fifty feet and a breadth of one hundred feet. It continues to increase, and consists of a rusty black metallic lava, very heavy and resembling half-melted scoria which has boiled up from a furnace. It contains many small whitish, semi-transparent particles, disseminated through the mass like quartz or feldspar.

The eruption began on the 31st of January. A noise like volleys of artillery was heard, but without any earthquake. On the following day flames issued from the sea, in a part of the bay called Vulkano, where the water is always discolored and impregnated with sulphur from abundant springs at the bottom. The flames rose at intervals to the height of fifteen feet, and were seen at times to issue from the southwestern part of Nea Kaiméné. That island was soon rent by a deep fissure, and the southern part sank considerably.

On the 4th of February the eruptions became more violent and the sea more disturbed. Gas forced itself up from the depths with terrific noise, resembling the bursting of a steam boiler; flames arose at intervals, and white smoke, rising stead-

ily, formed an immense column, crowned with a curled capital of dark, heavy clouds. The new island was visible next morning, increasing sensibly to the eye as it rose out of the sea at no great distance to the south of Nea Kaiméné.

The new island has been visited by Dr. Dekigalla, a man of science and an able observer, who will record accurately all the phenomena of the eruption as it proceeds. The heat of the sea arose from 62° Fahrenheit to 122° as near the vicinity of volcanic action as it was safe to approach. The bottom of the sea all round Nea Kaiméné appears to have risen greatly. In one place, where the depth is marked on the Admiralty chart one hundred fathoms, it was found to be now only thirty, and at another where it was seventeen it is now only three fathoms. The new island, as it increases, will probably form a junction with Nea Kaiméné. It grows, as it were, out into the sea, the mass below pushing upward that which is already above water. The lower part is hot, its fissures, where they are deep, being 170° Fahrenheit, and the upper part, after four days' exposure, was found to be still 80°.

At present the centre of the volcanic force lies evidently far below the bottom of the sea, and only gases and smoke work their way through the incumbent earth to the water, and escape in noise, flames and smoke to the surface. But should a fissure at the bottom of the sea allow the water to penetrate to the fires that throw up the melted metal of the new island to the surface, an eruption may take place of a kind similar to that which destroyed Pompeii, but far more terrible.

The eruption that formed the present island of Nea Kaiméné began in the year 1707, and the volcanic action continued, without doing any serious injury to the inhabitants of Théra until 1713. It is possible the present eruption may continue as long, and be as mild in its operation. But as late as 1650 a terrible eruption laid waste a great part of the island, and raised an island on its northeastern coast, which soon sunk again into the sea, leaving a shoal.

The island of Old Kaiméné made its first appearance in the year 198 before the Christian era. Its size was increased by several eruptions mentioned in history. The last addition it received was in 1487. The Small Kaiméné, which is nearest to Théra, was thrown up in 1573. All the eruptions in the bays have been attended with similar phenomena.

The British naval commander at Malta has sent two ships to the scene of these phenomena. A letter dated February 7th, containing the latest news, says:

"The same smoke and fire in the evening as yesterday, and the hillock continues its operations. The sea, too, boils beyond the cove more than yesterday. The hillock, or land, will probably by to-morrow increase as far as the entrance to the cove, and be joined by its sides."

An Ancient Dinner.—The excavations at Pompeii are going on with an activity stimulated by the important discoveries made at almost every stop, and the quantities of gold and silver found, which more than suffice to cover the cost of the works. Near the Temple of Juno, of which an

account was recently given, has just been brought to light a house belonging to some millionaire of the time, as the furniture is of ivory, bronze, and marble. The couches of the triclinium, or dining room, are especially of extreme richness. The flooring consists of immense mosaic, well preserved in parts, of which the centre represents a table laid out for a grand dinner. In the middle, on a large dish, may be seen a splendid peacock with its tail spread out, and placed back to back with another bird also of elegant plumage. Around them are arranged lobsters, one of which holds a blue egg in its claws, a second an oyster, which appears to be fricasseed, as it is open and covered with herbs; a third, a rat *farsi*, and a fourth, a small vase filled with fried grasshoppers. Next comes a circle of dishes of fish, interspersed with others of partridges, hares, and squirrels, which all have their heads placed between their fore feet. Then comes a row of sausages of all forms, supported by one of eggs, oysters, and olives, which in its turn is surrounded by a double circle of peaches, cherries, melons, and other fruits and vegetables. The walls of the triclinium are covered with fresco paintings of birds, fruits, flowers, game, and fish of all kinds—the whole interspersed with drawings which lend a charm to the whole not easy to describe. On a table of rare wood carved and inlaid with gold, marble, agate, and lapis lazuli, were found amphoræ still containing wine, and some goblets of onyx.—*Shilling Magazine*.

Caves in Fifeshire.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Professor J. Y. Simpson gave an account of the visits paid by him last summer, along with other eminent Scottish antiquaries, to the caves on the coast of Fifeshire, at East Wemyss. There were, he said, eight or nine of these caves, and on the walls of most of them they had found sculptured symbols almost identical with those found upon the sculptured stones of Scotland. These sculptured stones were found along the east coast, running northwards from Fife, only two having been discovered south of the Forth. They were for the most part monoliths, and the symbols had hitherto been supposed to possess a sepulchral character, an idea which was not, he thought, consistent with the circumstances that the very same emblems were now found inside these caves, which were the abode of man in his archaic condition. In these caves they found representations of the elephant, the horse, the dog, with collar round his neck, exactly like those found in the sculptured stones. They had also the bear, the deer, the swan, the peacock, the fish, the serpent; also the comb and mirror, the horseshoe, etc. They had in some cases the symbols of Christianity. Some marks were evidently pre-Roman, while the series continued down to the time of Christianity. The cave sculptures, he had no doubt, were coeval with the monoliths. They found crosses on them in considerable numbers, sometimes the cross standing on a tripod; and in one case they had the cross and tripod inverted. For himself, he had come to no conclusion as to what was the purpose of these carvings, for he thought their supposed sepulchral character was taken away by the position in which they were found. As Dr. Mitchell had found, there were even yet

families in Scotland who lived in caves, on the Galloway coast; and they had recently had the description of the district of Charteris, in France, where about one hundred and fifty thousand people still lived in caves. No doubt caves formed a very good shelter for man in his rude state—much better, perhaps, than anything he could construct for himself. In some of these caves had been found the stone weapons in use before man had metallic tools to work with, and at the time when animals which now had no existence were walking over France and England in great abundance.—*Chambers's Journal*.

The Accommodative Power of the Eye.—As recent continental inquiries have shown how utterly impossible it is for the ciliary muscle or processes to have any action on the crystalline lens, the following interesting case shows how much the phenomena of accommodation may depend upon the cornea or iris, or both. The case is given in a paper by Dr. Mackenzie, and is as follows: "As illustrating the power of distinct vision, sometimes possessed by those who have lost the crystalline, I may notice the instance of a gentleman, mentioned to me by Professor Allen Thomson. This gentleman had cataract in both eyes at rather an early period of life. He regained the use of one of them some twenty or twenty-five years ago, by extraction, under the care of the late Mr. Alexander. Employing a convex lens of about four inches focal length, he possesses an acuteness of vision wonderful, not merely for a person in his circumstances, but for any one. Always employing (as far as Professor Thomson recollects) the same lens, he enjoys as complete a power as most persons of seeing with clearness and precision near or distant objects. To show how minute his vision was, he wrote a long passage of a letter in so small a character that Professor Thomson found it necessary to use a strong magnifier to enable him to read what had been written. Professor Thomson had frequently seen this gentleman read alternately the smallest type of a printed book at a near distance and the larger type of the title page across a room, as well as the words of a sign board or the names over shops, across a wide street. He could have no doubt whatever that his vision at these various distances was just as well defined and precise as that of persons possessing the ordinary powers of accommodation."—*Vide Ophthalmic Review*, No. VII., p. 227.

The Green Marble of Connemara.—Professor Harkness, of Queen's College, Cork, communicated his observations on these rocks to the British Association, at its last meeting. A series of sections and maps, which he displayed, proved that the green marbles of Connemara are a local and peculiar development of light-gray subcrystalline limestone, which lies on the north side of the gneiss rocks of the south of the Bens of Connemara. This limestone dips conformably under these gneissic rocks. It is superposed conformably on quartz rocks, and these quartz rocks, with their superposed deposits, are thrown into numerous contortions in the Connemara country. Where they are most curtailed, the limestones have opened out in their lines of lamination, and into these openings the serpentinous matter, to

which the green marble owes its color, has been introduced. The metamorphic strata in the Connemara country appertain to the Lower Silurians. They are the equivalents of the Quartz Rocks, Upper Limestone, and Upper Gneiss of the Highlands of Scotland, described by Sir R. I. Murchison. It has been stated that *Eozoön Canadense* occurs among the green marbles of Connemara. The structure which has given rise to this opinion is purely mineral, and has resulted from the deposition of Serpentine upon Tremolite and asbestiform minerals.—*Popular Science Review*.

The Birds of Siberia.—In an important treatise, published under the patronage of the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, and which is the second of a series intended to be issued on Siberian Zoölogy, the author, Herr Radde, not only records the species, but gives an account of the periods of the migration of Siberian birds. He gives a list of 368 species, which he refers to the following orders: Rapaces, 36; Scansores, 19; Oscines, 140; Gallinacæ, 18; Grallatores, 74; and Natatores, 81. Concerning the migration of birds, Herr Radde confirms the result arrived at by Von Middendorf in his learned memoir, *Die Iapiptesen Russlands*; the most important of them being, (1) that the high tableland of Asia and the bordering ranges of the Altai, Sajon, and Dauria retard the arrival of the migratory birds; (2) eastward of the upper Lena, towards the east coast of Siberia, a considerable retardation of migrants is again noticeable; and (3) the times of arrival at the northern edge of the Mongolian high steppes are altogether earlier than those of the same species on the Amoor.

VARIETIES.

Chinese Literature.—A work of a somewhat curious kind has been published within the last month or two at Canton, being an attempt by a native Chinese to afford foreigners a handbook in acquiring the Mandarin (spoken) language, as well as to assist natives speaking the Northern dialects in learning English. The publication of a thick and well-engraved octavo volume of this nature is an evidence—perhaps the first public one—of the gradual spread of a desire for acquaintanceship with foreign tongues among the inhabitants of the remoter provinces, and even among the higher classes, by whom the "Mandarin" dialect is used. Its title is "*Ying Yu Kwan Hwa Ho Kiang*—the English and Mandarin Languages conjointly explained"; and its contents are chiefly in the nature of a vocabulary, interspersed with conversations, the English sound being represented, in addition to the text, by Chinese phonographic devices of the ordinary description. A brief introduction deals with a few of the most frequent grammatical peculiarities of the English language. The author is a native of Canton, whose father compiled many years ago the handbook of Cantonese and Mandarin, from which the late Robert Thom compiled his *Chinese Speaker*, a little manual for students, which was extremely useful to beginners before other aids were at hand.

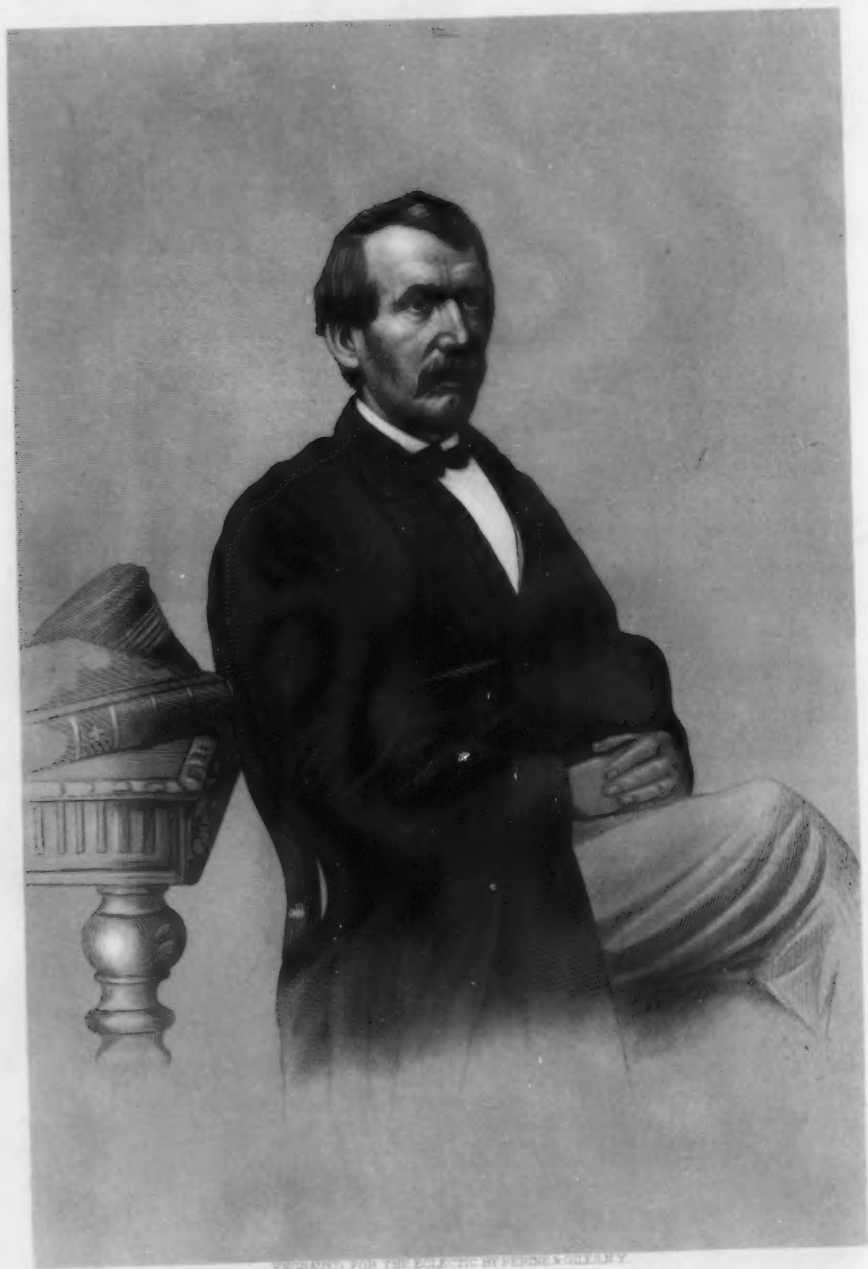
In connection with the invaluable contribution to Anglo-Chinese literature, which has recently

appeared in the shape of the Rev. Dr. Legge's translation of the *Shoo-King*, may be mentioned a Map constructed by the Rev. John Chalmers, A.M., of the London Mission, at Canton, representing the territorial divisions and extent of the Chinese Empire in the days of Confucius. The Map has been engraved by a native workman at Canton, and is a useful aid to students of the classical history of the period to which it refers.—*Trübner's Literary Record*.

Assumed Literary Names.—To the list of American authors writing under assumed names which we gave in No. 9, we now add the following: Oliver Optic, William T. Adams; Paul Creyton, J. T. Trowbridge; Christopher Crowfield, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; The Disbanded Volunteer, Joseph Barber; Major Jack Downing, Seba Smith; Ethan Spike, Matthew F. Whittier; McArone, the late George Arnold; Carleton, Charles Carleton Coffin; Warrington, William S. Robinson; Straws, Jr., Miss Kate Field; Perley, Ben. Perley Poore; Burleigh, Rev. Matthew Hale Smith; Walter Barrett, clerk, the late Joseph A. Scoville; Private Miles O'Reilly, Colonel Charles G. Halpine; Job Sass, George A. Foxcroft.—*Historical Magazine*.

Important Sale of Books.—The *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung* contains the following communication from Venice, for the truth of which we are able to vouch: "There is no small stir occasioned here by the sale of the large stock of books left by the late G. Canciani, bookseller of this town, to the great house of F. A. Brockhaus, of Leipzig. This assortment, undoubtedly the most important in all Italy, not only on account of the number, but also of the quality of the books, is well known in all the circles which are interested in literature, and it is greatly to be regretted that this rich treasure should go abroad. That it has not met with a purchaser here is a proof of the low ebb to which the spirit of enterprise has sunk. A representative of the well-known Leipzig firm is now here, to take possession of the stock, for the packing of which about three hundred and sixty large cases will be required.—*Trübner's Literary Record*.

Neapolitan Brigandage.—"Neapolitan brigandage," says Count Maffei, whose former official connection with the province enables him to speak with authority on the subject, "is only the symptom of the decay that for centuries has been constantly undermining that unhappy country. The peasant there has no interest to bind him to the soil. In those districts there is a part of the population designated by the name of *terzant*, who have actually nothing to live upon but the proceeds of plunder and theft. The misery and destitution of these classes are the direct causes of brigandage. When the poor laborer compares the brigand's life with his own wretched lot, he cannot avoid drawing conclusions far from favorable to the cause of law and order; and we cannot wonder that that romantic existence lures him from the constant labor and misery to which, in his own station, he is hopelessly condemned. The voice of conscience is silenced, and he betakes himself to a course of life which appears to him a legitimate way of obtaining his livelihood."



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